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JAN. 28,
1933

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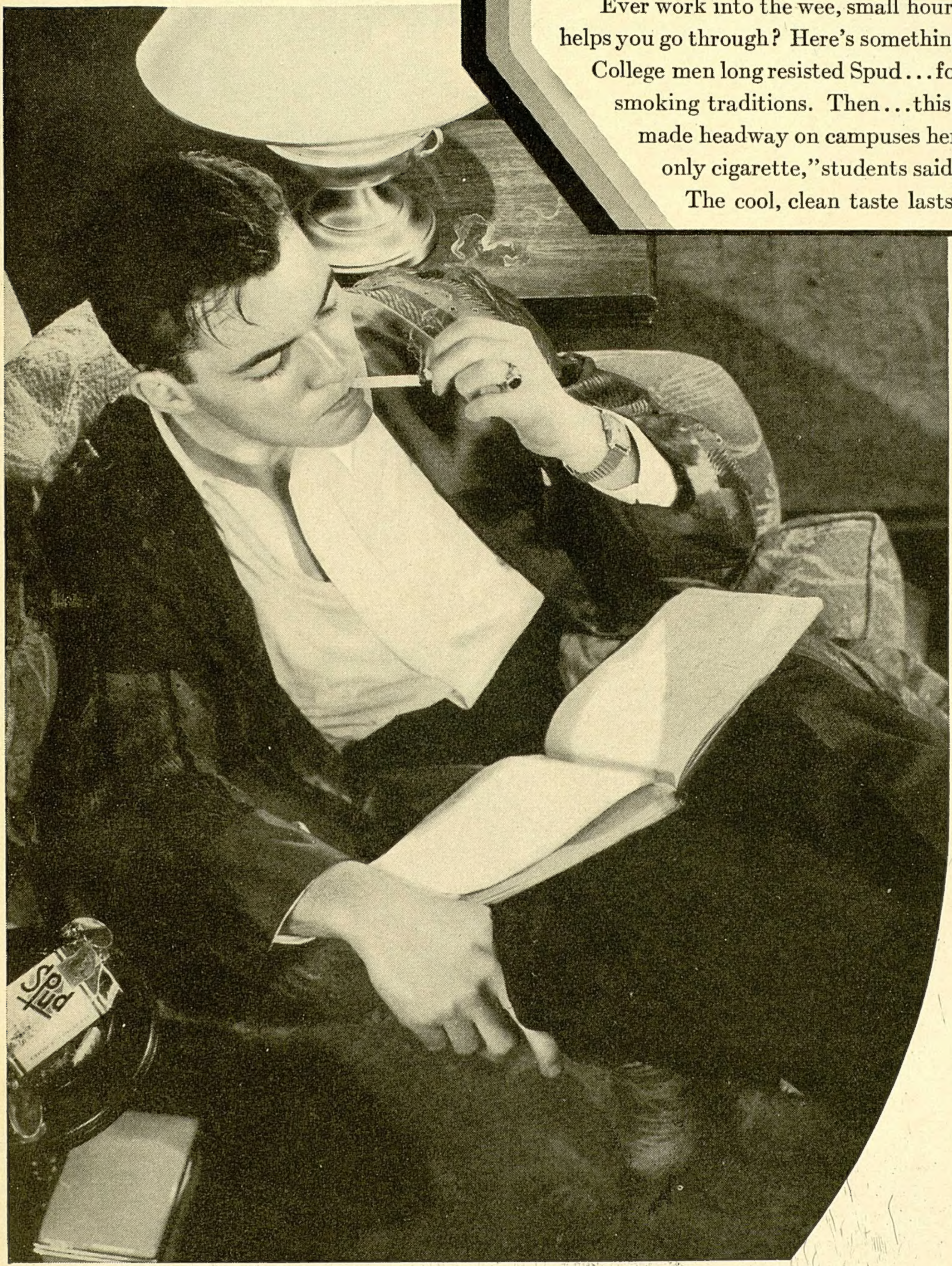

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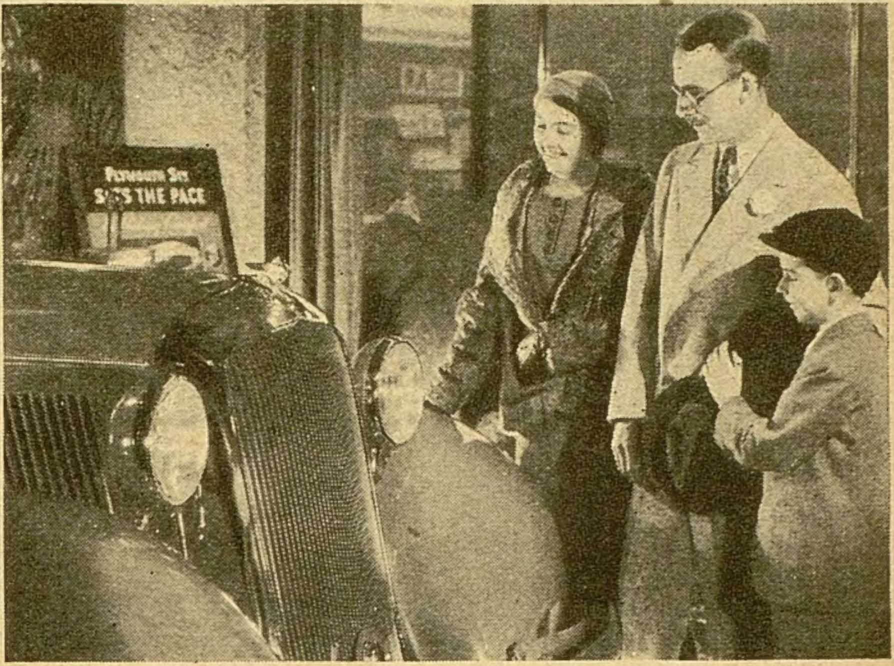
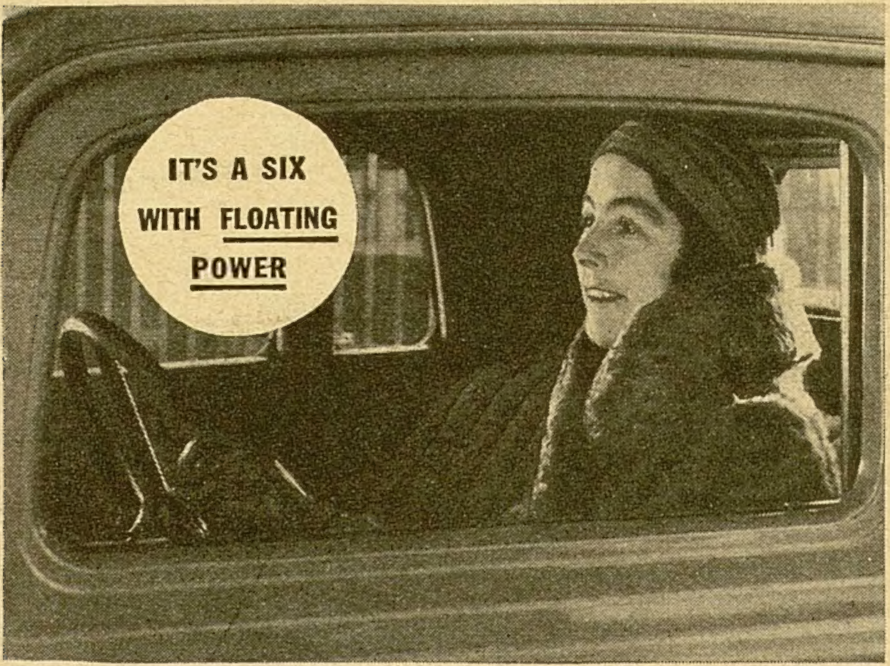
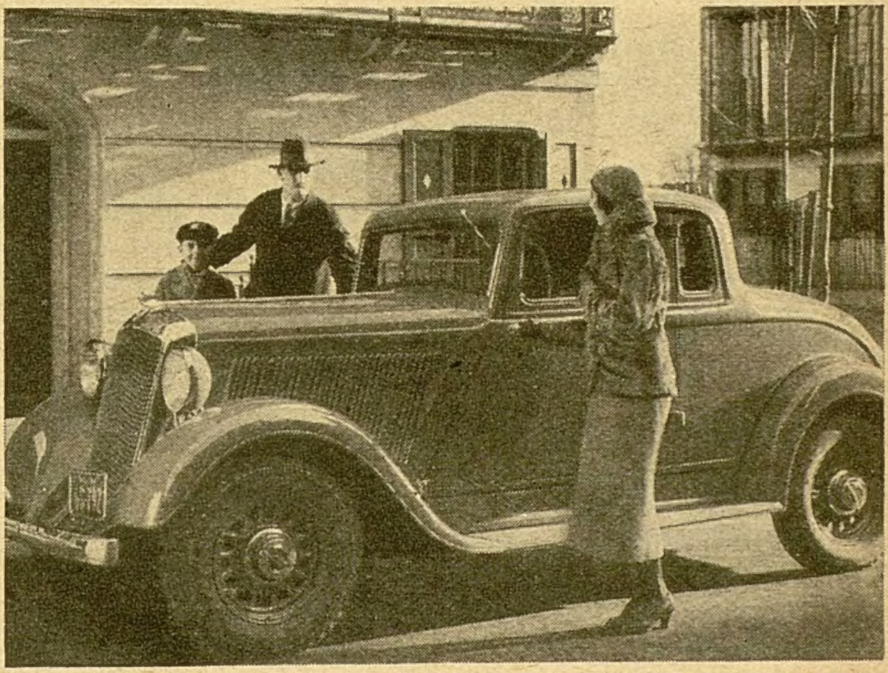


"Then we saw the Plymouth. As an artist, the first thing that struck me, naturally, was its beautiful design."



"My wife just couldn't keep from getting behind the wheel. We agreed that Floating Power surely is smooth!"



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Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

January 28, 1933 Vol. 10, No. 4

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by B. McCOWEN

GOVERNMENTAL COMPETITION IN PRIVATE BUSINESS

Old-time politicians were given a lesson in the last election which they will never forget.

People everywhere, regardless of their politics, wanted a change. The high-handed arrogance of governmental officials has met a just reward.

Huge taxes unparalleled in the history of our national government have become an unbearable burden. Much of this depression is due to this appalling situation.

And a considerable part of this tax bill comes from governmental interest in private business of various kinds. A list of these governmental activities would fill this page.

The Federation of American Business has been making efforts to secure some action that would take the government out of private business. It has been estimated that there is a job-holders' army in the federal government of more than seven hundred thousand workers. And they are increasing year by year.

Our federal taxes at the present time are from six to seven times what they were in the years previous to the World War, and a large part of this huge increase has also been brought into being by numerous commissions in the federal government many of which are overlapping.

Let us hope that the "new deal" which we will have in the White House next March will be able to take some action to alleviate this discreditable situation.

In the business world an executive is developed sometimes from the lowest ranks. Year by year his knowledge increases until he finally acquires the all-round executive ability essential to conduct a great business.

But when the government goes into business, or attempts to control business, any politician or half-baked statesman is supposed to have sufficient knowledge to conduct a business that may have required close attention for a generation or more to develop an efficient managing executive. Practically every business that the government touches suffers materially from the contact. Nearly all the railroads have gone into bankruptcy and there is only one answer.

Governmental control, governmental interference.

There is nothing in the experience of a politician that teaches anything about the railroad business. There is nothing in political experience that teaches anything about any business. It would be just about as sensible for officials of the average business to turn over the management of its affairs to the office boys as it would to allow politicians to run it. That is a very fit comparison.

You have to have knowledge acquired by long years of experience properly to manage a business of any size; and when the government tries to direct or control huge business enterprises, and proceeds to tell them how to regulate their prices, and makes other decisions, there can be only one result, and that is ultimate ruin.

One effective means of lowering our staggering tax bill would be for government officials to leave business to the executives who have devoted their lives to such activities. They do not need to be told what price to charge, what to pay their labor, how many hours they can work their employees. It is interference of this kind that has helped materially to bring our present depression. We are supposed to be controlled entirely by supply and demand, and when there is open competition the price of the commodity, whatever it may be, is thereby regulated.

Governmental duties should be confined to the punishment of fraud and deception; to the capture of crooks and criminals; to the protection of the weak and unwary from racketeering of every character.

But if business is to be invaded by governmental ignoramuses, if it is to be controlled and directed by men who have not developed appropriate knowledge of its details, trouble of a more or less serious character can be definitely predicted.

"Lower the taxes by taking the government out of business directly and indirectly" should be a slogan of every political organization at this time.

Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Fulton Oursler, Editor; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Managing Editor. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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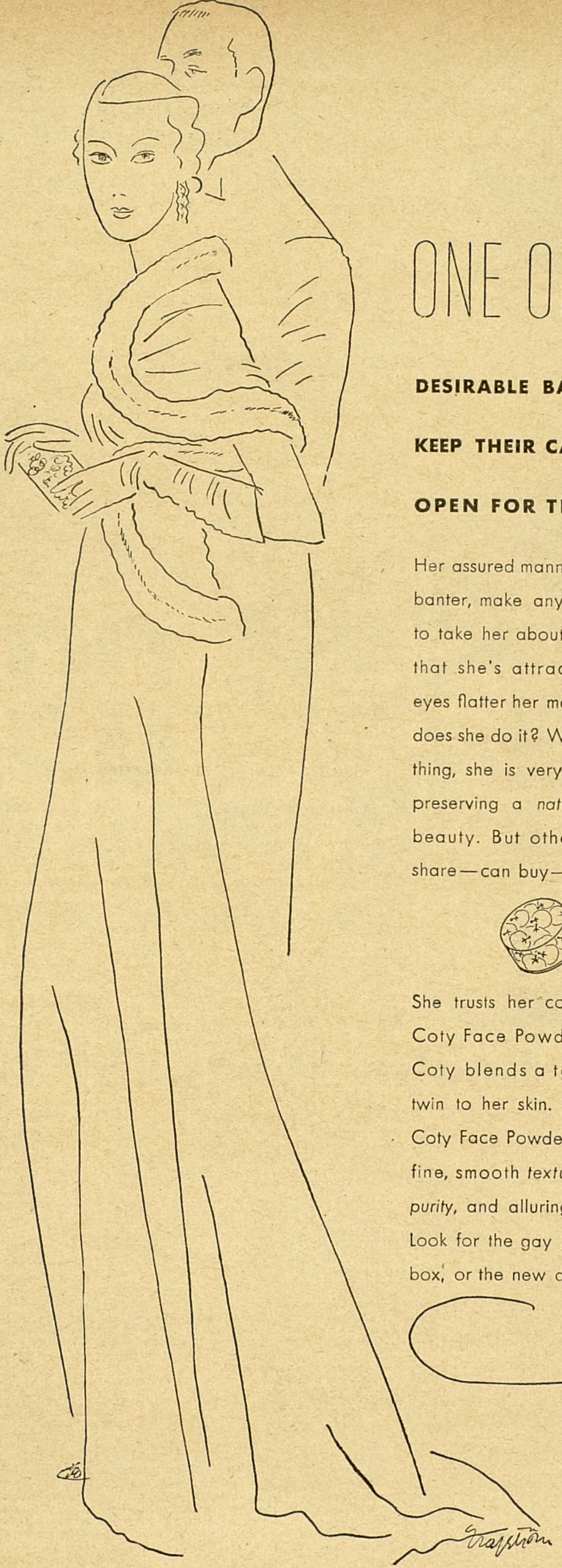
In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.
No subscription less than one year. Allow 4 weeks for change of address.

Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.



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HOW SAFE *is Your* Savings BANK?

A Depositor Conducts an Investigation and Finds a Ray of Sunshine in This Day of Fear

By

HENRY MILLS

(Reading time: 12 minutes 10 seconds.)

"HOW much money have we got left?"

You have guessed it: the speaker was my wife. A lot of wives are asking that question these days. And you can hardly blame them.

My wife didn't use to bother about money. She did her bit of spending, as women will. But even there I had no kick. I had my fun, too. But now I could see that she had made up her mind that it was time for all good women to come to the defense of the pennies. So I told her we weren't broke yet; we had some money left out of all we had made during those boom years.

"That's good," she said. "What are you doing with it?"

"Not much," I answered—and God knows it was the truth!

"Why don't you put it in the savings bank?" she asked. "Then it would be safe."

Those last five words stuck in my mind. All the way downtown in the bus they turned over and over with the revolving wheels. "Then it would be SAFE, then it would be SAFE, then it would be SAFE."

But would it? Was there any such thing left in the world? I stopped the bus and walked three blocks east into the biggest savings bank I knew.

ROBERT A. CAMERON

“ I want to see the president,” I said to the big fellow at the door.

“ Won't one of the vice presidents do? ” he murmured.

“ No, sir! These are no times for vice presidents.”

I had touched a sympathetic chord. Some of the big banks are awfully cluttered up with vice presidents.

“ I guess you're right at that,” he gurgled, and led me straightway to him.

“ What can I do for you, Mr.—er—” began the great man.

“ You don't know me,” I answered, “ and you may not want to, when you hear the question I'm going to ask you.”

“ Yes? ” he said politely.

“ YES! ” I shouted to keep my courage up. “ How SAFE is your bank? ”

He didn't have me thrown out, as I had half expected that he would. Instead, before replying, he gave a pretty comprehensive once-over to the great institution.

It looked safe. Sort of a cathedral, with a mosaic beauty and a massive solidity, and great marble columns and hanging candelabra, and all that goes with the old school-book idea of sanctuary.

There were a lot of ornate cages, too, with linen-coated men counting money in them; and glimpses of great beveled metal doors leading to presumably fireproof vaults; and a small-sized army of gray-uniformed Max Schmelings and Wild Bulls of the Pampas to bar the way to the exit.

“ But,” said I to myself, “ some railroad stations are swell places, too—yet I didn't do so well on my railroad stock.” In fact, I had done so poorly with it that I had drawn what cash I had left out of my brokerage account and hidden it in a brown envelope tucked between Omar Khayyám and Queen Victoria in the living-room bookcase. You couldn't fool me again with high ceilings and marble walls!

HENRY MILLS *lectures on finance at Columbia University and contributes to financial journals. He was attached to the American peace commission and has been in business in New York and San Francisco. He is a mountain climber and a squash racquets star.*

“ Your question,” began the president, “ is one I am very glad to answer because it interests more than a hundred million people besides yourself.”

“ Everybody in the United States? ”

“ Indirectly, yes. But I had in mind especially the fifty million savings-bank depositors throughout the United States who are directly interested in whether savings banks are safe, and if so, what makes them so.”

“ Fifty million depositors! ” I gasped.

“ Yes, and they are growing in numbers all the time.”

“ Even now? ”

“ Now especially,” he replied. “ The harder the times, the more money we get. In 1929, when everybody thought he could double his capital in Wall Street and four-per-cent interest sounded like an antique joke, deposits in banks like ours fell off eighty million dollars; in the first six months of 1930, when people had begun to realize that they couldn't buy something for nothing in the stock market, deposits in our kind of banks jumped up two hundred and thirty millions.”

“ THOSE are pretty big figures,” I ventured, thinking of the thin brown envelope back home between Omar and the Queen—thinking also, as I did every night before I went to sleep, of those stories we have all read in the papers—you know, that one about the gay '90s bustle that was found in somebody's attic the other day with five hundred dollars hidden in the springs; and that other one about the man in the Coney Island fire who made a point of carrying all his savings—$2,600 I think it was—around with him all the time, except, of course, when he went in swimming; when the bathhouse burned down, all he had left was his bathing suit.

“ I'm letting you off easily on figures,” he laughed. “ If I had really wanted to impress you I'd have told you right away that more than thirteen million people think the mutual savings banks of this country, of which ours is one, so safe that they have trusted them with ten billion dollars of their money.”

“ Ten billions! ” I exclaimed. “ I didn't know there was that much money left in the world. And to think that the women and children have got it all tucked away in their little savings-bank books! ”

“ You are evidently laboring,” replied the chief executive a bit less warmly, “ under a common delusion that most of the depositors in savings banks are wives and mothers. Nothing could be less true. We have many women's accounts and children's, too, and we are proud of them—but look at that line out there by the receiving tellers' windows.”

I saw what he meant. The sexes were about equally divided. And I knew what he meant about the common delusion, too. “ Savings banks? Oh, yes, they're all right for women and children, but not for *my* money! ”

THAT'S the way the smoking-car conversation used to go, back in the departed '20s. But, judging by that line out there in the bank, times *had* changed.

“ How many should you say there were—a hundred? ”

I agreed.

“ Well, if that line is like a typical line of a hundred of our depositors, which we analyzed some little time ago, it contains seven domestic servants, eight salesmen, thirteen housewives, fourteen professional men and women, fifteen executives, sixteen mechanics, twenty-six office workers of both sexes, and one man or woman who refuses to be classified.”

“ A fairly representative list,” I allowed.

“ Yes,” he said. “ We weren't so far wrong, were we, when we agreed that everybody in the United States was interested directly or indirectly in whether a mutual savings bank is safe? ”

“ You keep using the word ‘ mutual ’ in describing your bank. Aren't all savings banks run on the same principle? ”

“ Yes, if you mean the principle on which the savings-bank idea was founded: a moderate income with the least possible risk. But there are differences in organization and method. A mutual savings bank like ours has no stockholders other than the depositors themselves. Whatever money we make, after expenses have been met and generous surpluses have been set aside, is paid out to the depositors as interest on their deposits. The nonmutual bank—and this, of course, applies to savings departments in other kinds of banks—also establishes surpluses and pays interest on its depositors' money, and then, if there are any profits left, it pays dividends on the bank's capital stock.

“ Which is the safer, the mutual or the nonmutual? ”

“ Well,” he laughed, “ since ours is a mutual—”

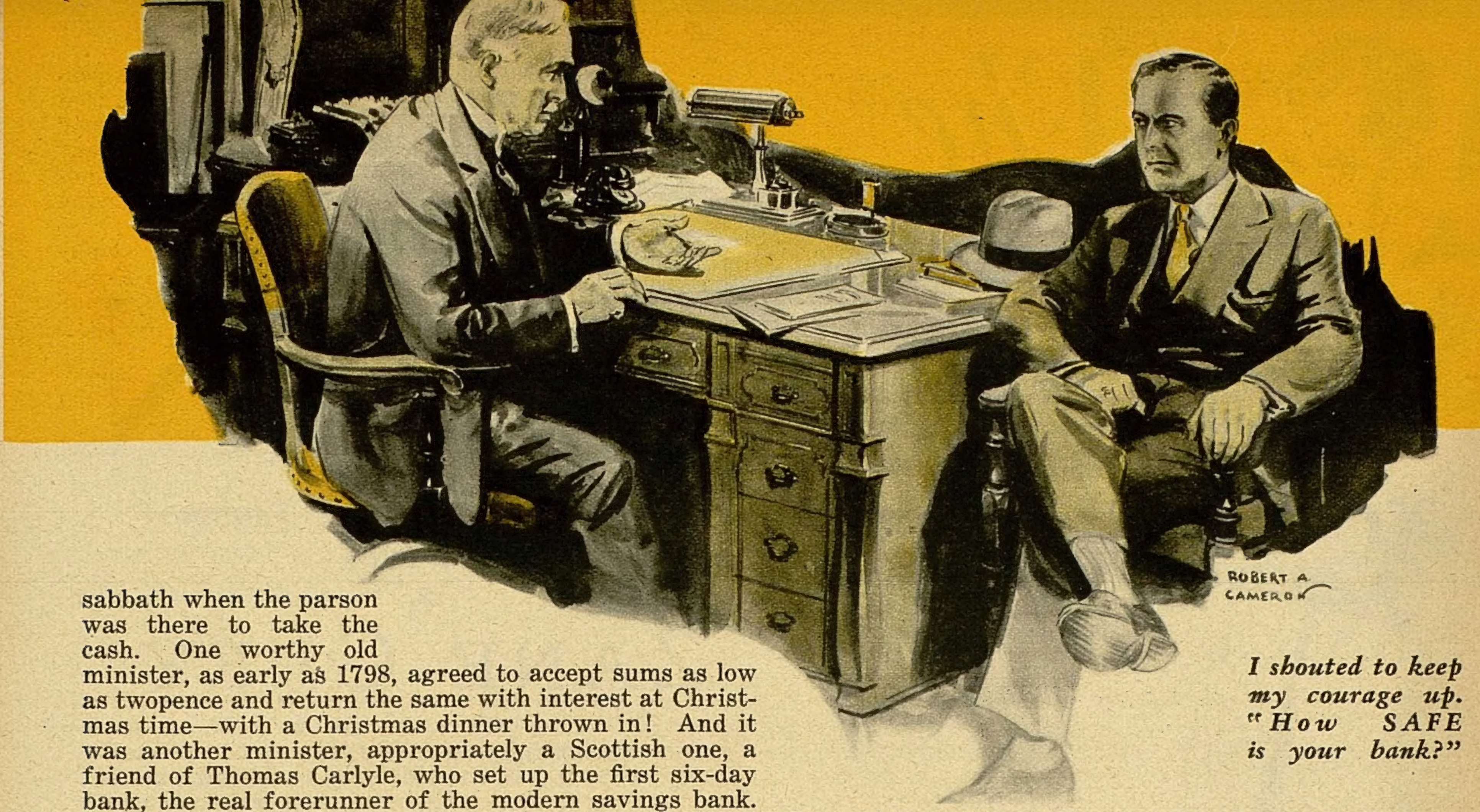
“ I'll let you off on that one.”

“ I think you had better. As a matter of fact, the laws are so strict nowadays and the inspections are so thorough in most states that a savings bank almost *has* to be safe, anyhow. Of course, what I know most about is the mutual bank, and I am proud to say that no mutual savings bank in our state [New York] has closed its doors during the last twenty years—and that goes for bad times as well as good.”

“ All right,” I said, “ I'll accept your word that history shows savings banks always have been safe, even when other things weren't, but what I don't understand is why. ”

“ Well, that goes back to the fundamental principle of a moderate income with the least possible risk. Savings banks were not started for the purpose of profit. Joseph of the Old Testament was the first savings-bank man. He accumulated the corn when it was plentiful to prepare for the seven lean years that were to follow. Robinson Crusoe's father, Daniel Defoe, who proposed a ‘ pension office ’ as a sort of savings bank, way back in the seventeenth century, had the same idea. So did the Scotch and English savings-bank pioneers of a century and a quarter ago. They were mostly clergymen looking out for the interests of their parishioners.”

I remembered, now that he spoke of it, that I had read somewhere about those first savings banks being called “ Sunday banks,” because they were open only on the



I shouted to keep my courage up. "How SAFE is your bank?"

sabbath when the parson was there to take the cash. One worthy old minister, as early as 1798, agreed to accept sums as low as twopence and return the same with interest at Christmas time—with a Christmas dinner thrown in! And it was another minister, appropriately a Scottish one, a friend of Thomas Carlyle, who set up the first six-day bank, the real forerunner of the modern savings bank. The Rev. Henry Duncan, that was his name, and he came from Dumfriesshire, which also produced the founder of the Bank of England.

" The same idea," continued my friend behind the desk, " actuated the founders of our American savings bank. The first institution for savings founded in New York City, right after the War of 1812, was described in its charter as 'An Association for the Banishment of Pauperism.' Because of this fact—that the savings bank exists for the protection of its depositors rather than for the rolling up of profits—it isn't tempted into the pitfalls that usually beset the road to large profits.

" Another way of putting it is this: it isn't possible in the long run to combine large and quick returns with safety, but it is possible, as savings banks have proved for more than a hundred years, to employ capital safely year after year, in good times and bad, if you're satisfied with a return of from three to five per cent."

" But putting money in a savings bank," I interrupted, " is not employing capital, is it? It's hoarding capital just as much as—er—"

I hesitated, thinking of Omar and the Queen.

" A savings bank, sir," he said with emphasis, " does not hoard money. It invests it. It takes money that you are not using and loans it to other people, who in turn pay it out to still other people in jobs and wages that mean more buying and selling, more business, more prosperity for us all. From the point of view of the community, the savings bank is the greatest of all circulators of money. It takes capital that isn't working and makes it work for the general good."

This was a new idea to me. I suppose if I had ever thought much about it, I would have realized that if I had pushed a sum of money, say a hundred dollars, through the window with my pass book, the bank would have had to do something with my money besides sticking it away in the safe. Otherwise they couldn't afford to pay me any interest whatever.

" Suppose," said my friend, who seemed to be reading my feeble thoughts, " you were to make a deposit with us of a hundred dollars. Five dollars of that hundred, figuratively speaking, would never leave the main vault. It would stay right in the cash drawer, along with similar contributions from our other depositors, to meet the ordinary withdrawals that are made from day to day."

" Five dollars isn't much, is it? "

" It is more than enough. As I have told you, the only runs on our kinds of banks in these kinds of times are runs ' in,' not runs ' out.' Our idea is to keep plenty of cash on hand to meet any ordinary demands, but not to be wasteful about it. That would be hoarding. Instead, we always keep on hand a good big quantity of Liberty Bonds and other government securities that are practically the same as money for banking purposes, and have the added advantage of bearing interest. About ten dollars of your money goes into these.

" The next ten or fifteen dollars goes into state and municipal bonds of the better sort, which have almost as ready a market in certain localities as Uncle Sam's securities have all over the country. About five dollars of your hundred is then set aside for the purchase of first-mortgage bonds, not issued by the states and cities themselves but by the recognized telephone, gas, electric, and other public-utility companies operating under state and municipal franchises.

" Then there is a certain type of railroad bond that savings banks are permitted to own; not the type which shows a loss every time there is a shrinkage in railway patronage, but first-mortgage bonds that are a prior lien on the actual physical property of the road, the interest on which must be paid so long as the road runs. Another ten or fifteen dollars goes into these.

" THE rest of your money, about half of it, goes into first mortgages on income-producing real estate. This class of investment we make with the greatest care —but I don't need to tell you about that: if you have ever tried to borrow money on your house or lot, you know how impossible it is to get from a savings bank a first mortgage that is anywhere nearly as much as the property would sell for at a forced sale. Even now our bank has yet to suffer any net loss from this source.

" What guaranty have I," I asked, " that you will continue to invest my money only in these places of safety? "

" The law's guaranty. The banking law specifies very definitely what we can and cannot buy and on what we can and cannot loan. It is just as if you were prevented by law, in your business, from making mistakes."

" I wish I were," I sighed.

" Well," he smiled, as he rose to shake my hand, " you won't be making any mistake if you do business with a savings bank. And you won't be hoarding, either. You'll be investing in the bed-rock enterprises of America, in lands and homes, and in the essential, permanent services of your federal, state, and local governments."

I went home to tell my wife that she was " not so dumb." For I had already decided, so far as I was concerned, that nothing should ever again come between Omar and the Queen!

THE END

The WOMAN

Part Two—Chapter Three—
The Plea

By

ZANE GREY

Illustrated
by
D'Alton Valentine

He swore he would love her as no man had ever loved a woman before—to make up for all the wrongs and hurts.

(Reading time: 35 minutes 25 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Glenda Cromwell, who, on her wedding eve, is face to face with a murder charge. Leo Young, with whom she had once been intimate, returns from Paris and summons her to his apartment. There he learns that she is engaged to his bitterest enemy, Jeffrey Baxter, brilliant young lawyer. Leo takes a gun from a desk drawer and announces he will accompany Glenda to meet Jeff. In a struggle for the weapon Leo is killed. Glenda meets Jeff but does not tell him of Leo's death. They leave for the steamship Corinthia, a six-day-cruise boat. Jeff has planned to have his friend, Captain Buchanan, marry them.

The plot is based on an original story by Polan Banks. A synopsis was submitted to ten celebrated authors, each of whom wrote a chapter. The first two chapters were written by Rupert Hughes and Vicki Baum.

JEFF BAXTER went out on deck to stroll thoughtfully up and down. Sober reflection did not follow readily upon his strong emotion. The few passengers on deck were too many for the solitude he needed. And the thresh and roar of the restless sea had a disquieting effect. Throwing away his cigarette, he returned to his stateroom.

What was this that infringed upon the thrill and joy with which he had boarded the ship? His gaze sought the door of Glenda's adjoining stateroom, which a few minutes before he had locked from her side. And he was quick to catch a cue that might clarify the vague sadness which seemed edging into his happiness.

He need not have locked that door. Glenda had not expected it. A tremor ran over Jeff as he realized the sweet tumultuous fact of her love. Women had not been much in his life, but he knew Glenda loved him desperately, passionately, wondrously. He had known that for long; only tonight it came home to him with an intense vividness.

Glenda had been nervous, white, laboring under some strong excitement or feeling which she had failed to conceal. Jeff had told her that he had seen the reflection of himself in her eyes. But he had not told her all. Those lovely dark violet eyes had betrayed havoc. And it was this havoc that concerned him now.

He divined there was something Glenda wanted to confess. The honesty and courage of her nature had been struggling to assert themselves. But her love, her reluctance to hurt him had for the time being held her mute. Probably it had to do with her affair with Leo Young. If she attempted to tell him more of that, or anything else about her past, he would close her lips with a kiss. He did not want to know anything. Their life would begin tomorrow and the past would be dead.

The havoc of her lovely eyes, whatever its source, only endeared her to him. She had been cruelly hurt by life. She had suffered. She had never loved anyone as she loved him—of that he was sure. It would hardly be necessary for him to tell her that he was not in the least modern. She would soon find out that he had old-fashioned ideas about love and marriage. Locking her door had not been a gesture. He wanted her terribly, but not until she was his wife. He wanted a home, a companion, a helper, a mate, a mother of the children he longed for. And fate had decreed that in Glenda he had found beauty, love, and, he knew, a lasting loyalty. Probing his heart, Jeff learned that he had dreamed of a girl to save, to protect, and to cherish.

His doubt and vague apprehensions fled as mist before the sun. He had found himself. Glenda was there, just through that door. Her kiss was still sweet upon his lips. She had left whatever life she had lived to come away with him, to give herself royally. And he swore that

Accused

A Night of Torment—Glenda Makes a Decision—A Radio Bulletin—The Summons

Rupert Hughes
Vicki Baum
Zane Grey
Viña Delmar
Irvin S. Cobb
Gertrude Atherton
J. P. McEvoy
Ursula Parrott
Polan Banks
Sophie Kerr

nothing could ever take her away from him. He swore he would love her as no man had ever loved a woman before—to make up for all the wrongs and hurts done her—to dispel whatever cloud hung over her—to bring out the glory of her womanhood. He accepted her with heart full of gratitude and reverence; he took on himself all her troubles, burdens, fears, and he would make them as if they had never been.

"Good night, Glenda," he whispered, as he started to undress for bed. "It's settled. Nothing can make any difference in me. You're mine! I'll fight the whole damn' world for you."

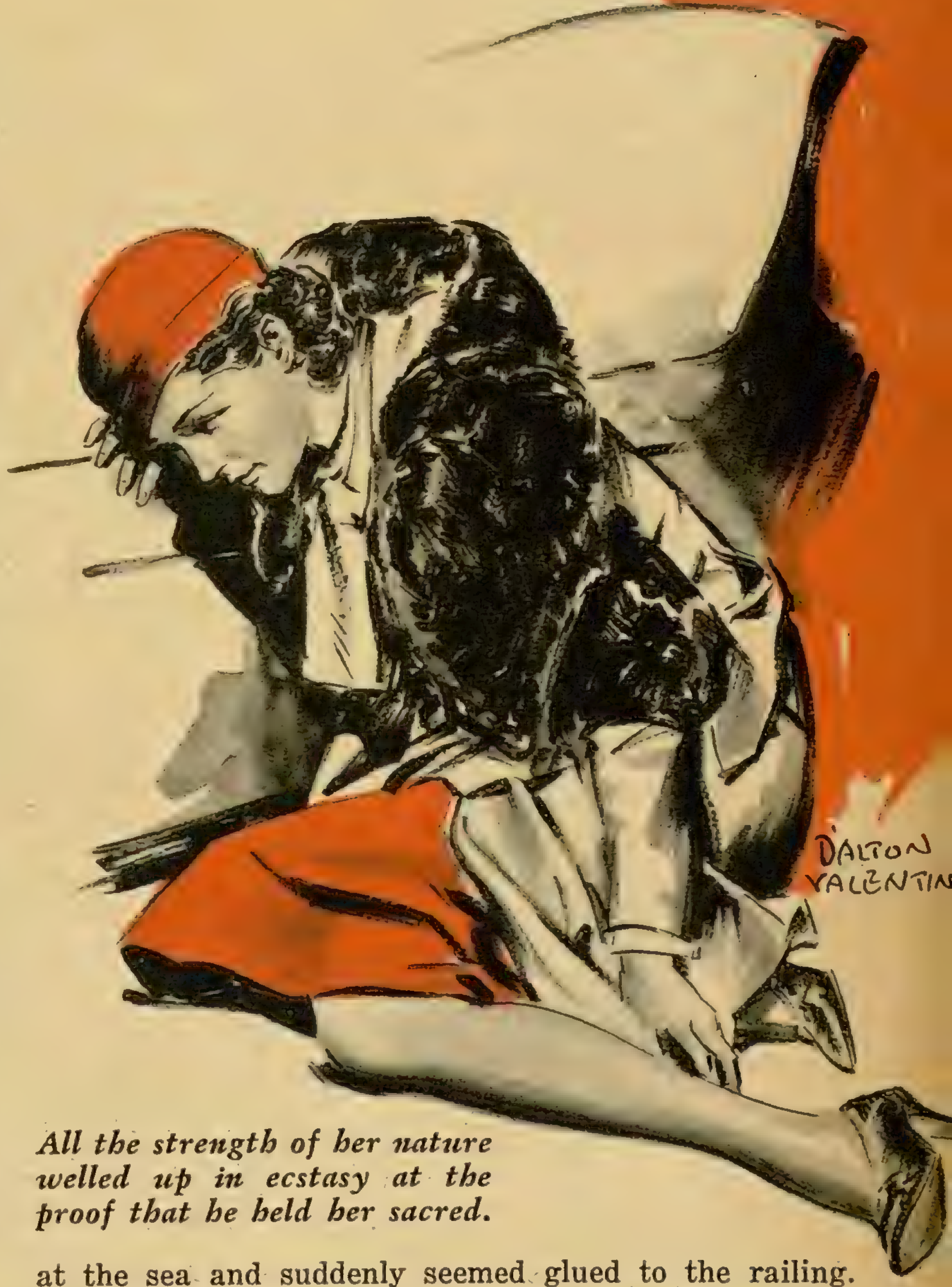
Sure of himself as never before, happy and exalted, Jeff went to bed and untroubled sleep.

BUT Glenda faced a vastly different ordeal. She sat, shaking a little, holding the key tightly in her hand. It seemed to be a key to the portal of a dark abyss which she must open terribly against her will.

Gradually the significance of Jeff's action dawned upon Glenda. Had he divined her willingness? He, too, had meant a great deal that he had not spoken. He was too fine, too big to accept her sacrifice, even though he imagined it was only for a night. His love was too great for that. Honor was not an empty word to some men in this sordid world, and Jeff Baxter was one of them.

Suddenly Glenda slipped to her knees on the floor with her head falling upon the couch, overcome by conflicting tides of passion. All the strength of her nature welled up in a flood of ecstasy at the proof that he held her sacred—that the white glow and beauty of her body, the embrace of her clinging arms were not more to him than the deep and hidden song of her soul. The moment magnified her love to worship. He embodied the ideal of girlish dreams long vanished. Hard upon this beautiful realization bore down the baffling, sickening, agonizing truth that Jeff meant to make her his wife; that she could not resist and she absolutely must not ruin his career and his life. She could not marry him. It was a thousand times more impossible now. And into the black storm of her mind flashed a bolt that illumined her way out.

She got up, strong on the moment, and noiselessly slipped out upon the deck. There was a light aft, and she heard the clinking of glasses and laughter. Forward the deck appeared deserted. Glenda hurried along the wall, past the lighted portholes and companionways, to the end of the deck. It was comparatively dark there. No one to see her slip into the corner by the rail.



All the strength of her nature welled up in ecstasy at the proof that he held her sacred.

A cool blast of spray struck her face. The cold wet touch soothed her fevered brow. Glenda put her clutching hands on the rail and placed a foot upon the lowest iron rung. To climb, to leap, would be the easiest act she had ever performed, and surely the noblest. But she looked at the sea and suddenly seemed glued to the railing.

The ocean gloomed below her, somehow grand and appalling. From the blackness shone a moving white wave, changing, lengthening, paling as the ship sped on. The void grew dark again. Then followed a sullen crash and again a shadowy specter of wave crest mounted and seethed back. Salt spray stung her face, leaving the taste upon her lips. A soft, sweet scent permeated her nostrils. A tremendous sound of mingled roar and crash and pound filled the air. The great ship pitched forward to plunge and split an engulfing wave. She staggered under the shock, rose heavily, to roll to starboard, while the rage of the torn and buffeted waters bellowed one moment and lulled the next.

Glenda stood petrified. What had she come here for? All at once she remembered her ghastly purpose. Farewell passage to paradise! She had come out to destroy herself—to leave Jeff free.

"My—God!" she choked out, as she stared down into that awful murky void of fury and strife. "What will happen—if I leap!"

Shuddering, Glenda shrank against the rail. If she leaped it must be down into that forbidding tumult. Down! The water would be black and cold and it would envelop her warm body. She had loved her soft, opal flesh.

"I wouldn't sink—right away," she whispered.

She was a strong and capable swimmer. She could not bid herself sink like lead. The ship would pass on, leaving her behind in the seething foam of its wake and then out upon the rough waters. She would swim. She could not help that. It would be a strong instinct to swim at the last. She would see the lights of the great ship growing smaller, fading, until they vanished. She would cry out. And only the wind and the wild sea birds of the night would hear her. Not Jeff! He would be sleeping. The bursting of her heart in that poignant cry would never reach him.

"But—it's what—I want!" she gasped.

She must swim and then she would sink. Down and down, until strangled and dead she would sink through the abysmal depths. Fish would stare at her with queer goggle eyes. Sharks would rend the white flesh which had been her pride, and spill her blood before it had cooled. A hideous octopus might wind his slimy, loathsome tentacles around her and with his parrot beak tear at her bosom. If not these, the rank seaweeds and the slime of the ocean bed would be her grave.

Glenda fled back to her stateroom. There was left the poison. She might have courage to take that. While fumbling for the pills in her bag she caught sight of her face in the mirror. It was as white as blank paper, with wild, strange eyes staring out at the death she sought. Would she look like that next morning, lying dead on the floor, when Jeff bent over her? Why did she have to crucify him? Was there no other way?

When at length she found the pills it was too late. She moaned in her cowardice. She could not kill herself. It had been only a desperate, futile hope.

"I will stay—awake," she panted. "I'll go early—tell the captain all. He could not—marry us—then."

DURING the long hours Glenda passed from a hideous nightmare to a semblance of composure. But so spent was she then that she fell asleep. When she awakened, dawn had come. A pale sun was shining over the sea. Hurriedly she made herself as presentable as possible and quietly left her stateroom. On the moment four bells rang out. It was six o'clock. She climbed the stairway to the upper deck, there to encounter a quartermaster.

"I must see Captain Buchanan at once," she said breathlessly. "It's very important."

"All right, ma'am," replied the young man. "He was on the bridge when I come off duty. This way."

He led Glenda up a steep flight of stairs to the captain's office aft of the bridge. The door was open.

"Lady to see you, captain," announced the quartermaster as he knocked. "What—at this ungodly hour?" answered a gruff voice. Then there appeared a short, stout man clad in a heavy cotton undershirt and blue trousers. He had a ruddy round face and shrewd, kindly blue eyes.

"Captain Buchanan," began Glenda swiftly, with a catch of her breath, "I am Glenda Cromwell—Jeff Baxter's fiancée. I must talk with you—please."

"Well, indeed you must, young woman, to brace the Old Man at this hour," he replied in gruff but kindly curiosity. "Come in and sit down while I get my coat."

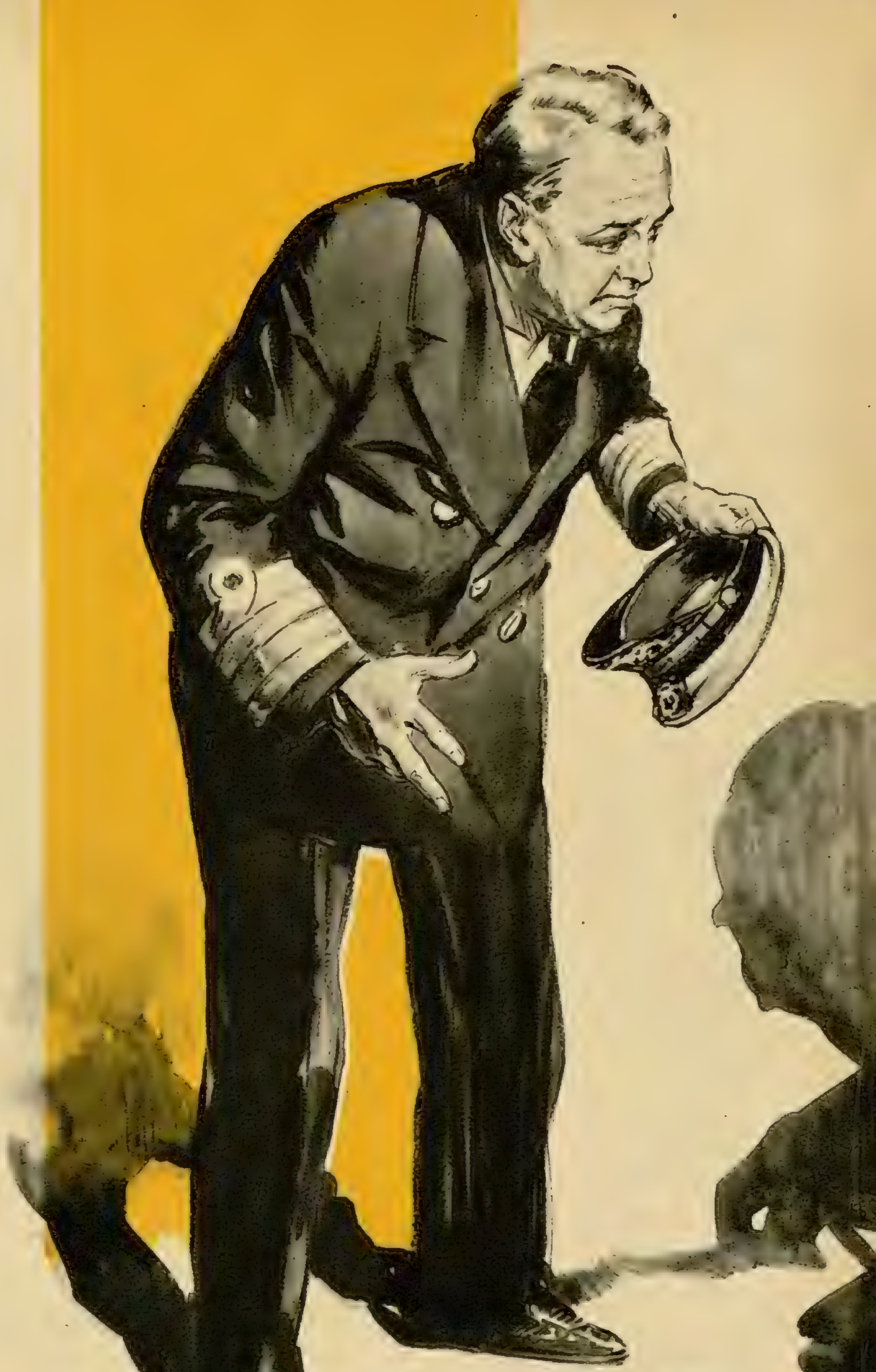
Glenda followed him in and stood gazing out of the window at the gray, drab sea. Presently the captain rejoined her with his blue, gold-braided uniform.

"Sit down," he said. "I see you're in trouble. So you're Jeff Baxter's girl? I know him well. He has handled cases for my firm. A rising young man—and one of exceptionally good taste, if you'll allow the compliment. What can I do for you?"

"Jeff and I had planned this trip—as a honeymoon," burst out Glenda poignantly. "But we—we can't be married."

"That's too bad for Jeff," returned Buchanan. "I'm sorry. He must be mighty keen on marrying you. But as to that—"

"Captain, I must confess why—it's impossible," interrupted Glenda. She had the feeling that she must leap into this as she would have into the sea. If she did not hurry she would again lose her courage. "I will not ruin his career." She rushed on. "I love him—oh, so dearly! The reason is—this: Before I met Jeff I—I was friendly with Leo Young. I was hardly more than a girl. I thought I loved him. I know now I never loved him. When I met Jeff my whole life changed. I found happiness. The only bitter drop in my cup was the past. But that seemed definitely ended. Young had apparently lost his interest in me—had gone off to Europe. Yesterday the phone rang. He had just returned. He wanted to see me. And thinking I might do well not to make him furious I went to his apartment. He wanted me back—began at once to make love to me. I repulsed him. And in the heat of the moment I told him of my love for Jeff, whom he had hated as a rival before



"For God's sake, child!" Buchanan whispered. "You will be accused of murder."

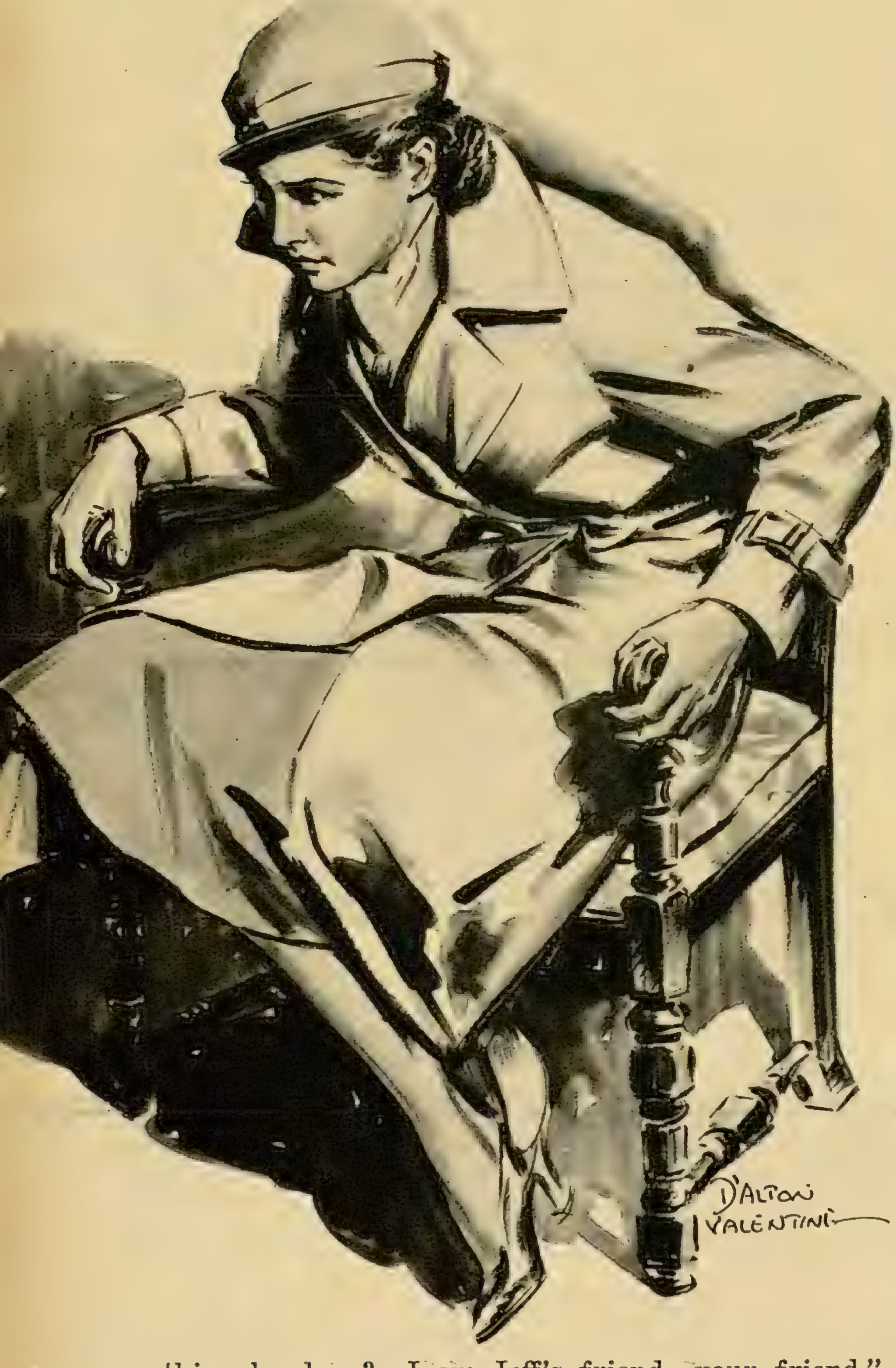
he ever met me. He grew purple—then white. He got a gun—and threatened to go with me to meet Jeff. That scared me. But when he seized me in his arms—I began to fight. The gun crashed. He fell. And he died—at my feet.

" I thought *I* had killed him. Then I ran—and I left my cigarette case behind. I rushed home—had scarcely time to finish packing when Jeff came. He dragged me on to this—ship. And that's all."

" For God's sake, child! " Buchanan whispered hoarsely. " You will be accused of murder."

" Yes! And convicted—too! " she cried low and brokenly. " That's why I can't marry Jeff—why I must not ruin him! "

" What an infernal mess! I must think. Can anything be done? I am Jeff's friend—your friend."



" But promise me you will not marry—"

A sharp rap on the door cut Glenda's speech short.

" You are wanted on the bridge, sir."

Captain Buchanan's reply was to rise abruptly and stride to the door.

" Miss Cromwell, go to your stateroom, please," he said, as he opened the door. " I will communicate with you presently."

" I beg of you—don't tell him," she pleaded.

" Not a word."

They went out together, and Glenda swiftly descended the stairways and ran along the lower deck to her stateroom.

She locked her door and fell in a heap upon her berth. She knew she had won her point, but the ordeal had shaken her terrifically. Captain Buchanan would not marry her to Jeff. She almost collapsed in her relief and gladness.

ZANE GREY

was born in Zanesville, Ohio, in 1875. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with a dentist's degree in 1896. He practiced in New York until 1904, when he first started writing fiction. Since then he has written a score of adventure novels and is noted for his skill as a deep-sea fisherman. His home is in Altadena, California.

Then the perversity of love further augmented Glenda's torture. She had saved Jeff from disgrace and ruin. But what of the six days on board that ship? Six days and—more interminable, insupportable—six nights! She could not bear them unless—But that seemed unthinkable. Yet during these long hours her yearning had grown until it was maddening.

She wanted Jeff.

If she saw him again—if he kissed her, touched her, as surely he would do, she could not endure to be separated from him a moment. To see him, then, would be fatal. But she was utterly powerless to oppose her desire, her need to see him again. Thought of the way out, of the deadly pills in her purse, refused to stay before her consciousness. She was lost, and in her extremity she grew desperate. Give her Jeff this one little day—and tomorrow— Oh, these few brief, fleeting days! She begged only to see him, touch him, to lie safe in his arms where that monstrous growing fear could not obsess her.

She would not tell him. For these few days she would force the horror from her consciousness. She would be woman in all the glory of woman at her best. She would entrance him—give him a lifetime of love in those six days. She would blot out the future in the wonder of the present. It would be enough then.

SHE got up to change and bathe, to put on her most attractive clothes, to reënforce her beauty with unquenchable spirit and mystery. The image in her mirror gave back a haunting exaggeration of all the charm with which nature had endowed her.

The bugle call for breakfast startled Glenda. She laughed a little hollowly. " Things have to go on—just the same," she murmured. " I shall have to eat, drink, sleep under the shadow of the electric chair—and smile like a happy woman in love! "

Peering out of her porthole to see Jeff passing, his handsome brow clouded, gave her a far greater shock. She retreated, her shaking fingers at her parted lips. Had Jeff gone to see the captain? Then followed a decided knock on her door.

" Glenda."

When she could not answer at once, he rapped again. " Darling, are you up? "

The ring in his voice, the note of possession, and something more, shot her through and through with revivifying power, making her as if by magic all that she had sworn to do, to feel, to be for him. In a trice she had unlocked and swept open the door between their rooms.

" Good morning, my dear," she replied in gay, bright tones. " I'm dressed and ready for—for anything. Come in."

He entered, and as he saw her clearly, the frown smoothed from his brow and the piercing fire of his eyes softened.

" *Glenda!* You look perfectly stunning! " he exclaimed. This spontaneous outburst was not what had been upon his lips as he entered.

" Thank you, darling," she laughed, and turned to pirouette before the long mirror. " I rather like it myself."

" I didn't notice your dress," he said, sweeping her from toe to head. " It's a peach. I meant your face—your eyes—your lips. My God, Glenda, but you are lovely! "

Suddenly he snatched her to his breast and crushed her there. He bent his head over her, pressed his face to her hair. Glenda felt him shake. She heard his heart-beats—strong, vibrant, quick thumps against her breast.

" Glenda, look up," he commanded.

" Yes? " she said, obeying, while her heart contracted. She had never seen him look stern, except once in a court room when he flayed a prosecutor on behalf of a persecuted woman.

" Let's get it over."

" *Jeff!* Wha—what do you—"

" Listen. You're not on the level with me. Don't speak." He gave her no gentle shake. " I'm telling you. Oh, it's not your past. Nor anything to do with that blighter Young. To hell with him! It's lately—since you loved me. It's now. You're deceiving me. You have things on your mind. Confessions, fears, doubts, motives, concealments. Oh, I know. You can't fool me."

She stared up at him, mute, fascinated, feeling that the purpose which had made her strong was abased.

" Well, they're all wrong. They're out. You understand? Whatever your troubles, they are now mine. If they were a hundred times worse, I should make them nothing. We will start anew today—this hour—with a clean slate. To speak of my love seems superfluous. It is what you *are*—right now—that I love. You can't change it. God can't change it. My future, my career, my happiness, my very life depend upon you. Your smile is my sun—your kiss my heaven—your presence my inspiration and my reward."

All that was false in Glenda, whatever its mistaken motive, seemed burned to ashes in the fire of his spirit. Her terror vanished in the same flame. She felt lost to all save truth and fidelity. She knew it, and she was so glad that she wanted to die there on his breast.

" Beloved," she whispered, " it was horrible—but now—it's gone."

Tears welled from under her tightly shut eyelids. He fell to kissing them away and those on her wet cheeks. And at last he found her tremulous lips.

" That's—that," he said finally, with a happy break in his rich voice. " Nothing can hurt us now. What do you think, sweetheart? I've been to see Captain Buchanan about that little formality which concerned us so mightily yesterday. He can't marry us because the right of ship captains to perform such services has been revoked. The damned old sea dog! I've a hunch he was glad he couldn't marry us. Let's go have breakfast."

Chapter Four—Jeff's Plans

By

VIÑA DELMAR

VIÑA DELMAR

the author of Bad Girl, Kept, and other novels and short stories, first made her bow as a writer in Liberty where much of her work has been published. Her transition from a movie usher to one of the best known writers in America within a few short years has been phenomenal. She is married, has one son, and lives in suburban New York.

YES, one had to have breakfast. Not because one was hungry, but because of the almost dizzying joy it would be to pour coffee for Jeff Baxter and to sit looking across the small table into his eyes. Thus they could have sat all the years of their lives if things had been different. That little word " if " again. Glenda suppressed a sigh as she tucked her arm through Jeff's and smiled bravely up at him.

" Let's go," she said.

Together they began the descent of the stairs to the dining room. It was easy to imagine oneself on land. The boat seemed to be motionless. The sea was calm and still today. Glenda's mind went back to the moment when she had stood gazing desperately down at the black waves. Hurriedly she thrust the vision from her mind. For six golden days she must forget.

" Every man on the boat is looking at me and wondering what I ever did to deserve you," Jeff whispered to her as they neared the dining room.

" I don't know what it could have been myself," Glenda replied. " It must have been something awfully wicked, whatever it was."

He laughed. " Don't spread that report. Can you imagine the crime wave there'd be if young men heard you saying a thing like that? "

The table was a small one—just for two, as Glenda had hoped it would be. There had been a fleeting second of horror when she had pictured her six days of paradise ruined by two perfectly strange people assigned to share a table with Jeff and herself.

" What are you going to eat, darling? " he asked her.

" I'd like some orange juice, toast, and coffee."

" Is that all? Oh, come on, have an omelet, or at least some cereal."

She shook her head. " I'm overeating as it is. I usually have nothing but coffee."

" Well, all right, but I warn you that you'll be sitting there forever waiting for me to finish. I eat huge breakfasts. I don't suppose you'll ever get used to seeing me guzzle for an hour the first thing in the morning."

No, she'd never get used to it. There wouldn't be time. Six days. Only six days. Such a pitifully short time. Oh, God, make them golden and rich and full of joy and forgetfulness!

THE waiter came, took their order, and departed, and now Glenda was really looking into Jeff's eyes across the breakfast table.

" Happy? " he asked.

" Never happier," she smiled back at him.

" You're going to have to cultivate a larger capacity for happiness, young lady. We haven't really started our life together yet, you know."

" Yes, I know."

" It's a rotten break about not being able to get married, isn't it? "

" Rotten; but then we are together."

" It's become the only thing I really care about," he said. He covered her hand with his large strong one and gave it a little squeeze. " Glenda, I love you so much that it frightens me."

" Frightens you? Why? " she asked swiftly.

" It's all too perfect, don't you see? Fancy any man being lucky enough to have you return his love. Why, it's like a dream. You know no man was ever meant to be as happy as I am."

She laughed to dispel the wave of melancholy which swept over her at his words. They were uttered so jestingly and yet carried such volumes of truth. Obviously he was happy. Perhaps not since childhood had he known this care-free ecstasy which love had brought him.

And it was so heartbreakingly true that man was not meant to be this happy. The blow would fall. It would fall and catch him with the smile frozen on his dear face, his arms empty of the woman he had loved, and his eyes puzzled and beseeching her to tell him that it was all a ghastly mistake.

He was speaking now. " You're a funny little thing, Glenda. One minute you laugh and the next minute you look as though you were trying to settle the world's problems. But, whichever it is, you're looking very beautiful all the while—or do you dislike being complimented by a big hot-cake eater? "

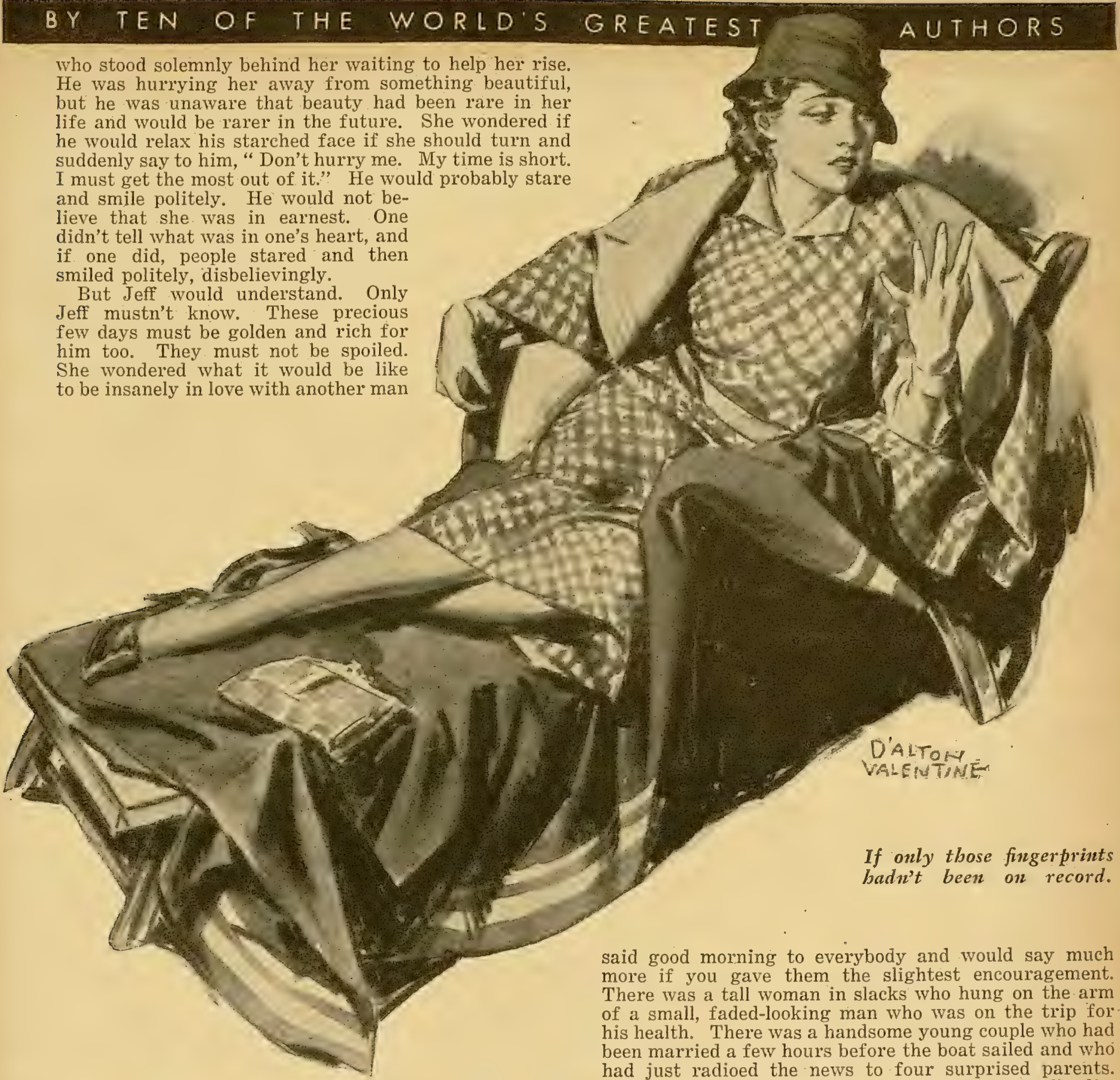
" No, I love it. Have another hot cake and tell me some more."

" All right. With molasses? "

" Oh, plenty of molasses."

He laughed because it was fun to be silly and because they were in love. It had been such a nice breakfast. Glenda hated to leave the table. She hated the waiter who stood solemnly behind her waiting to help her rise. He was hurrying her away from something beautiful, but he was unaware that beauty had been rare in her life and would be rarer in the future. She wondered if he would relax his starched face if she should turn and suddenly say to him, " Don't hurry me. My time is short. I must get the most out of it." He would probably stare and smile politely. He would not believe that she was in earnest. One didn't tell what was in one's heart, and if one did, people stared and then smiled politely, disbelievingly.

But Jeff would understand. Only Jeff mustn't know. These precious few days must be golden and rich for him too. They must not be spoiled. She wondered what it would be like to be insanely in love with another man and to have Jeff for a friend. What would it be like to be able to go to Jeff and pour out her whole miserable story and receive advice and sympathy? How curious it would be to say to him, " But, Jeff, John mustn't know. He and I must have our six days of heaven." He would stroke her hand and speak strong, encouraging words, and he would not tell John, for he would respect John's right to six days of heaven.



If only those fingerprints hadn't been on record.

" Feel like a turn or two about the deck? " Jeff was asking her.

" Sure. We really owe it to those hot cakes of yours."

They went up on deck and faced a day all blue and gold and fleecy white. The tiniest, gentlest sea breeze was playing about the ship and ruffled Glenda's hair with mischievous fingers.

" Isn't this beautiful? " Jeff asked. He did not expect an answer.

Glenda did not speak. She felt again as she had felt at the breakfast table. If only she need never move again from this spot, but might stay forever close to Jeff.

They began to walk around the deck. There were many other couples engaged in the same occupation. There was a little fat old man and his little fat old wife who said good morning to everybody and would say much more if you gave them the slightest encouragement. There was a tall woman in slacks who hung on the arm of a small, faded-looking man who was on the trip for his health. There was a handsome young couple who had been married a few hours before the boat sailed and who had just radioed the news to four surprised parents. There were more, many more. Jeff had a friendly disposition, and the same understanding quality which had made him a successful lawyer now prompted his fellow passengers to wax autobiographical with no encouragement from Jeff.

" GIVE him an hour," thought Glenda, " alone with any of these people and he will know their life stories and will have pointed out their compensations and blessings and from his own great fund of strength he will have given them courage to go on. But I alone of all the people on this boat am unable to burden him with my worries or seek his counsel."

The little faded man who was married to the pair of slacks wanted to stop walking and sit in his deck chair. The slacks were not nearly tired though. They had an idea.

" Let's go take a look at the bulletin board," the slacks said. " Maybe there's been an earthquake in New York or something else exciting that's happened since we left."

" Oh, is there a bulletin board? " asked Glenda.

" Sure, with all the latest news on it. It's radioed here, you know. Of course it's brief, but then who cares? "

“Would you like to go down and take a look at it, dear?” Jeff asked.

“Oh, I don't care,” Glenda answered carelessly. “I don't really believe there's been an earthquake. How about you, Jeff? Would you like to see the news?”

“Yes, I think I'd like a look.”

“All right.” She tucked her arm through his again and they went toward the lounge. He could not see that the knuckles of her small hand were white and that her nails dug deeply into her palm. The bulletin board. She had not thought of the bulletin board.

They were standing before it now. Glenda forced herself to gaze at it. It might appear strange if she did not so much as look at the news. The others in the group were reading interestedly, stretching their necks to see over others' shoulders.

“Look,” she heard herself saying in an effort to be matter-of-fact. “Wall Street seems to be having a bit of excitement.”

Suddenly there was a low whistle of amazement from Jeff. “Good God! Look at that, will you? Leo Young!”

Steady now, Glenda. No panic. Drop your eyelids to hide the terror that has leaped to your eyes and ask disinterestedly, but not *too* disinterestedly, “What about Leo Young?”

“He's dead!”

“Dead?”

“Yes. Murdered. Look. There it is.”

The message was brief. Glenda read it:

> Leo Young, criminal lawyer, murdered in his apartment by mystery woman. Police following up fingerprints and clues.

“And what a fitting finish for him,” Jeff remarked.

They detached themselves from the others grouped before the bulletin. Jeff was plainly shaken by the news. Young had been an impressive, if not an admirable figure in the legal world.

“One of his sins caught up with him at last,” Jeff said.

“Perhaps,” Glenda agreed. “But you can't tell much about newspaper reports. They like to mix in a woman for glamour and sex interest.”

“THAT'S right. Still, Young was the kind of person that a woman would murder. His dealings with men were fairly open. You know what I mean.”

“Yes, I know what you mean.”

“Glenda, do you care about Young's death?”

“Oh, I care. After all, he was a human being, but I'm not sad or upset or anything like that.”

“I'm glad. I wouldn't want him to spoil our holiday.”

“He can't.”

“I guess I sound awfully cold-blooded, sweetheart, but I'm a funny fellow. I can't cry over the death of a man I disliked and feel that he has now become a lily-white soul. If Leo Young was a blackguard yesterday, he's still one as far as I'm concerned. That's only my personal feeling. If they give me the case when I get back I'll fight like hell to convict the woman who killed him.”

“Yes,” Glenda said faintly. “That's your duty, isn't it?”

They went back to the bright and sunny deck to lie in chairs and gaze at the blue water.

“You need a blanket wrapped tightly about you, dear,” Jeff said. “You're shivering.”

“Yes, I know I am. It's very chilly, don't you think so?”

“No, I don't; but then a big horse like I am never feels the cold. Would you rather go below?”

“No, I like it here if only I could stop shivering.”

He was bending over her now, wrapping the blanket snugly about her, over her shoulders, under her feet.

“I mustn't let you catch cold, you know. Do you feel warmer now?”

SHE smiled at him and nodded. The blessed blanket concealed the fact that she trembled as much as ever, and he did not know that the cold which she felt was an inner coldness which came from her heavy, numb heart.

So the police were certain that Young had been murdered. And by a woman. They had fingerprints and clues. Those fingerprints would correspond with others on record and soon Jeff would know that Glenda Cromwell was wanted for murder.

“Is there another radio bulletin later in the day, Jeff?”

“I don't think so, dear. I guess the next one will be tomorrow morning.”

Perhaps already there were newspapers on the New York streets with her name streaked across them. Perhaps everybody in the world except the handful of people aboard this boat regarded her as the murderess of Leo Young. Suppose the next morning's radio news carried her name? Would they calmly tack it up for all to read? Wouldn't it surprise and thrill the other passengers? What would Jeff do?

“Are you comfortable now, Glenda?”

“Oh, yes, very.”

If only those fingerprints hadn't been on record at headquarters. How clever of Leo to have left them, hanging over her always and now reaching down to clutch at her happiness and tear it away from her. Somewhere, no doubt, he was laughing at the mess she had made of her life and might make of Jeff's. Nothing would please him more than to see Jeff's career ruined. It mustn't be. Oh, it mustn't be!

“I think you're asleep, Glenda.”

“No, I'm wide awake. I'm just quiet because I feel all snug and comfortable. Heaven's sake, here comes a man with broth and saltines! Must I take some, Jeff? I've just had breakfast.”

“Haven't we all just had breakfast? Certainly you have to take some. How are you going to get to be a big, strong girl if you don't?”

“Oh, all right, you big bully.”

She took the broth because she knew it would please Jeff.

The young couple who had been secretly married came toward them waving radio messages from their parents. Blessings and more blessings. Glenda suffered a pang of regret that she had been cheated of all that this young

bride had. Suppose it were she and Jeff newly married with blessings of their parents upon them and a rich, full life before them.

"How about some bridge till lunch time?" the bride asked. "I feel lucky."

"You *are* lucky," said Glenda, and the bride beamed.

Glenda was glad when luncheon broke up the bridge game. She had played atrociously, being unable to concentrate on the cards before her. Jeff didn't mind. He had wanted to play only to oblige the young couple. Glenda's unfortunate misplays he had put down to lack of interest and unfamiliarity with the game.

It had been a hard session for Glenda, remembering every minute that Leo Young had taught her to play bridge. Throughout the game she could hear his crisp voice uttering rules and caustic comments. He had been a stern teacher and she had learned well, but now she was forgetting to return Jeff's lead and even forgetting what his lead had been. Leo would have shouted and sworn at her, but Jeff only smiled and said, "It doesn't matter, dear."

Perhaps when she had ruined his career and his life he would smile at her in that same understanding way and say, "It doesn't matter, dear."

There were no new radio bulletins tacked up that day. The identity of the woman in the Leo Young murder case remained a mystery to the passengers of the Corinthia.

What would the morning bring? As she danced with Jeff and smiled up into his eyes she thought of how shocked the little bride would be when the truth came out. "Why, we played bridge with her," she would say. "You'd never think she was a murderess."

"I always hated to dance till I met you," Jeff was saying. "And I'm still not sure that it's the dancing I like. I think it's the idea of having you in my arms."

"That might have something to do with it," she admitted.

The orchestra was playing a silly tune and Glenda sang the words as they circled about. One must forget and sing. Only six days and one of them gone already.

"There's something in your eyes
That makes me realize
You've got me in the palm of your hand."

Jeff laughed. "It sounds good to hear you sing, Glenda. You're such a quiet little thing. Maybe that's happiness bubbling over, is it?"

"I'm afraid so."

They laughed together. The music stopped and they stood for a moment waiting for an encore, but none was forthcoming.

"A breath of air?" he asked. "Or will you freeze?"

"I'd love some air."

THEY walked out on the deck. The sky and sea were almost black but carried no threat. It was instead a soft, friendly blackness. Glenda and Jeff stood at the rail and held hands. No word passed between them for many minutes. Glenda thought of telling him now and here in the blessed darkness of the terrible thing that had come between them. But that would be weakness. To relieve her own tortured mind she must not rob him of the moment's happiness. He would suffer soon enough.

"Glenda, I love you so." He drew her close.

"I love you, Jeff."

"I wish the captain could have married us."

"So do I," she lied.

"The minute we dock," he said, "we'll run right to City Hall."

"The very minute," she promised. There was a sudden burst of laughter and the little honeymooners had joined them.

"You promised us dances," the bride said. "You've got to come in now. Jack will die if he doesn't get his dance with Glenda, and, believe it or not, Mr. Baxter, you really did ask me for a dance."

"As though I had forgotten it," Jeff replied gallantly.

There was another hour of dancing before the orchestra retired for the night and groups of people began to drift from the saloon. Jeff and Glenda walked down the stairs toward their staterooms. At the door of hers they paused.

"Good night, sweetheart," Jeff said.

"Won't you come in a minute?"

INSIDE she threw off her light wrap and turned toward him smiling. "I can't bear to see you go away as though you were the most inconsequential acquaintance."

"Well, truly, I don't like to go that way. I love you so, Glenda."

"I know, Jeff. And I love you." She grew pensive. "Jeff, suppose something should happen and we be lost to each other forever?"

"What could happen?" he asked swiftly.

"Oh, a million things. For instance, we had planned on the captain marrying us and he couldn't. That was unexpected, wasn't it? You can't tell about life, Jeff."

"But that's only a five days' delay, Glenda."

"And those five days are fairly certain. After that the world claims us again with its surprises and complexities. Who knows the future? We have five days. What shall we do with them?"

"Be together, of course. Isn't that enough?"

"It's paradise," she whispered.

The day of reckoning was not yet here and even the morning, with its terrifying bulletin board, was far away.

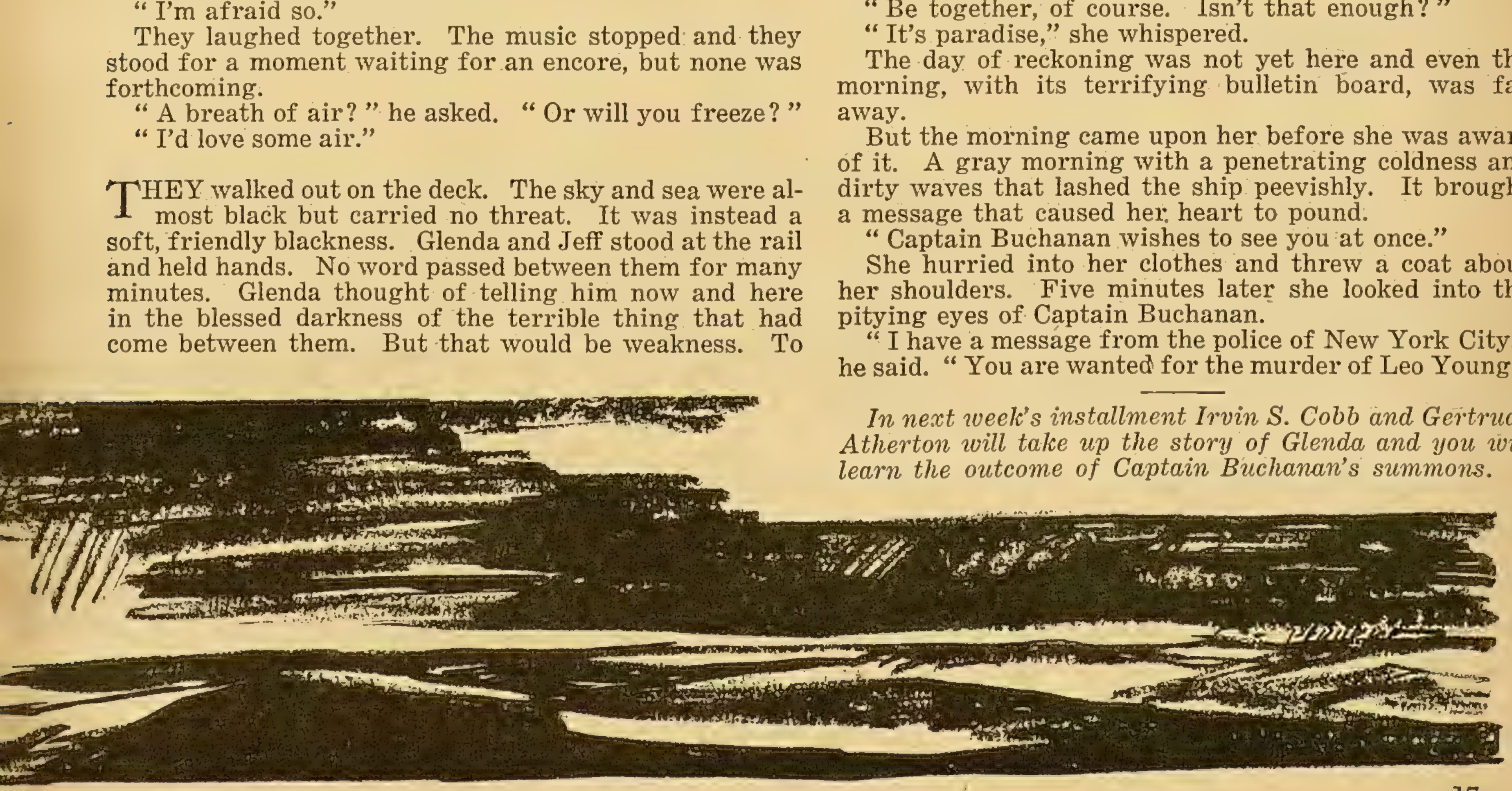
But the morning came upon her before she was aware of it. A gray morning with a penetrating coldness and dirty waves that lashed the ship peevishly. It brought a message that caused her heart to pound.

"Captain Buchanan wishes to see you at once."

She hurried into her clothes and threw a coat about her shoulders. Five minutes later she looked into the pitying eyes of Captain Buchanan.

"I have a message from the police of New York City," he said. "You are wanted for the murder of Leo Young."

In next week's installment Irvin S. Cobb and Gertrude Atherton will take up the story of Glenda and you will learn the outcome of Captain Buchanan's summons.



The Patronage

Facts and Figures about the Spoils System at Washington and Its Cost to the American Taxpayer

(Reading time: 18 minutes 5 seconds.)

OLD Jake did not read his newspaper on the street car. He would need it later to help while away his working hours at the United States Capitol.

It was a good job for an old man. All he had to do to earn his $2,040 a year was sit on a chair and, whenever a visitor appeared at the Senate gallery, open the door for him. He took his seat at eleven o'clock, an hour before the senators met. When they adjourned, perhaps at four thirty, he went home. During recesses, from spring till December, he did not even go near the Capitol.

Yes, it was a good job all right—especially since the bank failure had taken his savings. But what would become of him and his wife if he lost it? He was too old to get another.

Perspiration formed a dew on his forehead. He grew tense. Then he relaxed, smiling. Nothing could take that job from him. Had not Senator Groper got it for him? And had not Groper said it was his as long as he wanted it?

Humming to himself, old Jake hobbled through the Capitol corridors. Here it was nice and warm, pleasingly so after that walk across the gale-swept plaza. Lucky.

He halted, indignant. A stranger was in his chair, easing his bottom on the cushion Jake's wife had made.

"You got to get out of that seat," ordered Jake. "Sightseers ain't allowed to sit in officials' chairs."

The seated man looked up, embarrassed.

"The sergeant at arms told me to sit here," he replied finally. "I got to keep on sitting. It's my new job."

Old Jake swallowed hard. A haze gathered before his eyes. He leaned against the wall. Then a touch on his shoulder. It was one of the sergeant's assistants.

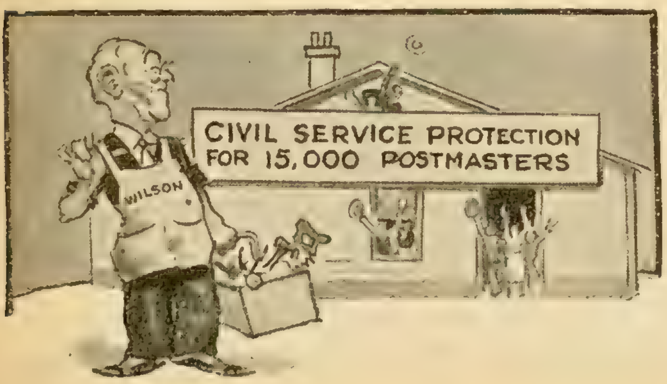
"Sorry, Jake," the assistant said. "You're through."

"But—Senator Groper—told me—he—"

"I don't guess you've seen the newspapers," interrupted the assistant. "Groper fell dead this morning. His patronage went to Senator Little. That lets you out. This is Little's man here."

Such is the octopuslike reach for spoils at the Capitol, even years after a party has gained authority over House or Senate, weeded out employees who obtained positions from the opposition, and transferred control of the jobs to its own legislators.

It is estimated that 1,800 Capitol employees normally receiving $4,400,000 a year are affected by the system. Therefore, increase the injustice of old Jake's case a thousandfold and you can imagine what occurs when the minority party finally becomes the majority and assumes sway over the legislative establishment. It empties the Capitol of 99 per cent of its workers and transfers their salaries to greenhorns.


CIVIL SERVICE PROTECTION FOR 15,000 POSTMASTERS
WILSON

Wilson succeeded in putting all postmasters under Civil Service protection.

Increase the same injustices a hundred thousandfold and you have the Presidential patronage problem.

Left alone, a President could put the best man in the best position, and an economical, efficient government would be the result. But continual pressure is exerted on him by his party's legislators to pay off their politicians with jobs. The lawmakers are the mouthpieces for men who, feeling they paid for the privilege, want to be Cabinet officers or ambassadors; for political bosses back home who demand the right to select federal judges and attorneys; for special interests which desire representatives in key positions. Besides, every member of Congress has his own political satellites, and all seek "recognition" in the pay-off.

Every President has the foregoing with which to contend. Democratic politicians, however, are more than ordinarily job-hungry after twelve years of watching Republicans eat patronage plums. They have forgotten that in 1913 they removed numerous jobs from the protection of the Civil Service Act to make Democratic spoils. Their only memory is that in 1921 the Harding administration resorted to unconscionable nullification of the same act in order to create places for Republicans.

Roosevelt must appoint forty-two Cabinet officers and assistants, several solicitors, more than fifty bureau chiefs, countless independent commission members, sixty or more internal revenue collectors and upward of a hundred chief deputy collectors, fifty-one collectors of customs, various appraisers of merchandise and other customs officials, nearly a hundred district attorneys, as many marshals, more deputy marshals, and nearly 15,500 postmasters who are not fully protected by the Civil Service Act.

With the appointments paying as much as $15,000 a year and the appointees controlling thousands of other spoils jobs—almost 4,000 in the Internal Revenue Bureau alone; 2,000 in the legal service—politicians feel the jobs are theirs by right of victory.

That many changes are assured. However, if Roosevelt succumbs to pressure he can appoint or cause to be appointed some 108,000 officeholders, put their experienced predecessors on the streets, and let the taxpayers worry about lowered efficiency as they contribute the novices' $162,000,000 salaries.

Roosevelt can do this without encroaching upon the Civil Service Act, but if he allows himself to be influenced as was Harding, his conscience need be his only brake. Harding yielded to the legislators to the point of causing probably the most nauseous stink in the history of the Civil Service Act.

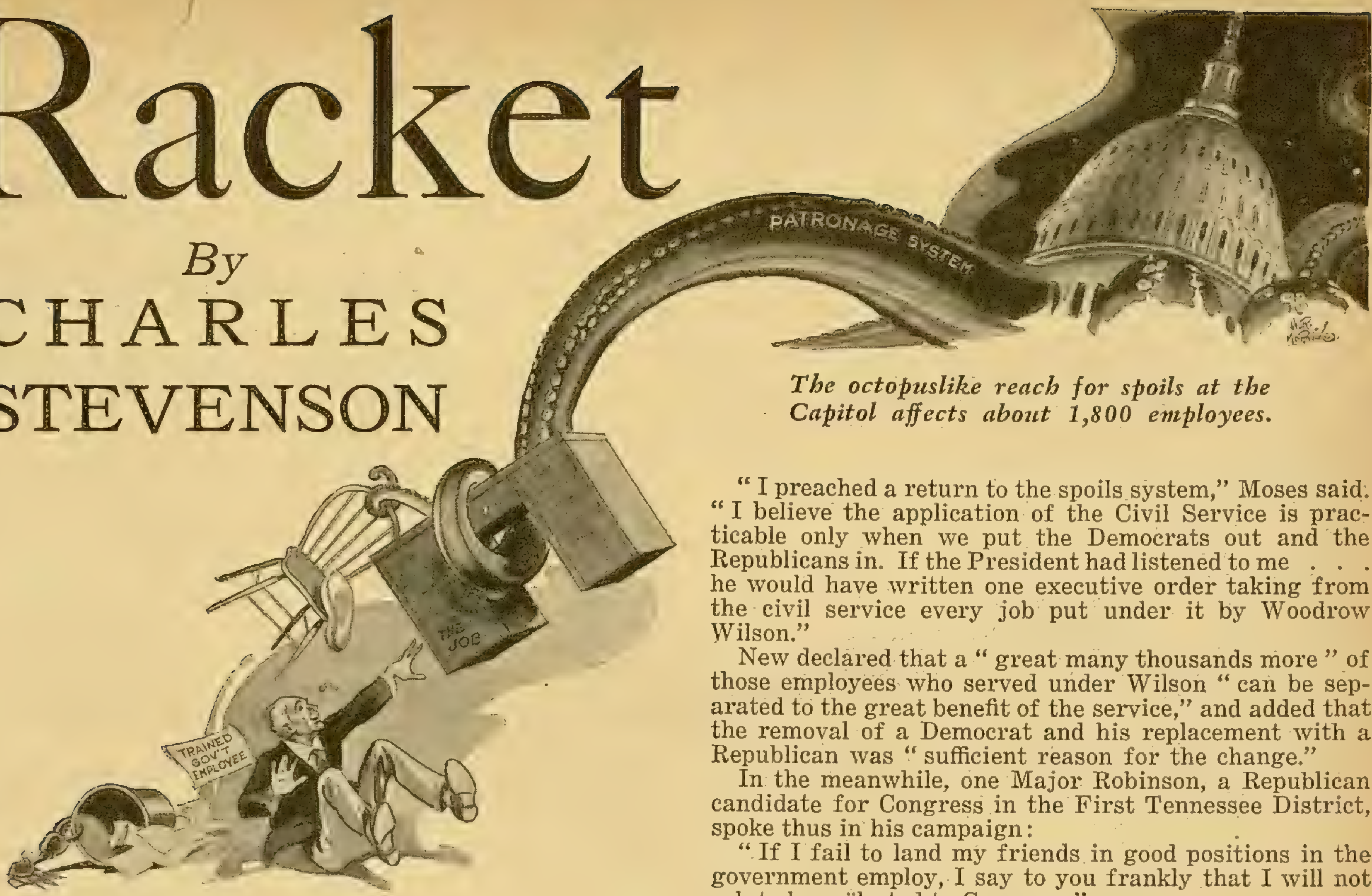
The act, affecting 75 per cent of the government's employees, stipulated that these should obtain their jobs by competitive examination and could be discharged only for incompetence or lack of work. Despite patronage outrages by his own party in Congress, Wilson had been a friend of the Civil Service. By 1917 he had succeeded in putting all postmasters under its protection.

Then came Harding. By a stroke of his pen he altered Wilson's regulations so as to permit appointment of 15,000 Republicans to postmasterships.

A demoralizing clean-up resulted. The period was one in which waiving of the Civil Service rules became customary as the party's pals sought more jobs. Ernest W. Camp, a clerk of the House Ways and Means Committee,

Racket

By CHARLES STEVENSON



The octopuslike reach for spoils at the Capitol affects about 1,800 employees.

was appointed chief of the customs service over the heads of worthy assistants by this sort of political pull, and thereafter was credited with removing 445 lesser employees within a few months.

Countless other positions were stripped of Civil Service protection, including those of other service chiefs, prison employees, physicians, and chaplains. Even the man who signed the signature of the Secretary of Interior to tribal documents lost his rating, the excuse being that the job was "confidential."

Not content, Harding began demanding resignations of other officers who served for four-year terms and could not be removed without cause. If they refused to get out, charges were brought against them. John A. Thornton, the Philadelphia postmaster, for instance, was accused of not properly supervising his office. Charles C. Lyon, United States marshal for West Virginia, it was said, was to be charged with lax enforcement if he did not retire gracefully.

SO it went. The most notorious action, however, was the summary dismissal of the director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and thirty assistants—virtually every important executive in the plant which manufactures paper money and government bonds. The director had been twenty-four years in government service. Others were correspondingly experienced. All were civil service men. All were fired without a day's notice.

Calling at the White House, not to plead for reinstatement but to demand an explanation, they were refused even this satisfaction.

Because this was prior to the Harding scandals, many people surmised that a plot to embezzle bureau products was responsible for the discharges. Despite the fact that an investigating committee had given the men a clean bill previously, even lauding them for efficiency, the administration's spokesmen confidentially told newspaper correspondents there had been a "discovery of evidence so serious and delicate that it could not be made public at this time."

Perhaps a stigma of doubt always would have been attached to the engravers had not Senator New of Indiana and Senator Moses of New Hampshire revealed what many today believe was the secret.

"I preached a return to the spoils system," Moses said. "I believe the application of the Civil Service is practicable only when we put the Democrats out and the Republicans in. If the President had listened to me . . . he would have written one executive order taking from the civil service every job put under it by Woodrow Wilson."

New declared that a "great many thousands more" of those employees who served under Wilson "can be separated to the great benefit of the service," and added that the removal of a Democrat and his replacement with a Republican was "sufficient reason for the change."

In the meanwhile, one Major Robinson, a Republican candidate for Congress in the First Tennessee District, spoke thus in his campaign:

"If I fail to land my friends in good positions in the government employ, I say to you frankly that I will not ask to be reëlected to Congress."

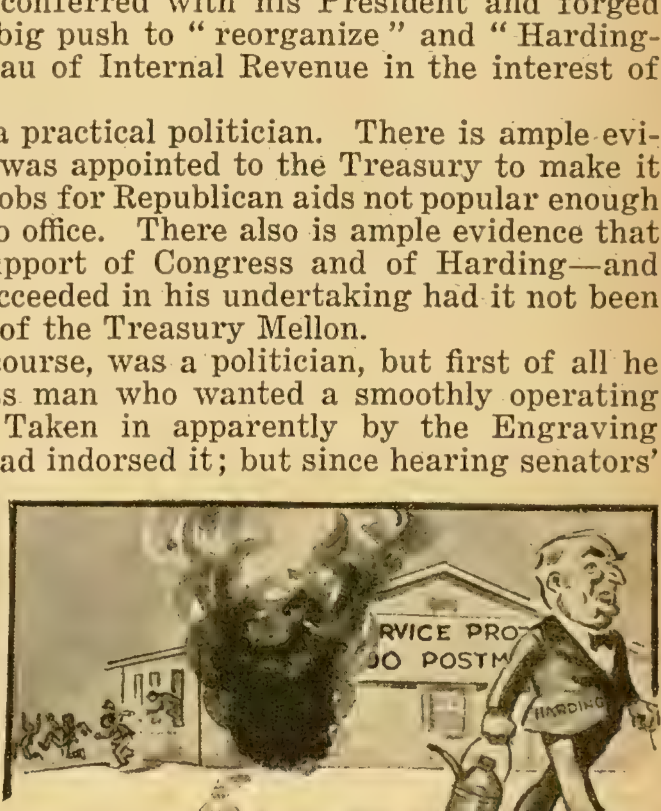
Such bald statements were disconcerting to the higher-ups, so an attempt was made to classify the wholesale dismissals as "efficiency drives," and a campaign to discredit the civil service was launched.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL DAUGHERTY told a committee that it hindered governmental proficiency. First Assistant Postmaster-General Bartlett announced it was deplorable that the act should protect any except the lowest salaried jobs, since an administration should be allowed to "surround itself with men and women whom it can absolutely trust with its secrets." He stressed that employees who were "talebearers" were a constant menace to its success.

At the time such talk fooled a goodly portion of the voters and was in the nature of a barrage, under the safety of which Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Elmer Dover conferred with his President and forged ahead with a big push to "reorganize" and "Harding-ize" the Bureau of Internal Revenue in the interest of "efficiency."

Dover was a practical politician. There is ample evidence that he was appointed to the Treasury to make it fruitful with jobs for Republican aids not popular enough to be elected to office. There also is ample evidence that he had the support of Congress and of Harding—and would have succeeded in his undertaking had it not been for Secretary of the Treasury Mellon.

Mellon, of course, was a politician, but first of all he was a business man who wanted a smoothly operating department. Taken in apparently by the Engraving upheaval, he had indorsed it; but since hearing senators'



Then came Harding. By a stroke of his pen he altered Wilson's regulations.

speeches and rumors of further clean-ups, he evidently had decided to be more cautious.

At any rate, he finally concluded that William Gibbs McAdoo, his Democratic predecessor, had left the Treasury in such excellent order that additional disturbances would be unwise. Therefore, when Dover asked for "new blood," and assailed Internal Revenue Commissioner D. H. Blair, who had refused to countenance the program, Mellon immediately announced that the reorganization talk was not "official" and instructed subordinates to remain loyal to Blair.

Dover nevertheless proceeded. He established two new offices, placing one under A. D. Sumner, an assistant sergeant at arms of the Senate and for years an active politician. The other went to one C. C. Childs, a former football star. Sumner was glorified as "Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue," Childs as "Supervisor of Collectors." Both began firing experienced employees and hiring new ones who apparently could not obtain work without political drag.

Dover was pleased, but not for long. No sooner did he leave town for a visit than Mellon discharged his protégés and consolidated the offices he had divided. Childs, the football man, got into an altercation with some Secret Service detectives, and one of them had to be propped against a tree.

Shortly afterward Dover "resigned."

His departure was a blow to senators and representatives who had been egging him on. More than 160 tried to save him by signing a petition which stated that they wished to express to the President their "complete confidence in the ability of Elmer Dover to carry out the task to which he was assigned."

This "task" supposedly was the elimination of eighty Treasury civil service workers in order to make room for the legislators' ward heelers. Thirty-two of the doomed had begun their government careers before Wilson's inauguration in 1913. The service of eleven dated back of 1900. Some were Republicans whose only fault was that they had abided by the Civil Service Act prohibiting political activity.

If it surprises you that senators and representatives should stoop to this sort of skullduggery, look into the methods by which they conduct the legislative branch of the government. In this connection I shall mention normal salaries as they appear on the pay rolls. It is only fair, however, to point out that the figures do not include the temporary 8⅓-per-cent salary cut caused by economy legislation.

WHEN a party finds itself in control of House or Senate, the members it elects to preside over official standing committees immediately begin discharging or demoting committee employees of the dead régime. If both Houses are involved, close to 300 of these employees, normally drawing $777,000 and including experts who sometimes know more than their bosses about their specialty, are retired or relegated to minor positions.

Simultaneously another fire-hire campaign is started by so-called "committees on patronage." Meeting quietly, these representatives of the victorious party peruse the regular pay roll of the Capitol. A few men and women on it whose departure would so gum the works that Congress could not well function are spared. So are a dozen others who possess enough influence to be named by the defeated party as its "official representatives." The remainder are stricken from the roll.

If both Senate and House are taken over, patronage committee powwows mean discharges for executives, professional men, and clerical chiefs who in several cases earn as much as $8,000. With them go approximately ninety policemen worth $147,000 a year, two postmasters and forty assistants normally accounting for $94,000, stationery-store keepers valued at $17,000, forty or more messengers drawing from $1,740 to $2,400 each, a hundred speech folders and half as many elevator operators. Even the women who tend the washrooms are at the party's mercy.

The majority of the jobs thus emptied are apportioned among the new régime's legislators so that they can put personal puppets on the federal pay roll. Several of the higher salaried positions, however, are filled by election at a party caucus, the largest state delegations generally dictating the results.

Scant consideration is given to ability and experience in hiring folk for the cheaper positions and relatively but little more where the important posts are concerned.

Take the position of Secretary of the Senate. He possesses one of the two most important nonlegislative situations at the Capitol. His job there corresponds to that of general manager of a great commercial establishment. If he is to deserve his $8,000 salary he should have had years of experience as assistant and understudy.

Yet in 1925, when the Republicans replaced George A. Sanderson of Chicago, they passed over numerous assistants who since the Republican reorganization of 1919 had been gaining valuable knowledge and bestowed the secretaryship upon Edwin P. Thayer, whose chief claim was that he had been sergeant at arms of the Republican National Committee.

Under the Capitol's dome, political pull counts for more than ability in keeping a man or woman on the pay roll. A sufficient example is the case of a young man who worked in the House document room. All House papers are on file there. Without notice employees must be able to deliver an order for the third draft of an ancient tariff bill or the copy of an 1875 report of a committee. Before an employee can really earn his pay time must be spent developing in him a stupendous memory, so that without a moment's hesitation he can lay his hands on any of thousands of documents.

THE young man whose case I recall was particularly efficient. Yet one day he disappeared and a tyro was installed in his place. Months later, while strolling through the Senate corridors, I chanced upon him garbed as a policeman. I requested an explanation.

"Oh," he replied, "the congressman to whom I owed my job failed to get reëlected, so I got the gate. I'd have gone hungry except that I had a drag with one of the senators from my state. He made me a cop."

With such a crazy, exorbitant system it is only natural that there should be widespread injustice.

A representative's wife may draw most of the $5,000 her husband normally is allowed for clerk hire, while the girl who does his work receives only a few dollars a week. The girl may be a college graduate and get barely enough to keep her alive, though a few hundred feet away six attendants in the women's lavatories of the Senate get $1,500 a year each.

Negro messengers attached to offices of committee chairmen are given as much as $1,560 and laborers $1,680. Policemen, on the other hand, walk beats eight hours a day, are allowed but one Sunday off in a month, and are paid $1,620.

Elevator operators may work only four and a half hours, absent themselves virtually all summer, and draw as much as $1,520. Naturally, there are so many operators that they get into one's hair. Theirs are ideal jobs for politicians' sons working their way through Washington colleges. It has been deemed necessary to employ sixty-three persons to run thirty-two elevators!—and even with this oversupply of help there are some people who think the elevator service is not beyond reproach.

An unwritten rule stipulates that ten or so nonpatronage elevator operators must be sandwiched among the nationally supported collegians. But the nonpatronage workers, the shock troops of the elevator service, men along in years who are trying to keep their families in food, receive salaries which average $320 less than those of the students, although they often put in twice as many hours a day.

Congress in 1883 passed the Civil Service Act to end spoils. Since then it has been customary for party conventions to write platforms pledging extension of the law. Nevertheless the Civil Service Commission today is moved to admonish Congress about a return to spoils practices, to demand reforms for higher standards, and to point out that whenever positions are placed under the guardianship of the law "there is abundant evidence that fewer employees are needed."

Congress says it is ending the old evils—then continues to keep its own workers in the patronage stewpot, to reach out under Democratic rule so as to add deputy internal revenue collectors to its larder, and under Republican to persuade a weak President to sacrifice 15,000 postmasters.

Republicans, gaining ascendancy in Congress during Wilson's administration, purged the Capitol of Democrats and fretted until Harding's inauguration enabled them to bite into the executive departments. Similarly the Democrats sacked half the Capitol when they took charge of the House of Representatives at the last session. Now they will clean out the other half, then turn to Roosevelt for more booty.

Privately the average legislator will defend the system. He will tell you it is necessary. Publicly, though, he will deplore patronage, assert that it is on the wane.

"Here is a stenographer's copy of testimony given before a House committee by former Sergeant at Arms Joe G. Rodgers," he will say. "Rodgers said policemen need not answer to politicians for their jobs. He said 'seven or eight who work outside the buildings in the grounds' were not patronage men."

You will not be informed, though, that Rodgers added: "We have been able to keep those for about ten or twelve years because they are good officers —and *nobody else wants to work out there.*"

Harding surrendered to the legislators. Coolidge inherited his odorous mess. Hoover, who waged a valiant battle for good appointments, went so far as to have secret operatives investigate candidates for jobs. Yet he was intimidated into naming judges whom his Attorney-General branded as unsatisfactory.

So you can appreciate Roosevelt's problem. If he yields he will win the praise of his party machine. If he stands fast he will win its enmity.

Too, he will sometimes be misled. But if his failures occur while he is trying to pick competent appointees rather than pick presents from a Democratic Christmas tree, he will be doing his country a service of inestimable value.

This because legally and constitutionally there is no right to patronage in a party or in the legislators who wrangle over appointments.

Besides, it is one of the chief factors contributing to the exorbitant cost of this government of the people, for the politicians, and by the politicians.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who were the forty-niners?

2—Who was the author of Vanity Fair?

3—From what country do most of the best emeralds come?

4—What is a dingo?

5—What South American country has a coast line on both a sea and an ocean?

6—Who said "Spare the rod and spoil the child"?

7—When were England and Scotland united?

8—What were the names of the three ships of Columbus on his voyage of discovery to America?

9—Who was the composer of Carmen?

10—Where were the words "John Bull," representing the English nation, first used?

11—What is the chief characteristic of a Wellington boot?

12—What are the names of Dumas' three musketeers?

13—What is the married name of Vicki Baum?

14—What plant, although yielding no food, drink, clothing, shelter, or ornament, is used extensively in nearly every country in the world?

15—What is the difference in meaning between paragon and parergon?

16—Of what continents is the tiger a native?

17—How many miles are contained in a degree of latitude?

18—How many acres are contained in a square mile?

19—From what is cocaine derived?

20—Of what country is Haile Selassie the emperor?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

What well-known pharmaceutical house celebrates its 75th anniversary this year?

(See page 53 for the answer)

Your teeth deserve the protection of

SQUIBB'S—

the 5-way dentifrice

1 It cleans effectively and *safely.*
2 It polishes well and *safely* — with complete freedom from grit.
3 It prevents bleeding of the gums the *safe* way, by keeping the gum tissues healthy, and avoids injury from astringents. No dentifrice can cure frequently bleeding gums. The dentist should be consulted.
4 It is economical because it gives greatest protection. It is the purest and safest that can be made and is sold at the lowest price manufacturing cost permits. *Its use is true economy.*
5 It combats the germ acids that cause tooth-decay.

Nature has given you teeth to last a lifetime. It's your responsibility to keep them sound and beautiful, for once they're gone you can never bring them back.

Don't be satisfied with a partially effective dentifrice. Insist on Squibb Dental Cream and its full 5-way protection. Visit your dentist regularly, and guard your teeth by brushing them at least twice a day with Squibb's.

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

CONFLICT and

Barry Picture a Hit; A Chinese Melodrama, an All-Star Cast, and a Western with Plenty of Shooting

Leslie Howard and Ann Harding in The Animal Kingdom.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 20 seconds.)

"ONE of the best pictures of the year, but I'll bet you five it won't earn its negative cost." Thus exploded a trade-paper critic as we emerged from a studio preview of The Animal Kingdom.

"It's too good for the gang," he went on. "They want fire runs, rough fighting, slapstick comedy, and hokum. Remember, movie fans are seventy per cent morons. They won't go to a society drama even in New York where they can see a Broadway production."

I don't believe all this. Of course the "gang" don't attend Broadway productions at five or ten dollars a seat. But let them have them at movie prices—!

Anyway, I accepted the bet.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

You guessed it! George Moran and Charlie Mack as they appear in Mack Sennett's Hypnotized.

★ ★ ★ ★ THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

CAST

Daisy, Ann Harding; Tom, Leslie Howard; Cecilia, Myrna Loy; Regan, William Gargan; Owen, Neil Hamilton; Rufus, Henry Stephenson; Grace, Ilka Chase; Joe, Donald Dilloway; Franc, Leni Stengel; Grace's husband, William D. Davidson.

Directed by Edward H. Griffith.
Produced by RKO.

The greatest fan resistance this picture will suffer is its title. It is *not* a jungle story of pogsnoggles, hippos, and dig-digs. It is, on the contrary, a delightful comedy-drama in which Philip Barry has shown that a mistress is sometimes a wife in fact, whereas a wife is quite as often merely a married prostitute.

Leslie Howard, son of a rich man, runs a little highbrow publishing house known as the Bantam Press. His father regards him as a silly dilettante and is further irked because for five years he has lived unconventionally with Ann Harding, a young writer of exceptional talents.

Ann goes away for a year, and Myrna Loy, sensing a rich capture, turns loose her animal charms. Helped by Leslie's father, she marries her victim, and then, in cahoots with her new father-in-law, sets out to cash in on her husband's undoubted abilities. Ann returns and the conflict is on, a conflict of human hearts expressed in brilliant dialogue, provocative situations, and gentle manners. Ann Harding is at her best; Leslie Howard gives the finest performance of his screen career; Myrna Loy rises to subtle dramatic heights she has never shown before.

★ ★ ★ THE SON-DAUGHTER

CAST

Lien Wha, Helen Hayes; Tom Lee, Ramon Novarro; Dr. Dong Tong, Lewis Stone; Fen Sha, Warner Oland; Fang Fou Hy, Ralph Morgan; Toy Yah, Louise Closser Hale; Sin Kai, H. B. Warner.

Directed by Clarence Brown.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The ways of the heathen Chinee are indeed "peculiar," if we are to believe our movies. Peculiar because beneath his colorful clothes and beautiful manners he seems to have but one out for every difficulty—homicide. Here, for instance, is a film play in which practically all the principals meet violent death: Harry Warner, poisoned; Lew Stone, taken for a ride; Ramon Novarro, stabbed; and Warner Oland, garroted.

COMEDY

By
ROB
WAGNER

Warner Oland, Lewis Stone, and Helen Hayes in a film full of shootings and killings—The Son-Daughter.

These in addition to innumerable bumpings off to lesser members of the cast.

Furthermore, because of the peculiar mores of the Chinese, which make it difficult to see yourself in their places, you'll enjoy (!) the murders. I think, however, you'll enjoy more the love tryst between Ramon and Miss Hayes.

Helen Hayes again proves her great artistry and Ramon Navarro was never before so congenially cast. As for Lew Stone, Ralph Morgan, H. B. Warner, and Warner Oland (they are not the Warner brothers)—well, you know how *those* boys can deliver.

It's a grand show.

★ ★ HYPNOTIZED

CAST

Egbert Jackson, Charlie Mack; Henry Johnson, George Moran; Professor Limberly, Ernest Torrence; Charlie O'Brien, Charlie Murray; Bill Bogard, Wallace Ford; Princess Mitzi, Maria Alba; Pearl, Marjorie Beebe; Captain von Stromberg, Herman Bing; Abe Shapiro, Alexander Carr; Consul, Luis Alberni; Ludwig, Harry Schultz; Drummer in orchestra on ship, Matt McHugh; Ringmaster in circus, Mitchell Harris.

Directed by Mack Sennett.
Produced by Mack Sennett.

The action takes place first in a circus tent and later aboard a transatlantic liner!

Mack Sennett wasted Moran and Mack, permitting them to do no Black Crowing, and after the opening sequences Moran is lost entirely.

The story (!), which was a year in the making, must have gotten lost in the first month's conferences. The big names will challenge your interest, but I doubt if you'll go home and laugh yourselves to sleep.

★ ROBBERS' ROOST

CAST

Jim Wall, George O'Brien; Helen Herrick, Maureen O'Sullivan; Cecil Herrick, Reginald Owen; Hank Hays, William Pawley; Aunt Ellen, Maude Eburne; Tulliver, Robert Grieg; Prossie, Doris Lloyd.

Directed by Louis King.
Produced by Fox.

George O'Brien is an incredibly brave cowboy and rides a horse like a centaur. Maureen O'Sullivan, the dainty little city gal, is worth any man's heroic rescues

George saves Maureen from a rattlesnake, from the pounding hoofs of ten thousand stampeding bewildered bossies, and finally from William Pawley, who has her locked in a cabin. You'll see some swell riding. And best of all, you'll witness a battle with the rustlers which musta put Messrs. Smith and Wesson in the black. What more could you ask?

Four- and Three-Star pictures of the last six months

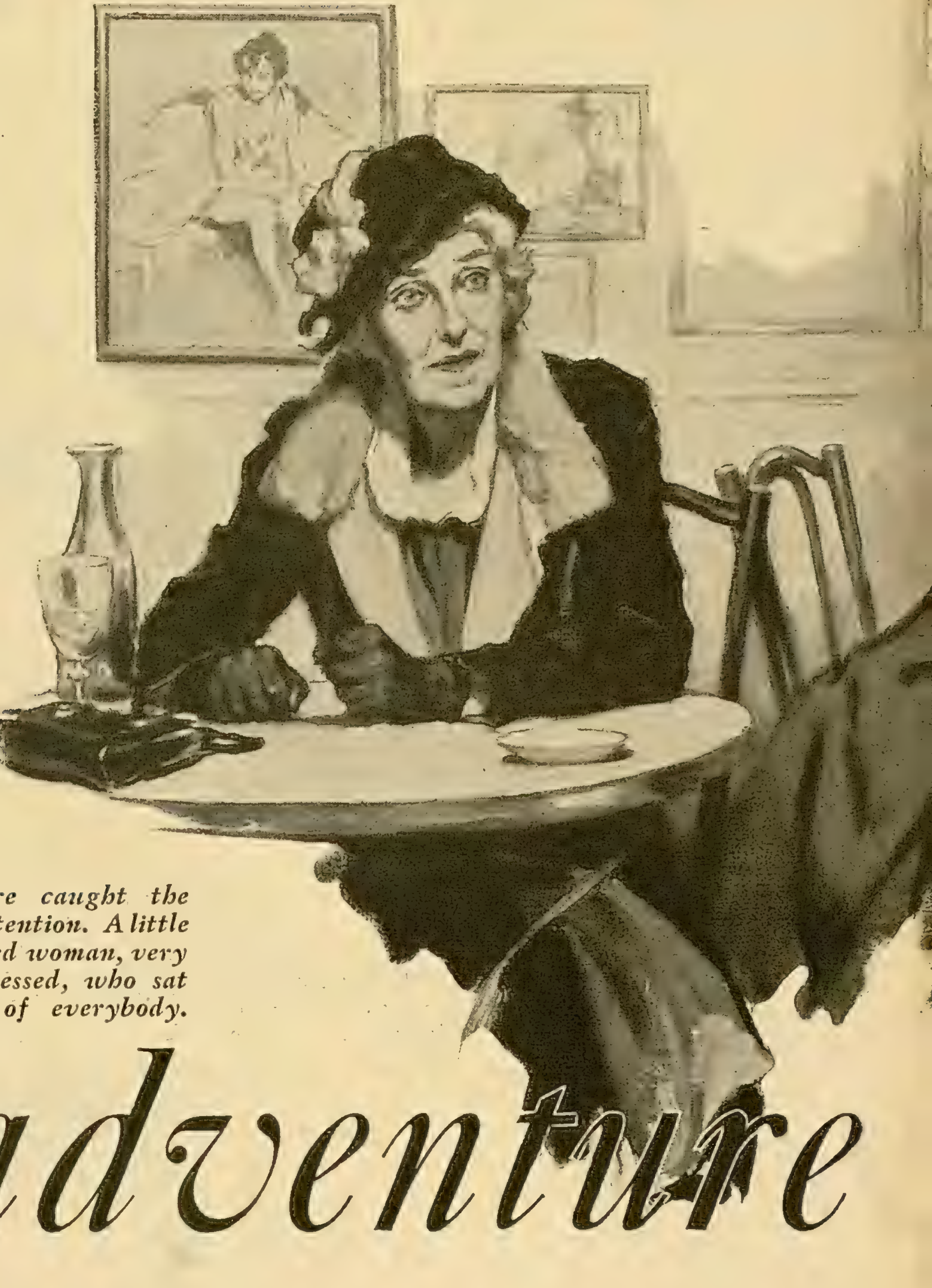
★★★★—Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy.

★★★—If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive.

The wild and woolly west as shown in Robbers' Roost stars George O'Brien and pretty Maureen O'Sullivan.

By LEONARD MERRICK

The Story of a Night of Error and a Day of Reckoning



One figure caught the editor's attention. A little gray-haired woman, very primly dressed, who sat oblivious of everybody.

A Misadventure

(Reading time: 26 minutes 40 seconds.)

I CAN claim to have heard of Mlle. Picard's catastrophe in Paris before the account of it appeared in print. Paris has forgotten all about the matter ages ago, but when it was published it created a good deal of interest.

I heard it from the mouth of an old down-at-heel French poet called Janiaud in the Café of the Cat with Nine Lives. He had come in with Masserey, the editor of La Voix, one evening. How the smart editor happened to accompany the old scamp I do not know; but they did enter together, and the proprietor of the café looked gratified, and came forward himself to find comfortable places with a view of the room for them. They beckoned to me, and I joined them.

And soon, in that garish café, with its vociferous, shabby, weirdly garbed crowd, one figure caught and held the editor's attention. She was a little gray-haired woman, very primly dressed, who sat alone, oblivious of everybody. Her coffee untouched, she was leaning far forward, gazing intensely at the door, while she beat her clasped hands on the table. She did not seem to be conscious of the action.

"Who is that? What's the matter with her—do you know? She looks very much out of her element here."

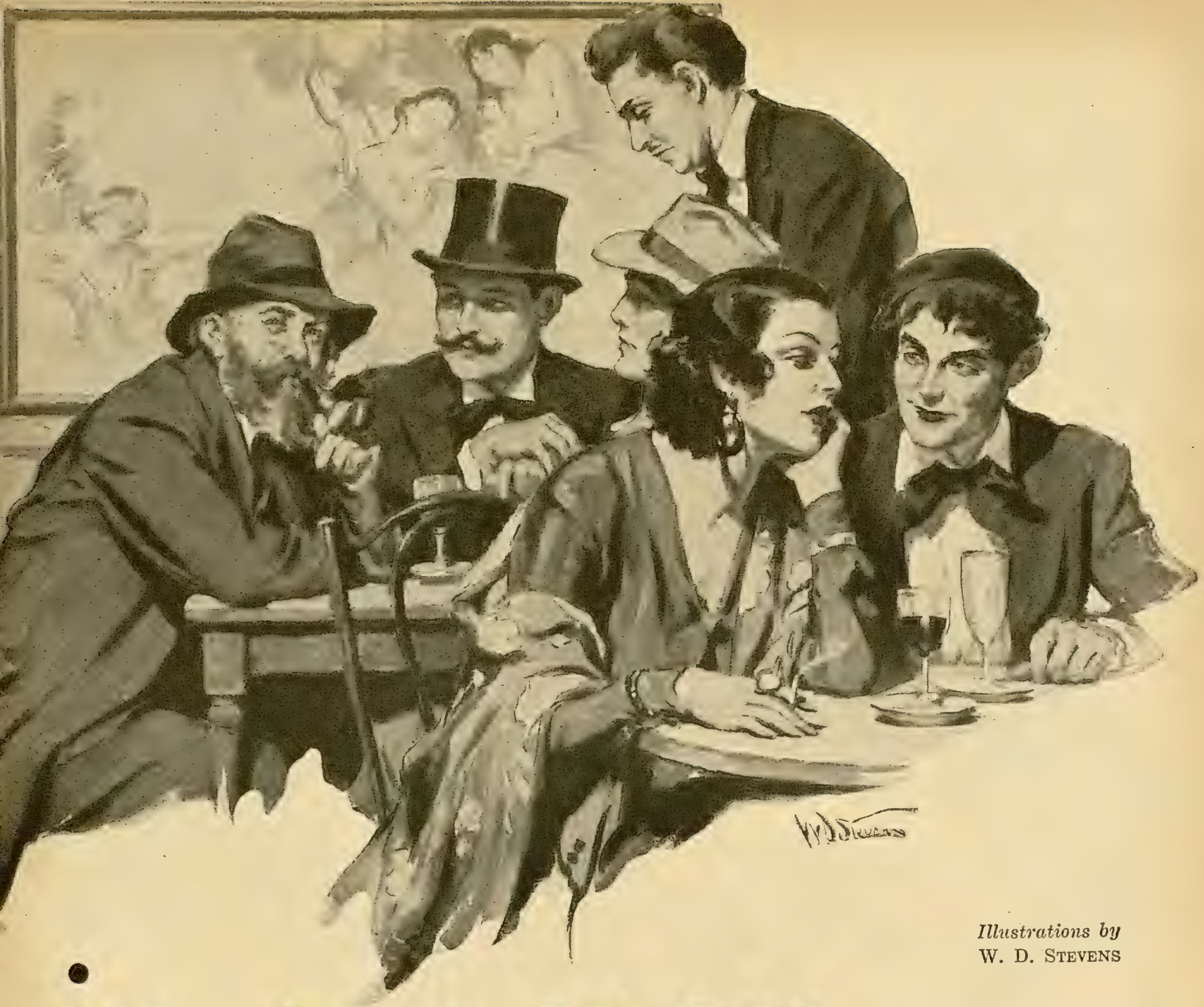
"Ah, she is here constantly, *la pauvre malheureuse*," said Janiaud. "Any evening one may see her here, and often in the daytime too. She comes here after she has taken her terrible walk."

"What terrible walk?"

"She walks every day mechanically to the gates of the Church Notre Dame de Lorette, and then walks uphill and down and east and west on a frantic search. She searches for a house she slept in once and could never find again. It must be within a mile of the Church Notre Dame de Lorette—that is all she knows. She thinks she would recognize the doorway if she saw it. And as she never sees it, she comes and waits in this place as a forlorn hope."

"Of what?"

"Of seeing someone who lives, or lived, in that house. She will sit here for hours like that, watching the door



Illustrations by
W. D. Stevens

in PARIS

and praying for the person to come in. Myself, I do not think that they can meet again in this world."

Masserey was eager for more, and Janiaud, who fancied himself as a narrator, responded readily enough.

"The poor creature you see there is a Mlle. Picard," he said. "She was a teacher in a school for girls in Pau—a woman much to be admired. Not for her beauty—that is obvious—but for her sterling character. A woman of prompt decision and the most scrupulous honor."

He paused as Bonnard, the proprietor, reappeared with a saucer of olives; I had never seen him so attentive before. Janiaud waved him away imperiously.

"She was going home for the Easter holidays. Her home was in a village some little distance from Boulogne-sur-Mer. She had not seen it for more than four years, and the prospect of the visit excited her. Listen:

"She would have been even more delighted but for the fact that she was to be accompanied, most of the time, by an elderly relative who had always irritated her. As it happened, an aunt of hers was taking the cure at Dax, and the old lady was to meet her on the platform at Dax and travel to Boulogne with her the next morning. 'We have, of course, to spend the night in Paris,' the lady had written, 'and we shall sleep at the hotel I stayed at on my way here.'

"The misfortune that occurred originated in the old woman's abrupt decision to go two days earlier than had been arranged. The sudden change of plan gave Mlle. Picard more to do than pack her clothes precipitately. As the plan had stood at first, they were to have slept in Paris on a Wednesday, and she had an appointment in the Latin Quarter for Wednesday evening. It was with a former pupil who had become an art student there. She had been Mlle. Picard's favorite. They had corresponded from time to time, and it had always been understood if ever mademoiselle should be in Paris they were to meet again.

"THE rendezvous had been fixed by the girl. 'Do not toil up to this awful house, I beg, dear mademoiselle,' she wrote. 'I do not think I shall be able to stick it much longer. Give me the pleasure of taking dinner with me at the Café of the Cat with Nine Lives. It is in the Rue d'Harcourt, a few paces from the Boulevard St. Michel. I shall pray to see you there at eight o'clock.'

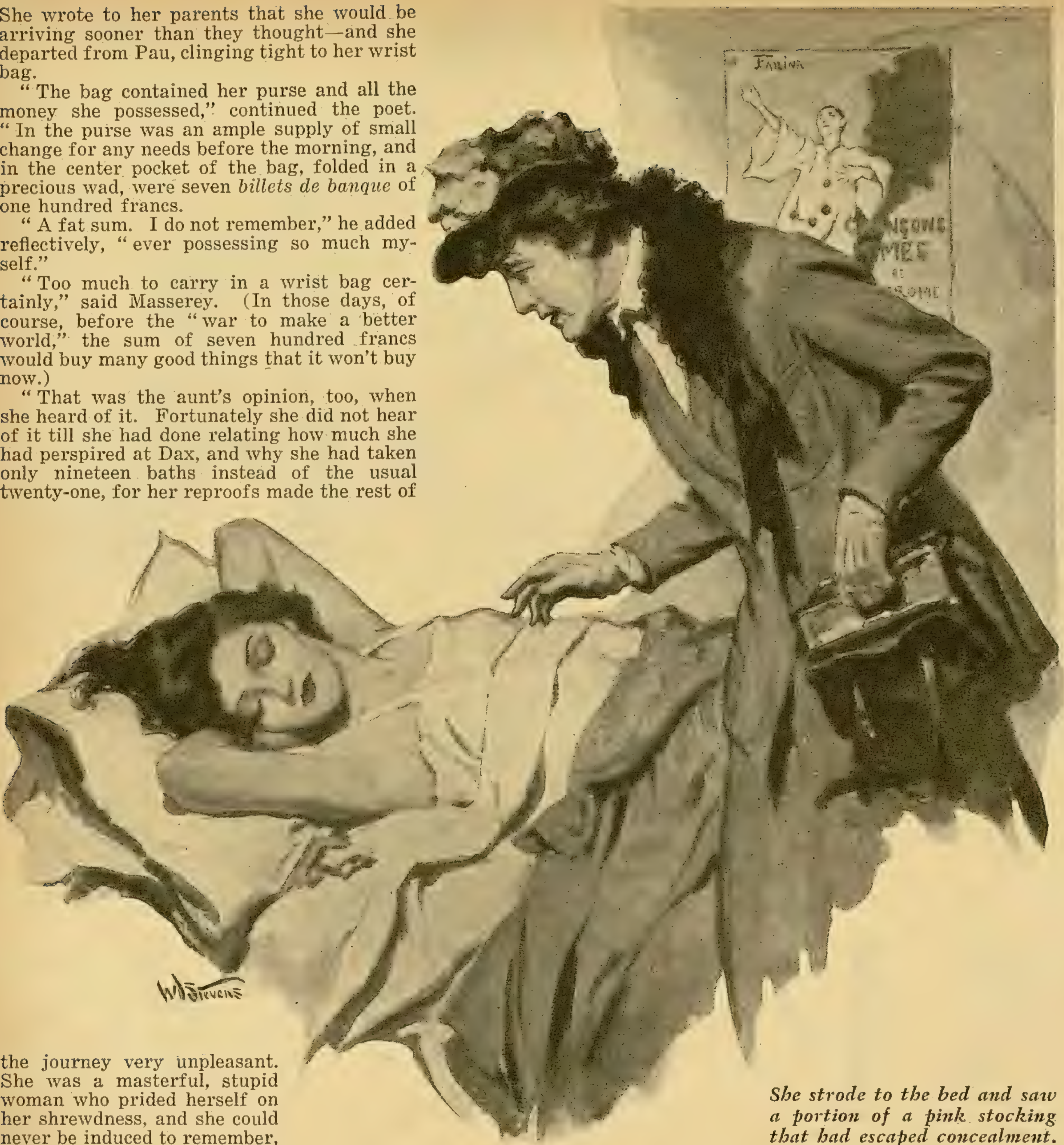
"*Alors,* mademoiselle scribbled a hurried letter explaining matters and saying she would be at the café at eight o'clock on the Monday instead of the Wednesday.

She wrote to her parents that she would be arriving sooner than they thought—and she departed from Pau, clinging tight to her wrist bag.

"The bag contained her purse and all the money she possessed," continued the poet. "In the purse was an ample supply of small change for any needs before the morning, and in the center pocket of the bag, folded in a precious wad, were seven *billets de banque* of one hundred francs.

"A fat sum. I do not remember," he added reflectively, "ever possessing so much myself."

"Too much to carry in a wrist bag certainly," said Masserey. (In those days, of course, before the "war to make a better world," the sum of seven hundred francs would buy many good things that it won't buy now.)



She strode to the bed and saw a portion of a pink stocking that had escaped concealment.

"That was the aunt's opinion, too, when she heard of it. Fortunately she did not hear of it till she had done relating how much she had perspired at Dax, and why she had taken only nineteen baths instead of the usual twenty-one, for her reproofs made the rest of the journey very unpleasant. She was a masterful, stupid woman who prided herself on her shrewdness, and she could never be induced to remember, for more than a few minutes at a time, that the middle-aged teacher should not be addressed as if she were a young girl.

"'What an imbecility!' she exclaimed. 'You deserve to lose it. You are lucky to have me with you, to keep an eye on it for you. To carry seven hundred francs in a wrist bag! One would say you were a millionairess.'

"And when she was told of the engagement to dine with the ex-pupil she was censorious again:

"'After traveling all day, to go junketing about! *C'est ridicule.* You should go to bed early. We must be at the station in the morning well before half past eight. Will you never learn prudence?'

"'I am quite capable of taking care of myself, and of my wrist bag too, *ma tante,*' said mademoiselle dryly. And to change the subject she inquired the name of the hotel they were going to.

"The aunt told her the name—it was one of those foreign names that some hotels affect to entice the English and Americans, like Hotel de Middlesex et Manhattan—but the respite was brief. The danger of the bag's being stolen on the train and the folly of dining out this evening were referred to exasperatingly again and again. Mademoiselle was relieved beyond measure to see the lamps of the terminus.

"She was still more relieved to see the doorway of the hotel. But their reception there was very discomfiting. A room had been reserved for two days later, but there appeared to be no accommodation for them this evening. Paris bulged with strangers. The Exhibition was in full swing, and tourists from all the provinces in France besieged the hotels, to say nothing of half the population of the United States. Paris was a babel of all the tongues of Europe, and you heard South Americans screaming at one another on every sidewalk."

"Did they get in?" I asked, hearing Masserey sigh with impatience.

"And I may remark in parenthesis," drawled Janiaud, "that my reference to the crowded condition of Paris is not irrelevant to the history, as you will find in due course if you elect to remain till I conclude. Yes, a room was granted to them at last—after they had stood about the hall for half an hour or more and agreed to pay a much higher rate than they had meant to do—and by then mademoiselle's patience was near to snapping, and so was *she*. When she prepared to keep her appointment she snapped a refusal of a sensible suggestion of her aunt's—she refused to leave the seven hundred francs behind when she went. It was in this way:

" 'You are really determined to go?'

" 'Certainly I am going. It would be extremely rude if I didn't. Besides, I shall be very glad to see Julie Vignal again.'

" 'You do not even know where it is, the place you are going to. How will you get there?'

" 'I shall take a cab.'

" 'An extravagance also!'

" 'Really, my aunt, you must allow me to do as I please with my own.' She hurried into the *cabinet de toilette* to cut the discussion short.

"BUT the other's voice followed her:

" 'I suppose you are not intending to take all that money with you? You can leave the seven hundred with me. You have more than you will want without that.'

" 'I prefer to keep it all together.'

" 'You will do nothing of the sort! If you lost the bag your mother would blame *me* for allowing you to behave so recklessly.'

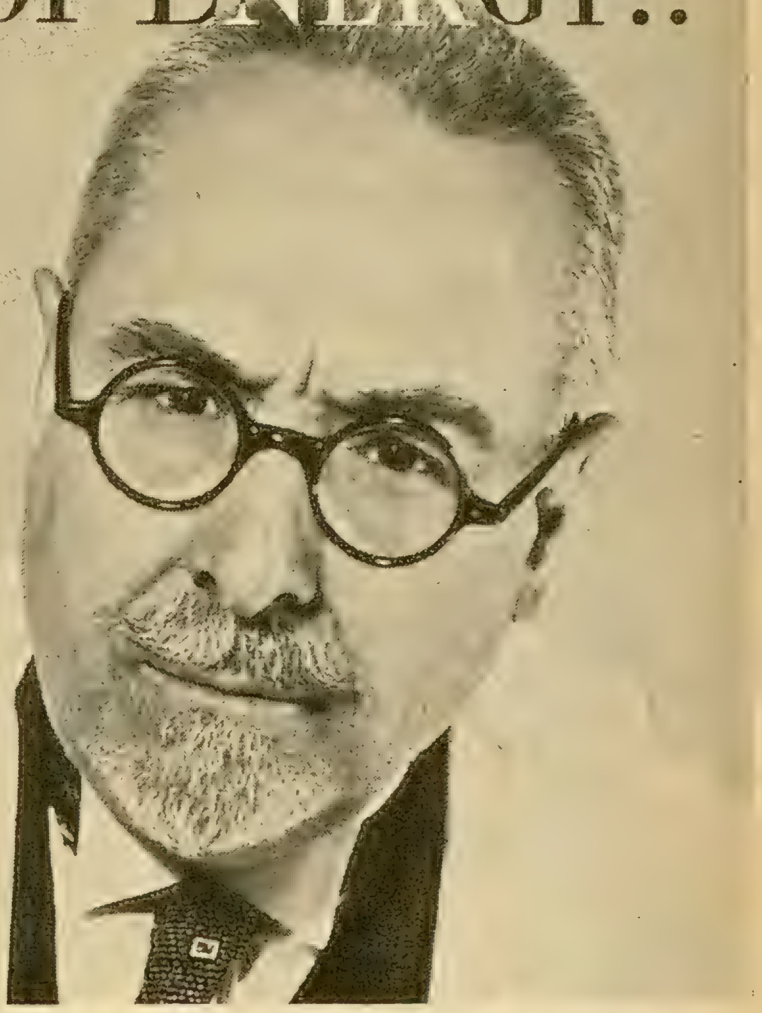
"Mademoiselle could not trust herself to speak again till she returned to the room. Then she said in formal tones: 'I am sorry my arrangements displease you, my aunt. I hope you will have a good night. I shall not be late, and I will be very quiet when I come in, so as not to disturb you.' And, ostentatiously picking up the bag from the table under the lady's nose, she went swiftly out.

"On the drive she regretted her ill temper; she regretted not having taken the advice which she had known was sound even while she repelled it. But the sights she passed diverted her thoughts. Paris was new to her. It looked enchanting. She hoped the drive would be a long one."

I felt Masserey bounce on the settee protestingly, and threw him a warning glance.

"The aspect of the café, however," went on Janiaud, who luckily had not viewed the bounce in its true light, "was a disagreeable surprise to her when she entered. She had probably never been in a café before in her life, except perhaps with her parents in Boulogne, and the Bohemian crew she saw through a haze of smoke took her aback. The ex-pupil was not to be discerned. She stood embarrassed for a moment on the threshold, and then made quickly for a vacant chair close by.

"She had no sooner sat down in it



Common Symptoms of Constipation are

HEADACHES . .
LACK OF ENERGY . ."

declares
DR. BONANOME
of Rome

Dr. Bonanome is Special Professor of Surgical Pathology in the University of Rome

DID you know that constipation causes many of our commonest ailments . . . *that in most cases it is easily preventable—curable?*

Those are the findings of noted authorities such as Dr. Achille Bonanome, of the Bonanome Clinic in Rome, Italy, who states:—

"Food wastes, when not expelled from the body regularly . . . generate poisons which seep into the blood. Common symptoms . . . are headaches, indigestion, loss of appetite, unwholesome breath, unhealthy skin, lack of energy."

To correct constipation, Dr. Bonanome says, "it is useless to resort to cathartics," as "they make matters worse." And he adds, "My own experience is that the best remedy for constipation is yeast."

A food, Fleischmann's Yeast possesses certain remarkable properties. Chief of these are its power to soften the wastes that accumulate in "tired" intestines and actually to *strengthen* the bowel muscles. Also, it fosters gastric secretions, so what you eat *digests* better.

So, if your health is under par—if you're subject to headaches, bad breath, unnatural tiredness—start now to stimulate and purify your system with 3 cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast!

Just eat a cake before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glassful of water. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Why put it off?

"I knew that doctors recommended it"

"I suffered a lot with indigestion and headaches," *writes* Alma Lewis *of Philadelphia*. "Fleischmann's Yeast had done wonders for some friends . . . I started eating it and . . . my indigestion and headaches stopped and, best of all, my skin became fresh and clear again."

IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind doctors advise.

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THEY LOOK LIKE READY-MADES
and TASTE BETTER

than she wished she had chosen another. Her *vis-à-vis* was a sickly-looking girl of the lower classes, who had the air of being deplorably at her ease there, considering how young she was. She had a glass of beer at her elbow, and was playing solitaire with a very dirty pack of cards. Mademoiselle surveyed her with the strongest disapproval.

"As a waiter pounced on her immediately, she asked for a cup of coffee. She was grieved to find that the ex-pupil frequented places like this, and determined to suggest that they should dine somewhere else. She was glad to see that it lacked only a few minutes of the hour.

"BUT Julie Vignal did not appear at eight o'clock, nor had she appeared by half past eight. Mademoiselle, much perturbed, began to fear that her letter changing the appointment had not been received. She hesitated whether to remain any longer.

"At a quarter to nine she was tired, distressed, and vexed, but quite decisive. She signed to the waiter, paid for the coffee, and got up to go home. And then she stood gazing vacantly, and sank on to the chair again with her head swimming. She had forgotten the name of the hotel!

"The sickly-looking girl regarded her curiously. 'Are you ill, madame?'

"'No,' she said ungraciously.

"She sat struggling to recall the name. She had not the remotest notion of it. Well, her best course now was to drive to Julie Vignal's—she might be able to get a bedroom in the same house. But how dreadfully upset her aunt would be if she woke in the night and missed her! She would think she had met with an accident.

"Mademoiselle was much unnerved. She could not return tonight, or in the morning either! She could do nothing in the morning but go to the station, praying her aunt would be there with all the luggage.

"It annoyed her to see that her hands were trembling as she took her handkerchief out of the bag.

"The vulgar girl's eyes met hers again, and they looked sympathetic. Mademoiselle felt remorseful for having snubbed her.

"'A little faint,' she said, 'that's all. I should like some of that water, but there's no glass.'

"The girl rapped on the table so loudly that mademoiselle was abashed. 'I would take a little brandy too,' the girl advised.

"'Ah, no indeed,' said mademoiselle. She was wondering whether Julie Vignal's lodging was far away. 'Can you tell me if the Rue Hortense is near here?'

"'Don't know. I don't belong to this quarter. It is the heart, *n'est-ce-pas?*' Her plaintive voice was rather attractive.

"'My heart? Oh, no.'

"'You had the air of being suddenly ill. I was afraid for you.'

"Mademoiselle was displeased to hear it, for she was a strong advocate of self-control. 'I forgot an address,' she explained. 'I am in Paris only for the night, and I have forgotten the name of the hotel. I shall have to ask a friend to put me up.'

"'A man?'

"'Certainly not,' said mademoiselle stiffly. 'A young girl, a pupil of mine.'

"'I was only wondering whether you'd find a man in so early. A girl is different, of course—a girl like that. The Rue Hortense? No, I haven't the foggiest. If you take a taxi the driver'll know.'

"'Oh, I shall take a taxi,' said mademoiselle, rising. 'Thank you for your kindness.'

"'No occasion, madame,' said the girl politely. 'Listen. I know of a respectable hotel quite near. If the young lady isn't at home, and you care to come back, I shall be here for a long time.'

"'I should think *you* would be better off at home,' mademoiselle could not refrain from saying.

"'Ah, no. Coke and lamp oil cost money. To have a glass of beer in a café is really an economy—I get light and warmth thrown in,' replied the girl.

"Mademoiselle found herself thinking of the answer in the taxi.

"SHE intended to go in and wait if Julie Vignal was out, and she was within an ace of discharging the cab when the house was discovered at last. It was well she did not. She was told that Mlle. Vignal had left.

"'Left?' she said, aghast. 'When did she leave? She should have had a letter from me yesterday.'

"'She left two—three days ago,' the slattern replied in surly tones. 'A letter? One came afterward. I told the postman to take it away.'

"'Can you tell me where she has gone?'

"'I know nothing at all about it.'

"Mademoiselle drooped forlornly to the taxi. Paris no longer looked enchanting to her; it looked brutally forbidding. Actually grateful for the prospect of the vulgar girl's interest, she went back to the Café of the Cat with Nine Lives.

"She was, however, distrustful of her recommendation.

"'How do you know the hotel is respectable? I thought you said you were a stranger in this quarter?'

"'Not that. I said I didn't live here. I come over sometimes. I used to pose for an American lady who stayed there. She was very well satisfied with it.'

"'To pose for her? Do you mean you are a professional model?'

"'Only they don't want me much any more; I have been ill and my body has got so thin. If you'd like to look at the hotel, I'll show you where it is.'

"'It's very good of you. Yes, I should like to see it. My having no luggage will look strange?'

"'It's not *their* funeral, if you pay first.'

"'Oh, I have quite enough money with me,' she said, tapping her wrist bag. She reflected that she would *not* have had enough if she had left the seven hundred francs behind. The girl shot an envious glance at the bag, and then looked quickly away.

"It was nearly half past ten by now, and mademoiselle had had nothing to eat since some sandwiches she had taken with her on the train.

"'I should like something to eat before we go,' she said. 'If—perhaps you would let me invite you? Could we get some eggs or something here quickly? I'm very tired, and I have to be up early in the morning.'

"So, incredible as the situation appeared to her in moments, Mlle. Picard and the girl of whom she had disapproved had supper together before they went.

"Rain was falling when they left the café, but as the hotel was said to be close by it would be an extravagance to pay another cab fare. They walked fast along the glistening boulevard and up a street across the way.

"'There it is,' said the girl, pointing to a lighted sign. And when they entered, the little hall looked peaceful, and the *patronne*, knitting behind the window of the office, had a homely air.

"BUT at the demand for a room her head was shaken. None was free. 'I regret,' she said.

"'Madame is a friend of the American lady who stayed with you so long, Mees Hoyt,' urged the model shamelessly.

"'Ah, *tiens!* Mees Hoyt? She was charming, Mees Hoyt. I hope she is well, madame? You understand? I should be only too happy to accommodate you, but it is not possible. We have no more than sixteen rooms in the house, and they are all occupied.'

"'No luck,' remarked the girl. '*Alors*, let us try the next one.'

"'I am giving you a lot of trouble, and you are getting very wet,' said mademoiselle.

"'That is no novelty. One is always wet or cold here. What a beastly place! You may have Paris. I hate it!'

"'Aren't you a Parisienne?'

"'I? Not much! My home is Algiers, and it would be no calamity to be back.'

"'Can't you manage to go?'

"'It is my dream. *Hélas*, it needs a heap of money. I must have money when I get there. They will not run out to feed me for nothing when I arrive.

"'But yes, I shall go—I only live for that. Touch wood! I may fall

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PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

THE children—the whole family—can escape more colds this year. Can get quicker relief from those they catch. And you can save $2 out of every $3 by using Pepsodent Antiseptic. The money you save results from Pepsodent's remarkably high germ-killing power.

Here's the difference!

It's a simple problem of arithmetic. Pepsodent is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics—when water is added, it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you extra protection against sore throat colds and unpleasant breath.

The old-fashioned mouth antiseptics must be used full strength to be effective. So Pepsodent Antiseptic was made powerful enough to be diluted and still kill germs in less than 10 seconds—yet it is completely safe when used full strength.

It's costly enough to use a mouth antiseptic that should be used full strength. But it's more costly to dilute that mouth antiseptic and *not* kill the germs. That's why we warn you to choose an antiseptic that kills germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be safe.

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Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

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No doping, no rich beverages; a safe new method that brings sleep quickly

● Without doping up with habit-forming drugs, without drinking anything to cause fat, you can now get to sleep in a jiffy and put an end to health-impairing insomnia.

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Nine people out of ten, following these simple directions, find relief assured. Here's what you do:

Go to your druggist for a bottle of Absorbine Jr. Just before retiring, pour out a palmful of this soothing aromatic liquid and rub it briskly on the back of the neck.

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Absorbine Jr. works fast. A quieting sensation goes through the body, nerves relax, the mind clears, and drowsiness quickly covers you over with deep, sound sleep.

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For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions. Used by millions for "ATHLETE'S FOOT."

sick again and die in Paris. Here we are! I suppose this is the one she meant.'

"It was full.

"Back on the boulevard, they tried three others without success. Rain was falling more heavily now, and at this stage mademoiselle would have faced another cab fare with profound relief; but on wet nights vacant cabs are not plentiful in Paris. Each time she saw the lamps of an approaching taxi she stopped and waved violently, but it rushed by her regardless; and, too despondent to attempt conversation any more, she trudged beside the girl in silence.

"It seemed to her a great distance to the hotel they were bound for—an enormous one, she heard, containing hundreds of rooms. Across the long narrow street she had a fleeting glimpse of a park.

"At last she was in the glare of an empty boulevard, much wider than the first one, with trees on the center walk, and soon the hotel they sought was in view. Behind that multitude of windows surely one room must be tenantless?

"A listless young reception clerk, alone in the expanse of official splendor, had nothing more satisfactory to say than that he could not guarantee it but there might possibly be a room available in the morning.

Next Week—

Has Life Been Too Easy for Us?

What America needs is a return to the character-building hardship of the pioneer, says

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

The next first lady of the land

"Mademoiselle went down the steps very slowly. It was midnight. After a few paces she lagged to a standstill.

"'Listen!' exclaimed the girl. 'It isn't fit for you—it's very hard and it's so small—I am ashamed to offer it; but it would be better than nothing. If you will accept, you can have my bed.'

"MADEMOISELLE was too much startled to speak for a moment. She hesitated. Every fiber of her body craved to lie down; but she could not turn the girl out of her bed, and she shrank from sharing it with her.

"'Where would *you* sleep?' she faltered.

"'There is a chair. In that.'

"'Is it likely? I can't thank you enough, but—'

"'Ah, it isn't worth the trouble to find reasons,' said the girl brusquely. 'I understand—I am not of your class.'

"Mademoiselle was moved as well as startled now.

"'I accept your hospitality very gratefully indeed,' she said; 'but only if you will let *me* have the chair.'

"'Right-o!' cried the girl. 'Come on, then. We go by Métro.'

"'Do you live very far away?'

"'Montmartre. We'll have to change. Round here! We go from St. Sulpice.'

"'What station do I take tickets for?' inquired mademoiselle when they approached the booking office.

"'Just say "two seconds." One doesn't have to say what station on the Métro—it's all the same price.'

"Though she was prepared to find it poor, the gaunt naked poverty of the room made mademoiselle shiver when the feeble lamp was lighted. She sat down in the frowsy chair and removed her shoes. Then, rising to take off her coat and hat, she saw that the girl had begun to strip the bed.

"'You aren't used to sitting up all night,' she explained. 'I'm going to put clean sheets on it for you. You needn't be afraid; they've had plenty of time to air—I don't often change them.'

"IT was no easy matter to convince her that mademoiselle would not occupy the bed.

"'Oh, well,' she said, 'if you won't! But you shall have the quilt to put over you, or you'll damn' well freeze to death. *I* shall be all right—I'll pile all my clothes on top of me. I regret that I cannot offer you a cigarette.'

"'I don't smoke. Do you?'

"'I used to, but I have given it up to make economies. You can use this valise to put your feet on, and I will bring you the quilt, if you're ready. I hope you will sleep well, madame.'

"'I am almost asleep now,' said mademoiselle. 'Good night, my child.'

"But her sleep was fitful. The thought of the train was in her mind, and she kept waking with a start, and creeping to the patch of floor under the skylight to consult her watch. She was harassed, too, in reflecting that she would make a handsome gift to the girl on going—she realized that, except for a coin or two remaining in the purse, she had nothing but the wad of seven *billets* of one hundred francs in the pocket of the bag.

"A gift of a hundred francs was immensely beyond her means—and there would be no time for her to get change.

"She woke once more to find, with dismay, that it was half past seven. She had no idea how long it would take to reach the Gare du Nord. Dipping the cleanest corner of the towel into the tiny ewer, she hastily rubbed her face with it and put on her things as fast as she could.

The girl lay sleeping heavily, her thin neck crooked on her skinny arms, and for a few seconds the teacher stood thoughtful, with something deeper than appreciation, something warmer than pity in her gaze. She unclasped the pocket of the wrist bag without repining now that she was going to give so much. The pocket was empty!

"In the first sick moment of panic she saw nothing but her plight, and then she smiled bitterly at herself in thinking how easy a prey she had been. A woman of middle age—and this brat of the streets had duped and robbed her, had no doubt hoped for a chance to rob her from the start!

"'I have plenty of money with me!' Simpleton! She remembered the covetous glance the girl had cast, thought of the strange, the extraordinary eagerness she had shown to accompany her. And she had actually felt grateful!

"Fury possessed her. If she couldn't recover the money quickly she was beggared—and the wretched creature would of course deny the charge, resist, revile her, perhaps scream the house down. The police might have to be sent for—there might be a delay of hours, days. She strode to the bed and, as she bent to seize the girl, saw a portion of a pink stocking that had escaped concealment under the bolster. There was a glimpse of paper in it. She pulled the stocking out. It contained seven *billets de banque* of one hundred francs!

"She thrust them in the bag and, fighting back the temptation to wake and upbraid the girl, hurried down the stairs. 'The thief—the loathsome little thief!' she gasped.

"NO cab was visible in the mean street, but to the left a woman with bread under her arm was shuffling round a corner in list slippers and a bed jacket. Overtaking her, mademoiselle asked anxiously in which direction a taxi was likeliest to be seen, and sped through melancholy roads of high pale houses and downward along a street lined with small shops till she found herself beside a church that faced a wide thoroughfare.

"There was a taxi crawling there, and she reached the Gare du Nord to behold her aunt, white with apprehension and anger, at the entrance.

"'I had begun to feel sure you had been killed,' the old woman panted. 'Get your ticket, quick! Stop a minute; you haven't enough money there—I took it out to mind for you when you were washing. Here are your seven hundred francs.'

"It was as if the darkness of death closed upon mademoiselle."

Janiaud paused again. At the table opposite, the haggard woman still watched the door.

"She made no reproach—she couldn't speak. She was seeing the girl wake, to discover the loss; she

HOW LONG WILL HIS SEAT BE VACANT?

AMAZING SCHOOL TESTS INDICATE

NEW VICKS PLAN

reduces time-out for colds by 2/3

HOME with a cold—falling farther behind every day he's out! Get him back at his desk quickly—keep him from losing more time the next time a cold threatens! Follow Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds.

Vicks Plan makes colds milder—clears them up more quickly—helps avoid many colds altogether.

In clinical tests last winter—in schools, colleges and homes—Vicks Plan reduced the *number* and *duration* of colds by half—cut their *costs* more than half!

The tests in schools were conducted among 862 children in nine schools. The children were divided into two equal groups. One group followed Vicks Plan. The other group did not. The *Plan-followers* lost only *178 days* due to colds. The *non-followers* lost *501 days* because of colds. Vicks Plan reduced absences practically two-thirds!

Vicks Plan was made possible by the discovery of Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—the new aid in *preventing* colds. A companion product to Vicks VapoRub—the modern standby for *treating* colds. Together with certain simple rules of health, they form Vicks Plan.

How Vicks Plan Works

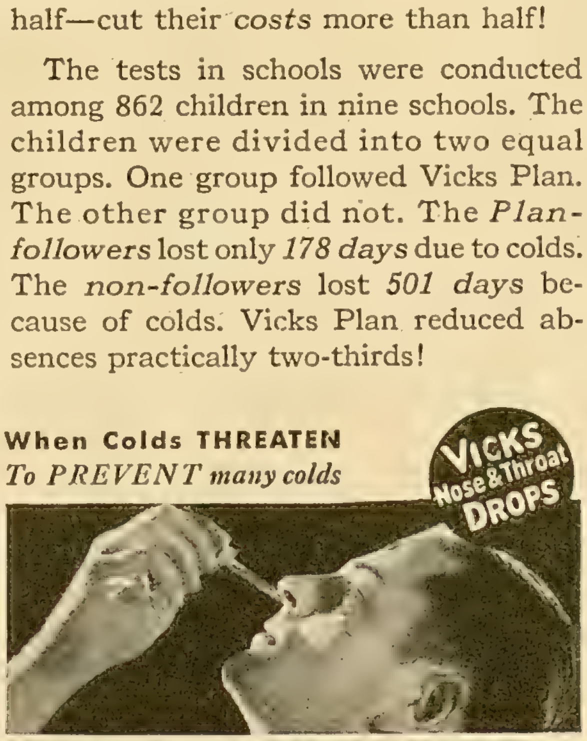
At that first sneezy sensation or a child's first sniffle—use Vicks Nose Drops. They help fight the threatening infection. They stop many a cold right at the start.

If a cold has developed, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its direct double-action works all night to bring quicker, surer relief. During the day—for added comfort—use Vicks Nose Drops as needed.

Vicks Plan is described in each Vicks package. Follow it in your home. You'll have fewer colds. Less severe colds. Less expense and less time-out for colds.

When Colds THREATEN
To PREVENT many colds

VICKS Nose & Throat DROPS



If a Cold DEVELOPS
To END it sooner

VICKS VAPORUB

Follow Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds

was hearing her cries," he resumed. "A thief! And she didn't know how to reach her victim, had never heard her name, or the name of the street! All she knew was that it was in Montmartre.

"Mademoiselle did not leave Paris with her aunt. She spent the morning in Montmartre, sobbing to Heaven to help her find the street, and all the time the cries that she imagined were in her ears. How long had it taken the girl to save so much money? Years, perhaps. At long, long intervals, the small tattered *billets* she had hoarded, the *sous* perhaps, changed with rapture for a *billet* of a hundred francs. Another milestone on the road. All stolen from her by the woman she had helped! The lady she had respected! 'I am not of your class.' What she was thinking of her *now!*

"Later in the day she went to the café, craving information, the merest hint, that might enable her to find the girl. Yes, they remembered the girl at her table. She came there occasionally, once in a month or so, but she was not a regular client; they had no idea who she was. Did madame desire to leave any message?

"'If she comes in, ask her, for God's sake, to let me see her,' mademoiselle entreated. 'Say I have something valuable to restore to her that I took by mistake. Till tomorrow I am at a hotel—take a note of its name and mine. Tomorrow I will return and give you my new address.'

"And next she went to a *commissariat de police* and told her story.

"'If the girl has nothing to fear she will report the affair at the *commissariat* of her *arrondissement*,' they said. 'You may hear something in Montmartre.'

"But in Montmartre they knew nothing of the matter.

"She pleaded desperately. 'Can't you help me?'

"'Madame, Montmartre is extensive—there are many houses in it,' replied the official at the desk. 'Have you no idea at all what part of it you were in?'

"She could only repeat, 'I am a stranger. "Montmartre" was all I heard.'

"'Did you observe the name of the Métro station you got out at?'

"'If I did, I don't remember it.'

"'And when you left the house—there was no feature of the street that caught your eye?'

"'I was greatly agitated, and hurrying very much. I saw a shabby street, and a woman passing; that is all.'

"'Was your way to the church uphill or down?'

"'Down.'

"'The streets you went through: do you recall anything of them?'

"'I remember one thing. In the last street of all, just before I came to the church, the front of a house was painted grotesquely in vivid colors.'

"'An oil-and-colorman's. What of the church? Can you say anything about it, however vague?'

"'I noticed,' she said, 'as the taxi turned, that there were stalls of vegetables on the other side of the church.'

"'The points you mention indicate Notre Dame de Lorette,' said the official. 'Unfortunately you had walked for twenty minutes before you got there. All I can tell you, madame, is that the house you seek is probably within twenty minutes' walk of the Church Notre Dame de Lorette. *Enfin*, give me your address. If there is anything to report we will communicate with you.'

"Next day she was directed to the church, and tramped uphill and down again and east and west without avail, as I have told you. She did it daily. And every night she inquired and waited in vain at the café. She had handbills displayed in the shop windows of Montmartre, and she removed to a cheap room there. In the streets her eyes were forever searching the faces of the passers-by as she walked with those dreadful cries shrilling in her head. Then a dread that she had been trying to thrust from her haunted her day and night. She was racked by the terror that the girl had destroyed herself.

"Once she read that the body of a young girl had been found in the Seine, and she made her way, palsied, to the morgue. The face of the dead stark body she shuddered to see was *not* the thin face of the girl she had robbed. For all that, I would wager the girl is not alive."

It was two o'clock, and the café was almost empty. The woman rose now and forlornly went out.

"Poor soul," said Masserey.

His account of the catastrophe in La Voix created a good deal of interest, as I said at the beginning, and though he wrote of "a certain café in the Latin Quarter" it was soon identified.

People used to go there from all parts of Paris to look at Mlle. Picard, and the morbid curiosity yielded Bonnard the proprietor a rich harvest. Some of us found it horrible to see smart people arriving to stare at a stricken woman as if she were a show.

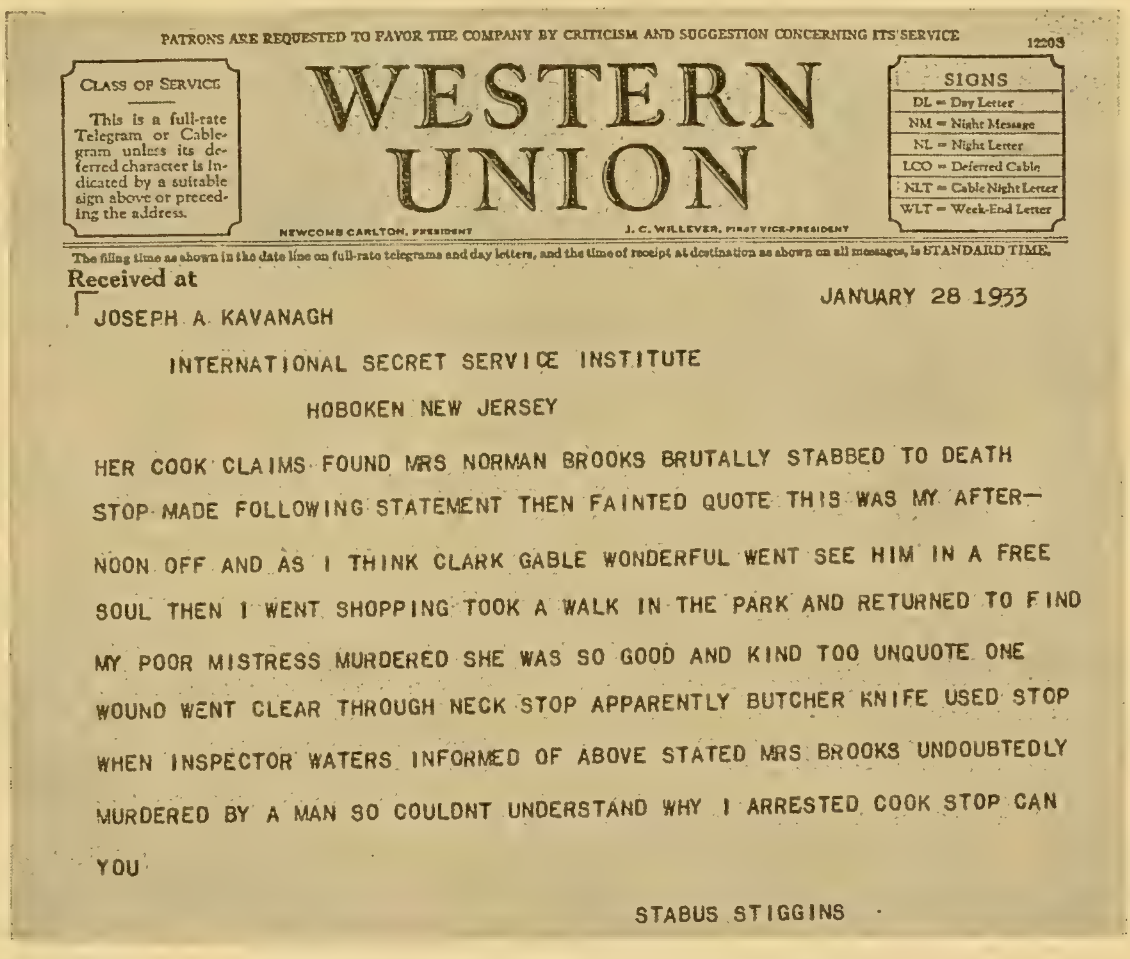
The vogue waned when it was rumored that Janiaud had invented the whole story as an advertisement of the café, in consideration of free drinks for the season, and that poor "Mlle. Picard" was an actress who had told Bonnard, "I spit at the ten francs a night. You shall pay what my performance is worth, or I come no more!"

THE END

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. Ripley



PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE 12203

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

SIGNS

DL = Day Letter
NM = Night Message
NL = Night Letter
LCO = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
WLT = Week-End Letter

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

JANUARY 28 1933

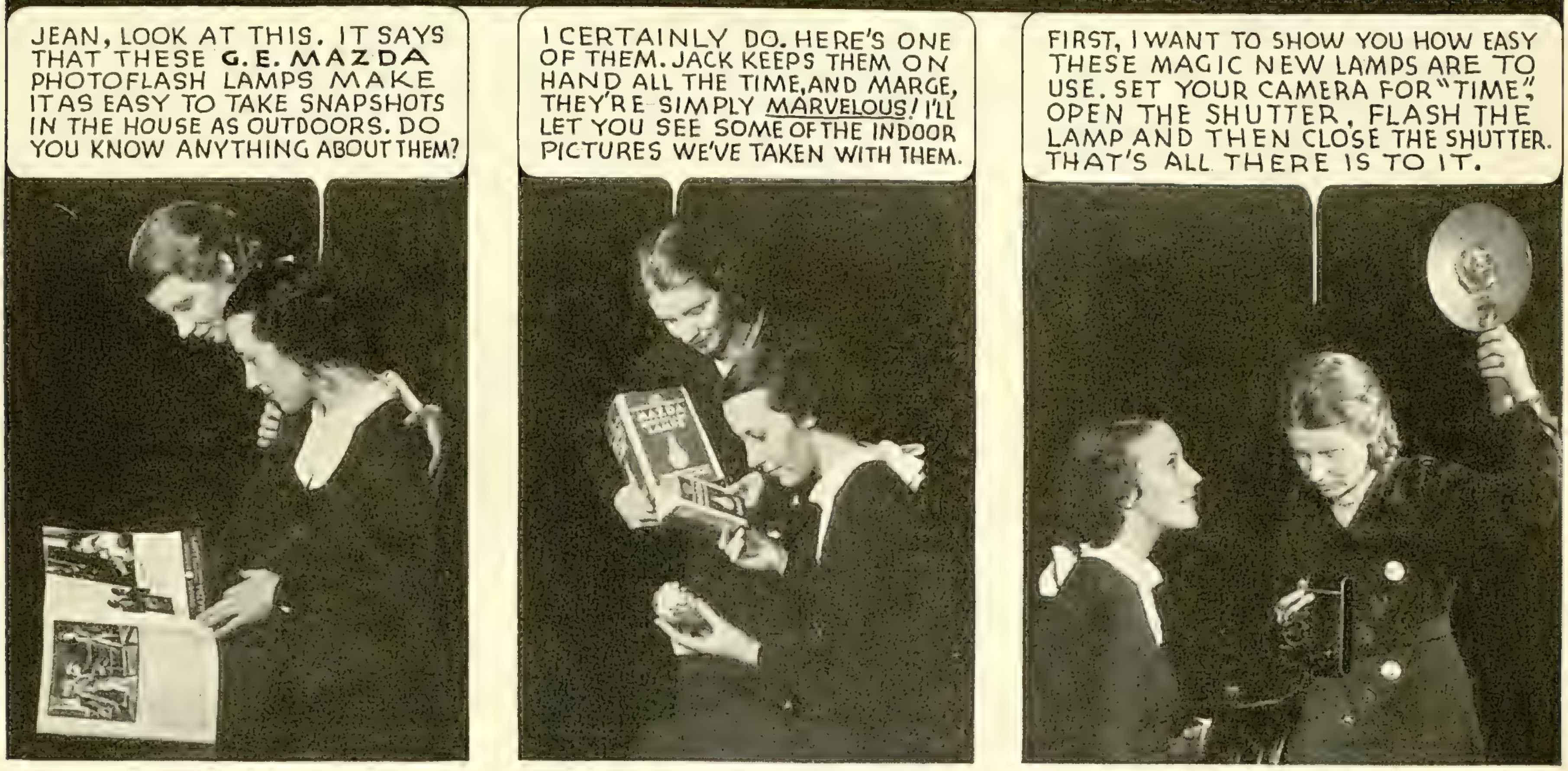
JOSEPH A KAVANAGH
INTERNATIONAL SECRET SERVICE INSTITUTE
HOBOKEN NEW JERSEY

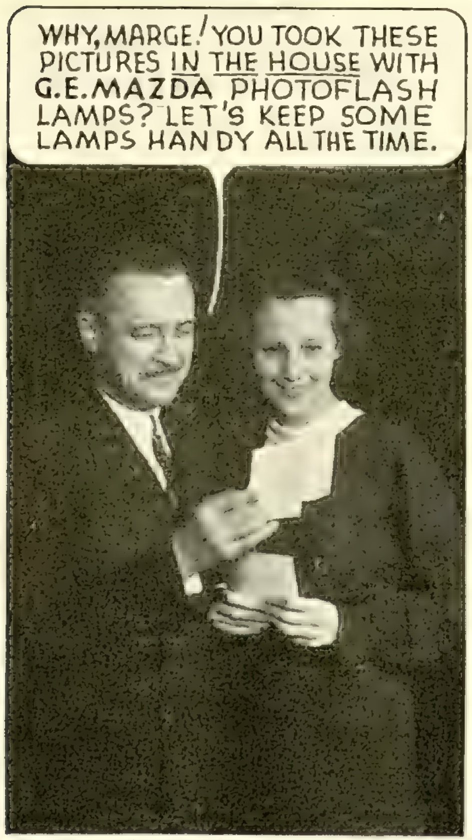
HER COOK CLAIMS FOUND MRS NORMAN BROOKS BRUTALLY STABBED TO DEATH STOP MADE FOLLOWING STATEMENT THEN FAINTED QUOTE THIS WAS MY AFTERNOON OFF AND AS I THINK CLARK GABLE WONDERFUL WENT SEE HIM IN A FREE SOUL THEN I WENT SHOPPING TOOK A WALK IN THE PARK AND RETURNED TO FIND MY POOR MISTRESS MURDERED SHE WAS SO GOOD AND KIND TOO UNQUOTE ONE WOUND WENT CLEAR THROUGH NECK STOP APPARENTLY BUTCHER KNIFE USED STOP WHEN INSPECTOR WATERS INFORMED OF ABOVE STATED MRS BROOKS UNDOUBTEDLY MURDERED BY A MAN SO COULDNT UNDERSTAND WHY I ARRESTED COOK STOP CAN YOU

STABUS STIGGINS

The solution will appear in next week's issue.

How an advertisement brought Marge TWICE AS MUCH FUN WITH HER CAMERA


JEAN, LOOK AT THIS. IT SAYS THAT THESE G.E. MAZDA PHOTOFLASH LAMPS MAKE IT AS EASY TO TAKE SNAPSHOTS IN THE HOUSE AS OUTDOORS. DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THEM?
I CERTAINLY DO. HERE'S ONE OF THEM. JACK KEEPS THEM ON HAND ALL THE TIME, AND MARGE, THEY'RE SIMPLY MARVELOUS! I'LL LET YOU SEE SOME OF THE INDOOR PICTURES WE'VE TAKEN WITH THEM.
FIRST, I WANT TO SHOW YOU HOW EASY THESE MAGIC NEW LAMPS ARE TO USE. SET YOUR CAMERA FOR "TIME", OPEN THE SHUTTER, FLASH THE LAMP AND THEN CLOSE THE SHUTTER. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT.


WHY, MARGE! YOU TOOK THESE PICTURES IN THE HOUSE WITH G.E. MAZDA PHOTOFLASH LAMPS? LET'S KEEP SOME LAMPS HANDY ALL THE TIME.

AND THIS IS ONE OF THE INDOOR PICTURES MARGE TOOK

G. E. MAZDA Photoflash lamp

For indoor snapshots use this lamp

G. E. MAZDA Photoflood lamp

For time exposures use this lamp

Here are a few of the many picture subjects these two lamps open to you:

Night sleigh rides
Night skating parties
Valentine parties
Birthday parties
Anniversaries
Babies
Pets
Home portraits

All of these pictures, including Marge's indoor snapshot, were taken with G. E. Mazda Photoflash lamps

PHOTOFLASH

For action pictures

To snap action scenes, babies, pets, parties, INDOORS, as easily and as vividly as you shoot them outdoors . . use G. E. MAZDA *Photoflash* lamps to aid your camera. They operate simply, in light socket or handy flashlight battery reflector.

• • •

Ask your dealer about these two amazing picture-taking lamps. Better still, get some lamps and take some prize pictures. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

PHOTOFLOOD

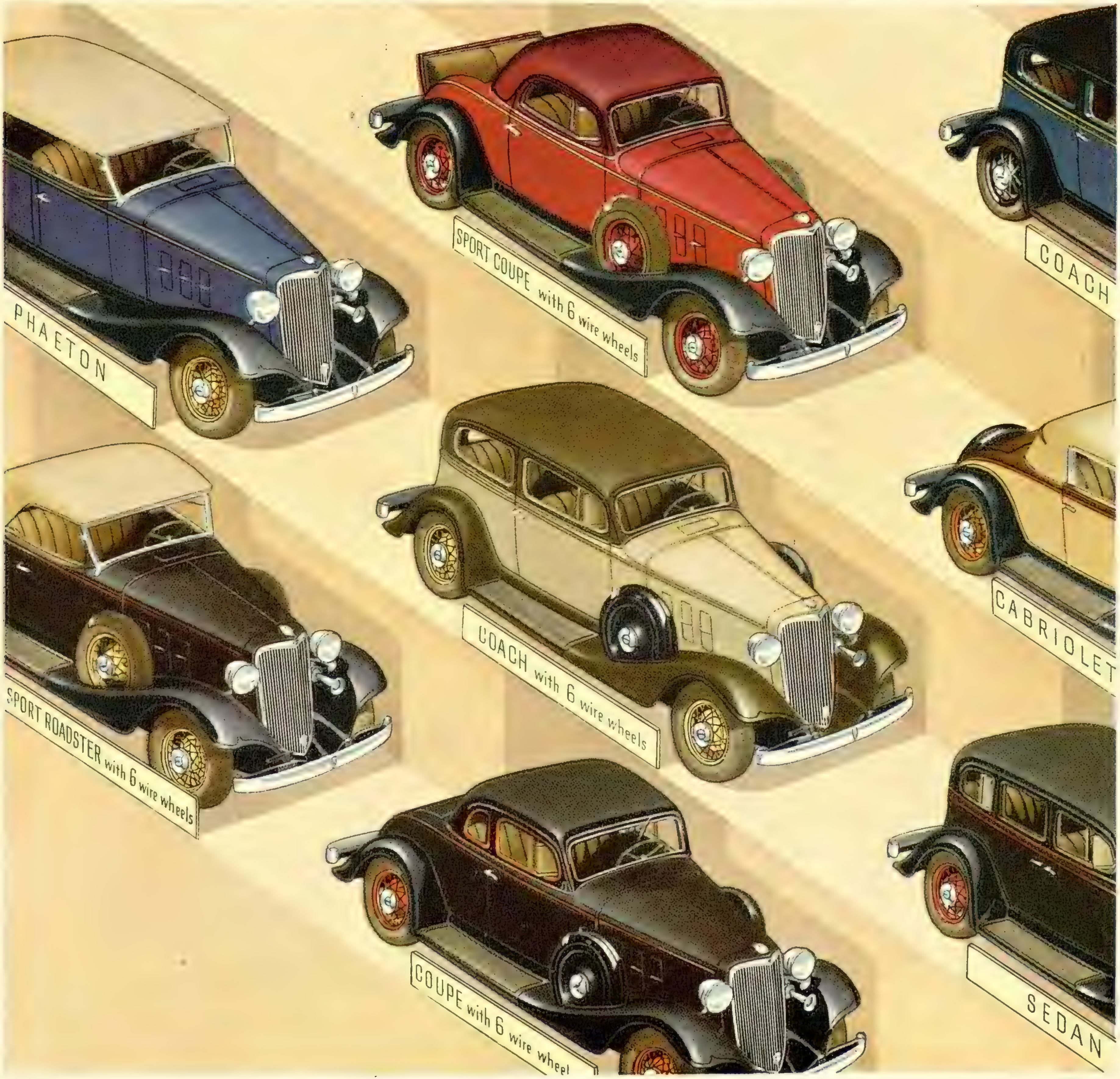
For time exposures

For time exposures, portraits, and interiors, use G. E. MAZDA *Photoflood* lamps. Their powerful, continuous light produces beautiful, crisp pictures. *And they are also the best lamps ever developed for taking home movies.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA PHOTOFLOOD AND PHOTOFLASH LAMPS

THE CAR THAT LEADERSHIP BUILT GOES ON DRESS PARADE

CHEVROLET


PHAETON
SPORT COUPE with 6 wire wheels
COACH
COACH with 6 wire wheels
CABRIOLET
SPORT ROADSTER with 6 wire wheels
COUPE with 6 wire wheel
SEDAN

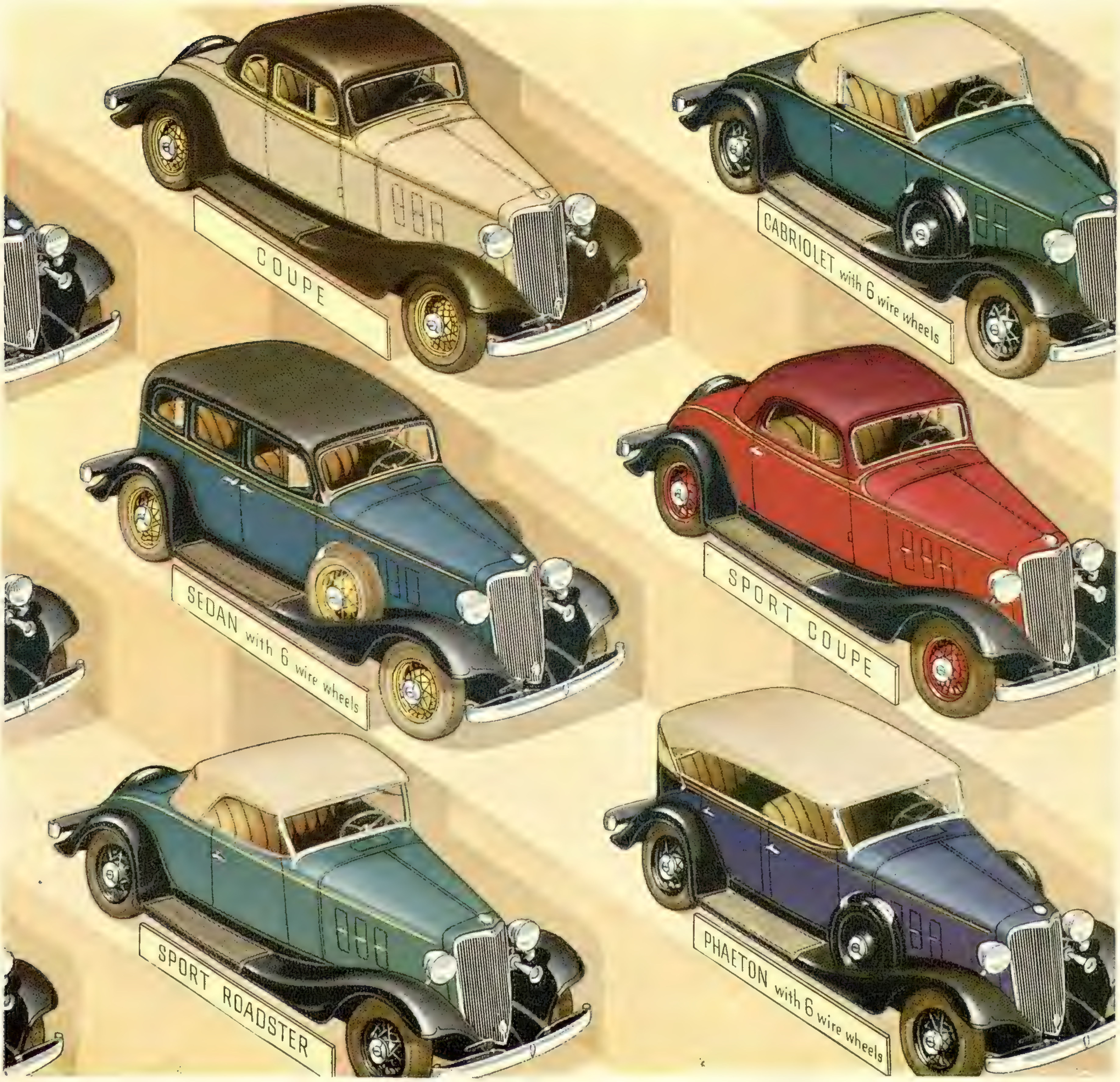
CHEVROLET goes marching into 1933 with a colorful parade of the biggest cars in the low-price field—and the greatest values in its history. Fourteen brilliant examples of what the leader can achieve, this year, *in quality at low cost.* Fourteen splendid new six-cylinder models—featuring the largest array of new advancements ever introduced in a new Chevrolet: Longer wheelbase. New "Aer-Stream" styling. Larger, lower, roomier Fisher bodies. Shatter-proof windshield. The first basic improvement in travel comfort in over a decade—Fisher No-Draft Ventilation. A new invention for blotting out annoying vibration—the Cushion-Balanced engine mounting. Free Wheeling combined with a "Silent Second" Syncro-Mesh shift. A time-proved six-cylinder motor that's faster, more responsive, more powerful, and more economical than ever. A Starterator and an Octane Selector. Only Chevrolet could possibly build cars offering all these new features at such prices—*because Chevrolet is the leader!* For 4 out of the past 6 years, Chevrolet has led the world in sales. Chevrolet builds in greater volume—buys in greater quantities—does everything on a bigger, *more economical* scale. Hence, Chevrolet can use the savings of its vast production to provide bigger, finer, more advanced cars—at prices millions can pay!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

AT A NEW SCALE OF LOW PRICES

New CHEVROLET Six

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



WRITERS *Attention!*

$10,000 *has been set aside for unknown authors*

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

MISSIONARY AND CANNIBAL

CASH PRIZE WINNERS

Here Are the Folks Who Get the Money!

AFTER much deliberation the board of judges for the Missionary and Cannibal South Sea traffic problem have handed down the decisions announced below. It is regretted that lack of space prevents publication of more than the first prize letter. The other prize letters are on file in the Liberty Contest Department, where they may be seen by any contestant upon application. Minus the formal salutation and closing, here is the entry which brought the

$50 FIRST PRIZE TO
Martha W. Eddy, St. Paul, Minn.

"NINE TRIPS

The problem is solved in nine trips, the missionaries being then saved and the cannibals in a position to save themselves. The problem does not call for saving the cannibals. Solution:

First Trip. Two cannibals cross, leaving one on the mainland.
Second Trip. Cannibal who can row returns to island.
Third Trip. Last two cannibals cross to mainland.
Fourth Trip. Cannibal who can row returns to island.
Fifth Trip. Two missionaries cross to mainland.
Sixth Trip. One missionary and one cannibal cross to island.
Seventh Trip. One missionary and cannibal who can row cross to mainland.
Eighth Trip. One missionary and one cannibal cross to island.
Ninth Trip. Last two missionaries cross to mainland.

The missionaries are now transported to the mainland by boat, and have not been outnumbered by the cannibals at any time or place.

The missionaries might have saved themselves by crossing at the seventh trip, but this would leave two cannibals on the island to starve, and, being missionaries, they will not do this. Therefore they arrange to have the one cannibal who can row on the mainland, and after the ninth trip they can give him the boat with which to rescue the two cannibals left on the island."

HERE ARE THE OTHER AWARDS

$25 SECOND PRIZE
P. J. Breen, Nashville, Tenn.

$15 THIRD PRIZE
Edward M. Bukacek, Racine, Wis.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE
J. L. Higgins, South Boston, Mass.

TEN $5 PRIZES

Kenneth Norman Bennett, Jackson, Mich.; Mary B. Carlton, Nashville, Tenn.; Wayne Cody, Haddon Heights, N. J.; Joseph Jorgenson, Duluth, Minn.; Kathleen D. Keirsey, Petersburg, Va.; H. A. Morin, San Francisco, Calif.; J. O. Page, Ottawa, Ont.; Mrs. J. H. Sweet, Nebraska City, Neb.; Evalyn V. Snodgrass, Clarksburg, W. Va.; Elsie Valentine, Oklahoma City, Okla.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Loyla J. Annett, Montreal, Que.; Arthur R. Andrian, Bronx, N. Y.; James Asbridge, Mercoal, Alta.; Warren T. Campbell, Atlanta, Ga.; Ruth T. Caruthers, Bunnell, Fla.; V. E. Christmann, Philadelphia, Pa.; T. D. Cobb, Waco, Tex.; W. D. Conwill, Springfield, Ill.; Mrs. Sherman Couch, Salt Lake City, Utah.

K. G. Duffield, Memphis, Tenn.; George W. Day, New York, N. Y.; Louis Darvas, Cleveland, Ohio; M. A. Dieter, Joplin, Mo.; Midshipman G. F. Davis, Annapolis, Md.; J. T. Forester, Elmhurst, N. Y.; Clarence J. Frickert, Venice, Calif.; A. C. Furman, Cleveland, Ohio; L. M. Hagan, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Mary C. Hagan, Kansas City, Mo.; Clayton Hammerstrom, Barnum, Minn.; Theodore H. Herman, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Clarence E. Horton, Kenmore, N. Y.; T. C. Ingram, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Van Keene, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Lawrence W. Klopp, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Gladys E. Kalscheuer, St. Paul, Minn.; Ruth Kohler, Baltimore, Md.; Sanford E. Lasman, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Charles A. M. Martel, Elmira, N. Y.; Bertrand L. Meiss, Cincinnati, Ohio; Olive A. Muckey, Newark, N. J.; Robert M. Nevins, Jr., West Palm Beach, Fla.; Mrs. E. O'Connor, Marathon, N. Y.; Albert J. Palmquist, East Stanwood, Wash.; W. H. Peeler, Phœnix, Ariz.; H. L. Penn, Atlanta, Ga.; R. Phillips, Havana, Cuba; May V. Quinn, Charlestown, Mass.; Myrtle Rasmusson, Fertile, Minn.; A. C. Rasmussen, Indianapolis, Ind.; H. L. Rosser, Traverse City, Mich.; Joseph A. Sattler, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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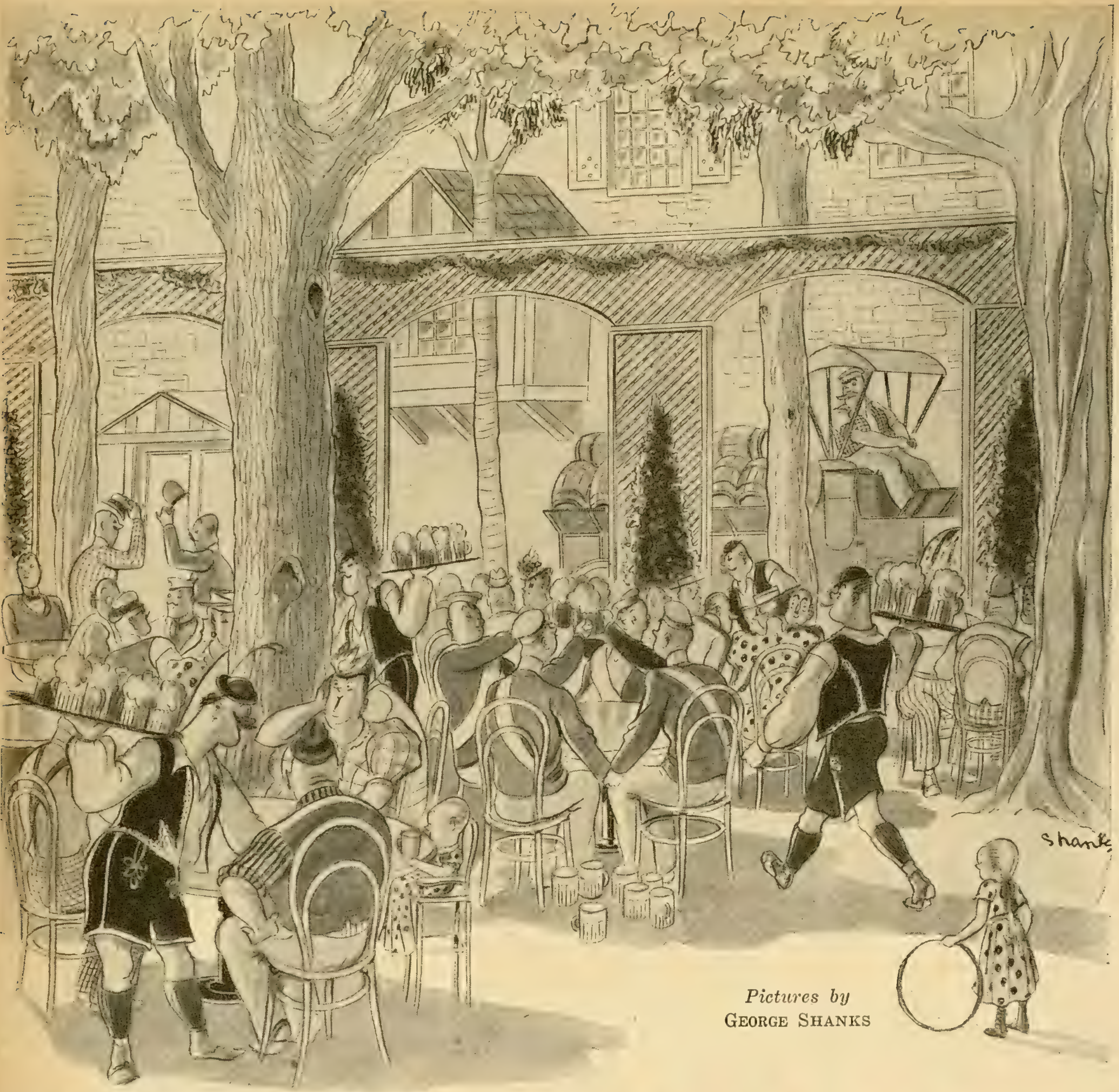


Pictures by
GEORGE SHANKS

"Die BRAUEREI"

A Look at the Good Old Days—Will They Ever Return Again?

(Reading time: 15 minutes 15 seconds.)

SHE was flaxen-haired, young, and beautiful. Her name was Gretchen and she came from Milwaukee, so it seemed logical to take her to dine in a reasonably old-fashioned Teutonic manner.

A waiter sailed up with two foaming steins. Gretchen eyed them with suspicion.

"What's this?" she asked—I assumed, facetiously.

"Prosit!" I answered with a wink, as one Milwaukeean to another, and hoisted my glass.

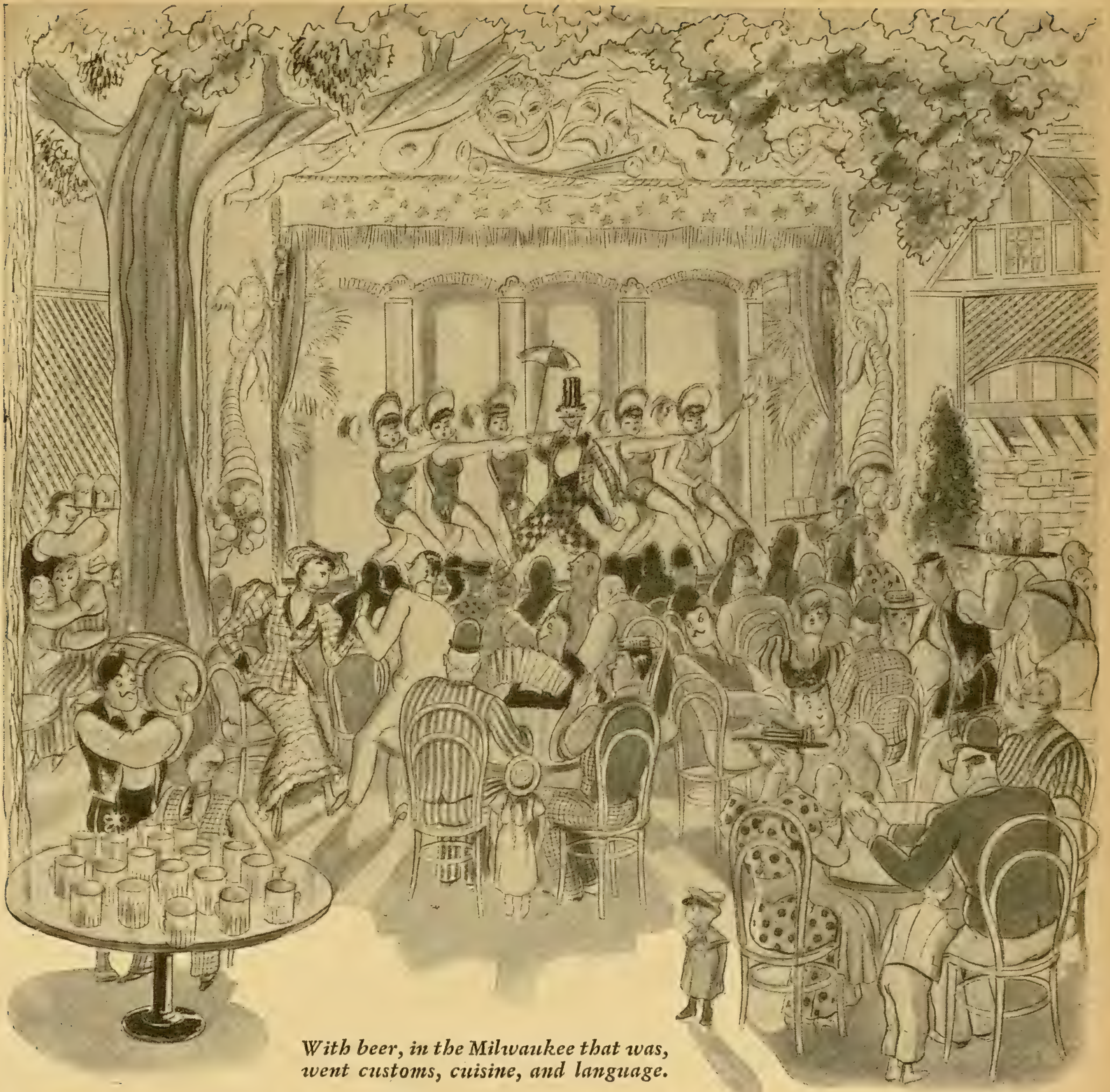
She gingerly followed my example, trying to keep the foam from her nose, but immediately thumped her glass down. Her face wrinkled up in distaste.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed. "It's bitter! What is it?"

"Why, beer," I assured her. Certainly no Spatenbrau or Kulmbacher, but still and all, the times and laws being what they were, it was tolerably good beer.

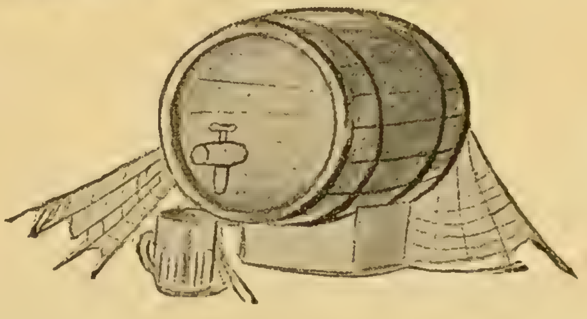
"Then I guess I don't like beer," said Gretchen with finality. To my amazement, I learned that this was the first time she had ever tasted beer. And she came from Milwaukee!

It dawned on me gradually that she was only twenty-one, that she had been but eight when prohibition went into effect, and that she was one of an entire generation



With beer, in the Milwaukee that was, went customs, cuisine, and language.

The Saga of BEER



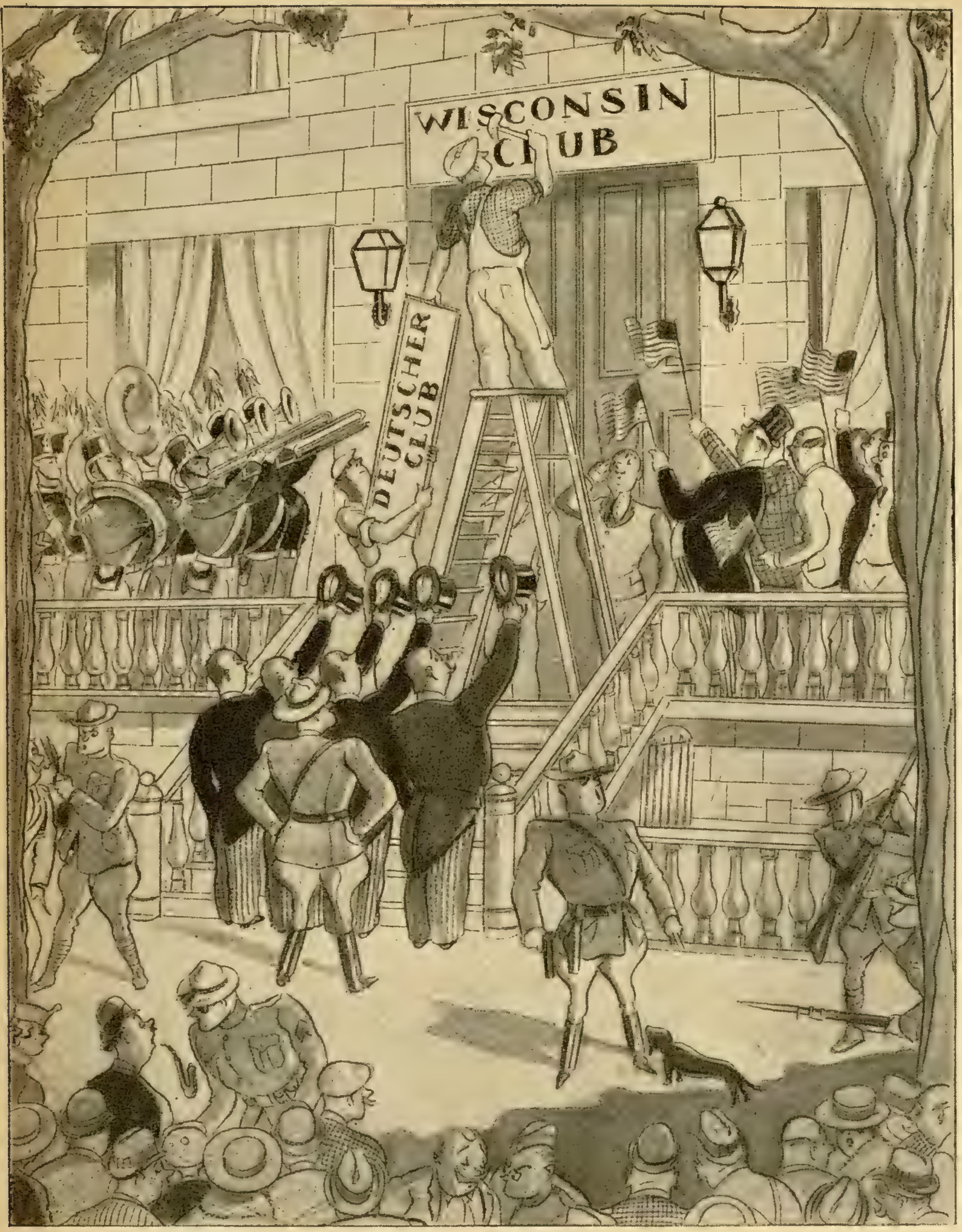
that had grown up since beer passed out. But still—could Milwaukee tradition have died so quickly?

Soon after, I went there for a visit. This was before the recent Presidential election. Returning to New York City, I met with one question everywhere: "So you've been to Milwaukee—how was the beer?"

In the ten days I was there not a single glass of beer was offered to me. I was tendered plenty of cocktails, rye, Scotch, and wine; but no beer. I heard of beer in road houses, in speakeasies off Wisconsin Street, in neighborhood joints, but nowhere was beer sold so openly as it is in New York, in Hoboken, in Philadelphia or Chicago. The few of the famous breweries that continue operating confine themselves scrupulously to near beer, and such "real" beer as you do get is of the same back-alley brew obtainable anywhere else.

The Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce reports that brewing at its height was only the fourth industry of the

By AMRAM SCHEINFELD



After America's entrance into the war, the Deutscher Club became the Wisconsin Club as kraut became Liberty cabbage.

city, but that is speaking technically. Beer was far more than a product. Actually, it gave Milwaukee its character and much of its charm—the *Gemütlichkeit,* the calm of a mellowed European city that brought it its one-time vaunted appellation of the "Munich of America." What has happened there, then, will be found significant in any discussion of beer, its return—so probable at this writing—and its subsequent status.

The rise and growth of beer production in the United States went hand in hand with the rise and growth of German-Americanism. From the very time that the major German immigration set in, about seventy-five years ago, brewing was identified with the Germans, and ultimately beer in the United States meant German lager beer.

Among native Americans this beer was an entirely new beverage. From colonial times, Americans had drunk either hard liquors, such as whisky and rum, or the English beers—ales, porters, and stouts—which are stronger and more bitter than lager.

When the German immigrants set up their breweries they met with opposition from two divergent directions—the distillers of hard liquor and the temperance advocates. On the other hand, there were many who welcomed the mild German beer as an antidote to the whisky drinking which was reaching alarming proportions. But it remained for the Civil War to sweep aside the obstacles in the way of beer, and especially of German beer.

The first step was taken when the government put a tax on liquor. This ended the competition of free whisky. Then came the war itself to put the patriotism of the Germans to the test. They responded so nobly that opposition to their Germanism melted away and was replaced by a warm interest in their customs, and especially in their beer.

German breweries, small ones, were set up everywhere, but expansion of production was checked by the difficulty of refrigeration and the lack of any method of bottling and preserving beer.

THE introduction of refrigerating machinery solved one problem. A Frenchman, Pasteur, solved the other. His efforts resulted in the beer-pasteurization process which made it possible for all brewers to bottle and preserve beer for indefinite periods and to ship it everywhere.

In Milwaukee the shipment of beer to the outside had already been initiated through the strange medium of the Chicago fire of 1871, which wiped out most of Chicago's own breweries. As the new processes were introduced, Milwaukee breweries reached farther afield. We hear of old Joseph Schlitz setting out for the East arm in arm with old Herr Frank, the pioneer Milwaukee sausage maker, the one to sell beer, the other to sell *Wienerwurst*—known to us today as hot dogs.

The smokestacks of Milwaukee breweries rose higher and higher. Their beer and that of St. Louis breweries flowed around the globe. By 1916 American breweries had surpassed those of Germany in output, and in quality their beer was competing in foreign markets with the finest beers of Munich and Pilsen. In 1914 the government statistics showed that the beer industry was seventh in the United States in point of capitalization and sixth in point of production. And since 1810, while the population of the country had increased fourteen times, beer production had increased 350 times. In the fifty years since 1863, with the population trebling, beer production had been multiplied by seventy-five!

What did that mean? Immigration of millions of beer drinkers could account for part of it; improved production, distribution, and export for another part. But, on the whole, it meant that Americans as a people were consuming a vastly greater amount of beer. Not least of the factors in the increase was the saloon with its free lunch, its treat-standing custom, and its forced-selling methods.

Even before nation-wide prohibition threatened, brewers with vision were aware that beer had had a too rapid and dangerous growth and were denouncing the suicidal competition, for which breweries were responsible, among the saloons. The opposition to the saloons had been growing. In a number of states prohibition was already a reality. The brewers were beginning to retrench and prepare for a major contest when a new and mighty force loomed up against them —the war. Opinions may differ as to the degree of relationship between prohibition and the war—but in the case of beer one might question whether it was only a coincidence that the end of beer came at the same time that the German movement in America was suddenly terminated by the war.

BREWING and the German movement were certainly not one and the same thing, but it would seem clear that they had contributed one to the other. In the wake of the breweries and their capital there had followed German theaters, newspapers, " beer parks," palm gardens, German banks, stores, and amusement houses. The Germans built up the breweries; the breweries in turn built up the German communities. Nowhere was this relationship of beer and communal life shown more clearly than in Milwaukee. To those like myself who grew up there, childhood memories of the city and of beer are inseparable.

Across the street from the graded school which I attended was the great Schlitz brewery. Next door to where we worshiped was the Husting brewery. On my way home was the Jung brewery. On my route to the public library was the Pabst brewery. The great vats, the gleaming engines, the frost-covered pipes, the endless chain of bottles which we watched with fascination; the brawny brewery workers and rosy-cheeked immigrant girls who affixed the labels; the massive gray Percherons which hauled the brewery trucks; the genial goats on the bock beer signs that blossomed in the spring; the warm, pungent odor of malt and hops which hovered in the air—these were familiar to all of us.

Beer was everywhere. At noon the city halted for its beer in growlers, schooners, seidels, steins, or aristocratic ten-cent glasses. Toward dusk balloon-fronted business men filed into the cafés, German actors and writers gathered around their *Stammtisch*, bristly-headed gymnasts flocked to the *Turnverein* bars, and children romped to the corner saloon for the pitcher of beer that was the centerpiece on almost every supper table. Evening came, and worthy citizens sallied forth for *Schafskopf* and bowling, families went to the palm gardens and brewery parks for the concerts, sweethearts to the *Turnhallen* for dancing—and with everything, everywhere, as a natural accompaniment, there was beer.

It was not looked upon as an intoxicant, and the drunkard was a rare and shameful sight. Beer was a friendly and vital element in the everyday life. Could one have imagined the *Gemütlichkeit* of the city without it? With beer, too, went customs, habits, cuisine—and language. Nor was this cleavage to European life confined to the Germans. It was also true of the Poles,

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The Beauty Contest of Life!

● *When men meet this girl they are instantly captivated by her lovely, clear skin.*

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

You may merely nod to a friend on the street, or spend an entire evening in the company of men and other women. Yet every time someone glances at your face and notices your skin, you are in a Beauty Contest.

With Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, your skin will be at its loveliest. Camay's creamy lather is gentle and bland on the delicate skin. A finer beauty soap has never been made!

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CAMAY

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

PARMELEE

His Mother's Gift

Frank Parmelee kept through life the needle and thread his mother gave him when he left home, in 1840, at the age of 12 . . . Also he remembered her good advice:

Frank Parmelee founder of Parmelee System

"Always keep your suit repaired—be neat and clean." Any wonder that the drivers of the great cab system which bears his name must toe the mark.

Back in 1853 six buses started under the Parmelee banner. Now more than a thousand times that many taxicabs of the Parmelee System carry millions of passengers annually.

Always modern and in efficient condition these cabs have to be as clean as the best private car.

Parmelee System cab drivers are known in every city as model cabmen—neat appearing, always careful, and courteous.

The Parmelee System Map is a Symbol of Safety

NEW YORK PITTSBURGH PARMELEE SYSTEM EST. 1853 CHICAGO CLEVELAND MINNEAPOLIS

Your Advertising Dollar

reaches more families per black and white page in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

Headache, neuralgia, periodic and all simple nerve pains quickly respond to Kohler Antidote—powders or tablets. Ask any druggist.

KOHLER MFG. CO., Baltimore, Md.

KOHLER ANTIDOTE *for* HEADACHE

and of the Bohemians and other nationalities.

Then came August, 1914. It stopped the stream of immigration on which the beer tradition had fed. A wave of feeling began growing against the Germans. The beer flowed less joyfully. The tragedy crept closer. And suddenly America, too, was fighting Germany.

America's entrance into the war came like a lash across the faces of Milwaukee Germans. Now, all at once, Germany was the enemy, Germans were Huns, the German language, German *Kultur,* all things German, were anathema. The German life on which the city had prided itself was something to be hidden shamefully in the background. Many Germans changed their names. The aristocratic Deutscher Club became the Wisconsin Club, and sauerkraut became "Liberty cabbage." The lusty voice of Milwaukee was hushed. It was as if a great cold hand had suddenly slapped shut the mouth of the city.

Those of us who worked on Milwaukee newspapers then can recall the bitter drama of those days. In every test Milwaukee proved its unquestioned loyalty. Every war-fund drive was greatly oversubscribed. Its sons rushed to enlist far beyond their quota and every honor roll of war dead bore German-American names. None the less, German-baiting was rampant. Federal agents snooped everywhere. The brewing overlords were hounded and intimidated. The German-Americans were still stunned when the war ended. Having been told all along that it had not been a war against the German people, they prepared to resume their old life. Hopefully they brought out of the storm cellars their *Turnvereine,* singing societies, customs, and language. But the old spirit was gone. And something else was lacking! There was no beer.

THE large breweries scrupulously refrained from any undercover attempt to sell real beer. They tried, with little success, to popularize near beer. There was a short-lived wave of home brewing. "Spiked beer"—near beer with alcohol and sometimes ether added—appeared. Back-alley breweries sprouted up. But Milwaukeeans, who knew good beer only too well, could not content themselves with the raw brews and bilge water offered as substitutes. The city slowly resigned itself to the truth that the beer days were over.

For a while most of the breweries in Milwaukee and elsewhere kept their plants in condition with the production of near beer, in the belief that real beer would soon come back. But the public demanded stuff with a kick. As prohibition became an established fact and the possibility of its repeal grew more remote, three fourths of the largest breweries gave up the fight, and some of those that held on cut off and leased large sections of their plants to other enterprises.

The brewers were faced with stupendous losses. Never before in history had a huge industry been so suddenly and completely obliterated. However, they were all extensive holders of property and choice business sites the country over, and on the heels of prohibition came the postwar prosperity which boomed realty values to fantastic heights. In a few years many breweries made far more money from real estate than they had lost.

WITH their hands full of idle money, they cast about for new enterprises. Of chief interest is the fact that the capital of most of the breweries was thus dispersed in various directions and divided up among many persons who went their separate ways. Bear in mind that all of the large breweries had been family enterprises rather than cold corporations. They had held together fathers, sons, and relatives; the young men had been sent abroad to study brewing in the same way that royal princes are trained for statesmanship, and the breweries as a rule had been directed by the heads of the families. With the dispersal of both their capital and their memberships, the brewing dynasties came to an end.

Today, no matter how soon beer may be legalized, it is a question whether the brewing industry will be controlled by the same groups, or whether the status of beer will be the same as it used to be. Thirteen years have gone by and much has happened. Beer, of all the intoxicating beverages, was the hardest hit by prohibition. The wets claim that since 1914 the consumption of hard liquors has more than doubled, but they agree in general with Prohibition Commissioner Woodcock that the consumption of wines also has more than doubled while that of beer is only about one third of what it was. It must be obvious, then, that many of those who drank beer have got out of the habit.

"Give the workingman back his beer!" has been a familiar cry. Consider, however, that today workingmen between eighteen and thirty years of age were between eight and seventeen years old when prohibition came in—so millions cannot ask to get their beer back because they never had it.

A myth has been built up about beer as a symbol of the "good old days" which would return with it and cure all our present ills. A new generation has grown up, and a new type of life. The *Gemütlichkeit* and calm of the prewar beer days has been supplanted by a new era. To expect that a younger generation accustomed to bathtub gin and high-powered Scotch will suddenly and completely turn to mild four-per-cent lager may be asking too much.

These facts are not ignored by the brewers. "We would have to educate the people all over again to drink beer," I was told by Colonel Fred Pabst.

Another problem is that of how beer would be distributed. For the saloon is admittedly dead.

"No one expects the saloon to come back," said Colonel Pabst. "I, for one, would not want to see the old saloon come back." But if it doesn't, where will beer be sold to anything like the old-time advantage? Certainly its future from the sale and production standpoint is far from clear.

During my stay in Milwaukee I visited my old neighbor, Alfred E. Uihlein, president of the Schlitz brewery—a grizzled *Braumeister*, eighty years old. For sixty-odd years Herr Alfred has been with the institution, and today, surrounded by many of the old workers who still speak German to him, he presides as its active head. I watched him as he inspected a sample of barley brought in by a farmer. It was only for near beer, but his instincts as a *Braumeister* proud of his calling, jealous of his knowledge, had not left him. When Herr Alfred and the few like him are gone, who will take their place?

Perhaps beer will be brewed more scientifically, more efficiently; bottled and packed by improved machinery; sold, like soda pop, by high-powered advertising and radio programs. But will it be the same beer?

I think back to the old Milwaukee of the beer days. I think of "Professor" Luening, my school principal, with his little white goatee and his quaint German accent; I think of Fräulein von Hohgraefy, who taught us German sandwiched in with the three R's, and who wept when bad Irish boys declined to decline "*die, der, dem,* and *das.*" I think of Principal Krug, of high school, with the scar from a Heidelberg duel down his cheek. I think of the brewery workers' ball in Liedertafel Hall, of the gay festivals of the *Turnvereine* and *Unterstützungvereine;* of the magnificent free lunch at Weber & Stuber's.

I dare say that those who knew the German communities in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, and elsewhere can recall similar pictures of the beer days. They are all gone now. They came with beer, but they will not return with it.

AS I was leaving Milwaukee I heard a story which I offer for what it is worth. When prohibition went into effect a venerable brewer, head of a great brewing dynasty, had bottled for himself by a special process several hundred cases of Imperator, his finest brew. Believing that beer would soon come back, he drank the beer liberally and shared it with his friends. But as the cases grew fewer he drank more and more sparingly, and finally there was a tacit agreement that the beer was for the old man himself.

Every night he would go through his beer-drinking rite: his old German servitor would descend to the cellar, fetch up a bottle of Imperator on a tray, and the *Braumeister* would sip it contentedly from a stein as he puffed his long meerschaum pipe. The beer seemed to be a symbol that beer was coming back and that his brewery would once again resume its mighty production. But as the years went on and the cases of Imperator grew fewer, his hopes waned.

One night at the old man's beer hour his servant had gone downstairs for the nightly stein. A grandson came rushing in, jubilant. He had just been to Washington. The sentiment for beer was growing. It would undoubtedly be legalized soon. He urged that new equipment be bought, that the brewery be conditioned at once.

As he spoke the old servant came in with a white face. The tray was empty. Air had got into the remaining Imperator. Every bottle was spoiled.

The old man puffed silently.

"Never mind, *Grosspapa!* We'll be making all we want again soon!" the grandson exclaimed. "The same old Imperator. The same old beer. Just like the old days—and the brewery will be bigger and finer than ever."

The old man looked at the empty tray and shook his head.

"*Nein,*" he said. "*Die Brauerei ist todt.* ("The brewery is dead.")

That same night, they tell me, he passed away.

THE END

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Soft, flattering hair. You've envied the girls that have it, but do you know that yours, too, may be made as lovely? Any kind of hair can be becomingly dressed if it is alive and healthy. Keep yours in condition this easy way: Before the shampoo, apply plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic directly to the scalp and massage the whole head vigorously. This stimulates the circulation, and cleanses the pores of all clogging dust and dirt, just as a facial massage does. Leave the Tonic on the hair overnight, if possible. Follow this routine regularly, every week, and you'll soon have a normal, healthy scalp, a wealth of lustrous, vital hair. The nearest drug and department stores sell 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

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The POTTERS Have Resolution Troubles

Their New Year's Vows Were Good, but—

(Reading time: 11 minutes 35 seconds.)

PROLOGUE

THE Potters are in the middle of another serious family conference. The family is the cornerstone of the nation and you always hear a lot of talk around cornerstones. But all speeches are not made in high hats. Pa is very folksy and what he has to say he usually says in slippers—when the puppy hasn't carried them off.

Tonight, by some miracle, the family is all together. At least they are all in the same room. The miracle consists of the fact that the room is in the Potter home.

It's easy enough to get the Potters all together in some other place. Possibly the reason is that they know by experience a friendly get-together at home is sure to wind up in a free-for-all.

Pa

(With studied politeness)

If you'd turn off that radio maybe you could hear what I'm saying.

Mamie

Bill always turns the radio up loud when you bawl him out.

Bill

Just a pal! No wonder Red gets sick of taking you out.

Mamie

He has to work tonight.

Bill

Yes—on that little blonde with the red roadster.

Pa

(To Bill)

I was asking you a question. Will you pay attention?

Bill

I didn't hear you. Mamie was making so much noise.

Pa

I asked you about your school. I thought you were going to business school nights. That was your big New Year resolution, wasn't it?

Bill

Well, I did go.

Mamie

They probably told him they didn't have any classes in business school for subnormals.

Bill

Where did Red go to school, then?

Mamie

Don't ever compare yourself with Red. He's got brains.

Bill

How would you know?

Pa

That reminds me, young lady. What is that you're smoking?

Mamie

Cigarette.

Pa

And you weren't going to smoke any more cigarettes. You were going to swear off.

Mamie

I did swear off. This is the first cigarette I've smoked in—

Bill

Careful.

Mamie

Mind your own business! You were going to school every night—you were going to take shorthand and typing and fit yourself for a bigger and better job.

Bill

And just because I missed going once—

Mamie

Once?

Bill

Well, twice.

Mamie

You mean you went twice.

Pa

I'd like to know the truth of all this. Here I am, laying out good money for you to go to school and improve yourself, and what do you do? Hang around home and play the radio.

Bill

You asked me to stay home nights. And then when I stay home I get bawled out.

Pa

I didn't ask you to stay home on the nights you were supposed to go to school. I didn't ask you to break your New Year resolution. What's going to become of you if you haven't any more stick-to-it-iveness than that?

Bill

Well, at least you can't accuse Mamie of not having stick-to-it-iveness.

Pa

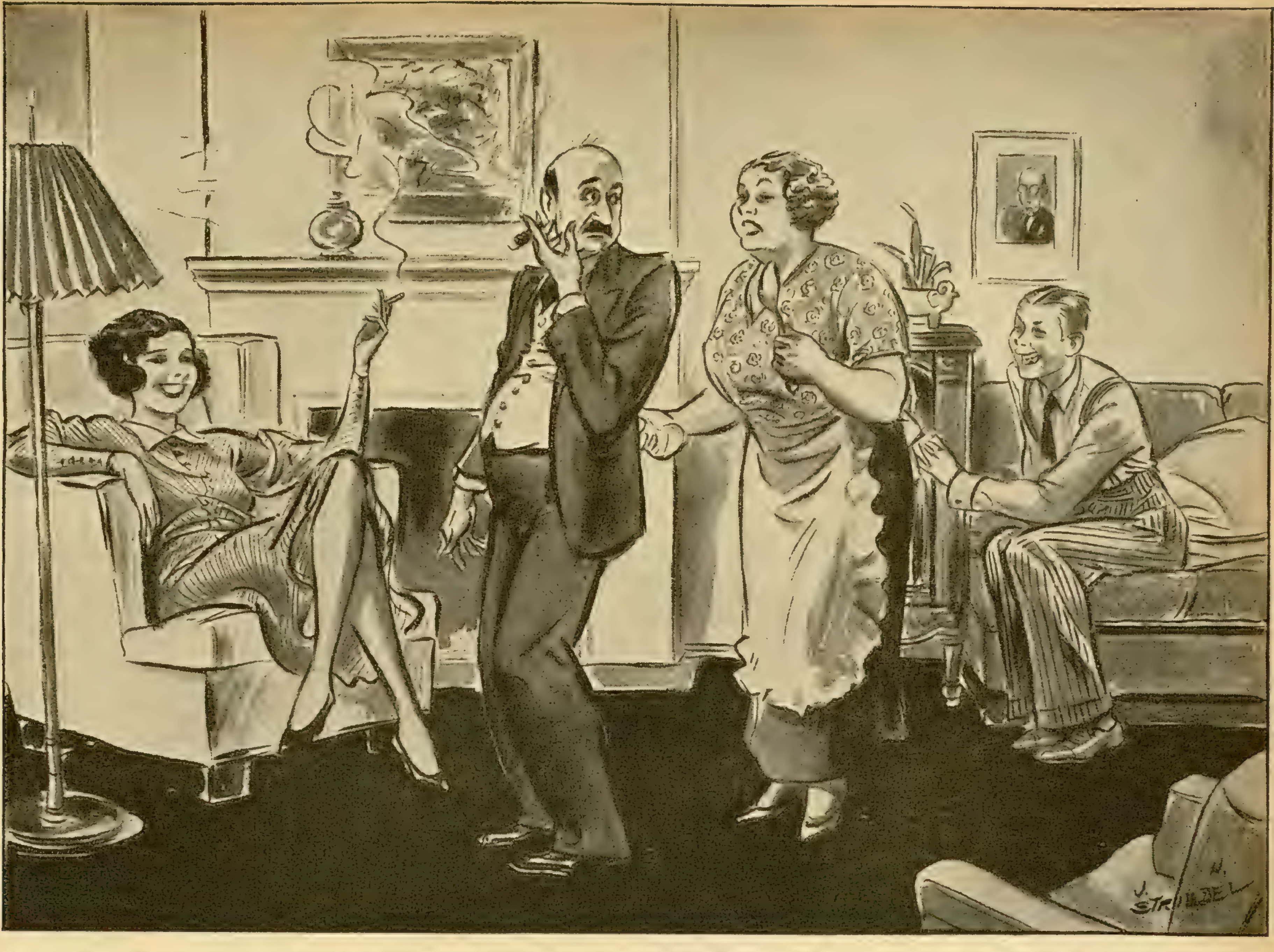
How do you mean?

Bill

Well, look at the way she's sticking to her cigarettes!

Mamie

Well, I did try to cut them out, but it made me so nervous and I was falling off in my work and the boss said,



Ma (Entering from the kitchen): You're going to listen to me for a minute, if you don't mind. How did you come home from the office today? Pa: I—er—came home. Tired. Very tired.

By J. P. McEVOY

" What's the matter? " and I told him it was because I had sworn off cigarettes, and he said, " Get as moral as you please but don't let it interfere with your typing."

BILL

What he probably said was, " You gotta stop phoning Red during business hours."

MAMIE

I never phone Red.

BILL

You'd never hear from him if you didn't. You just stick to Red and cigarettes and you'll be a nervous wreck.

MAMIE

I feel all right until I have to come home and listen to you!

PA

I don't know but what I'd rather listen to the radio than either of you.

MA

(*Entering from the kitchen*)

You're going to listen to me for a minute, if you don't mind. How did you come home from the office today?

PA

Why, I—er—I came home. Tired.

MA

You came home in a taxi.

PA

(*Innocently*)

Did I? Let me see. Why—yes, that's true. So I did!

MA

And you were going to walk to work and home. You needed exercise so much. You said so yourself.

PA

Did I?

MA

You certainly did. Made quite a speech about it. Beginning with the New Year, you were going to turn over a new leaf, save all the money you'd spend on taxis, and walk.

PA

Well, I get all the exercise I need looking for business these days.

MAMIE

Red says that last year the song hit was I Got Five Dollars, and this year it's Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?

BILL

Red says . . . Red says . . . Don't you ever have anything to say for yourself?

MA

After this it will be better if you don't make public addresses about your resolutions. *(Grimly)* Going to walk to work every day! Back too. Save a lot of money! Take off ten pounds!

PA

I'll take more than that off this winter if things don't get better.

MA

If you saved enough on taxis we might have enough to take one of those winter cruises to the West Indies. I was reading about them the other day. It said: " Watch your husband. When he gets that worried look it's time to take him on a winter cruise."

PA

Unfortunately, we'll need more than my worried look.

Colds!

"I've Checked MINE! *Thanks to Mentholatum*"

She has learned the secret of checking a cold quickly. Others may let their cold "run its course," and suffer much discomfort, but she gets speedy relief by inserting Mentholatum in the nostrils to clear that stopped-up feeling. Then she rubs Mentholatum into the chest to stimulate circulation and reduce congestion. Pleasant relief comes surprisingly soon.

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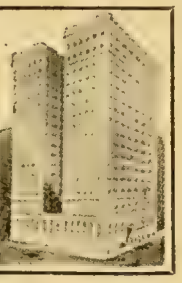
HOTEL SYLVANIA
Locust below Broad
Moderate & Modern



Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

MEN and women can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. We show you how, and our employment service provides work.

The MENHENITT COMPANY, Ltd.
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Canada

BILL

Pa always looks worried, don't you, Pa?

MA

If you were the father of this family—

BILL

I wouldn't be the father of any part of it.

MAMIE

You'll never find a woman silly enough to give you a chance.

MA

Now don't get indecent. You shouldn't talk about such things.

MAMIE

What things?

MA

Well—anything.

BILL

Mamie can't talk about anything anyway unless Red tells her what to say.

(Doorbell rings)

PA

Bill, see who's at the door.

BILL

Mamie, you're nearest the door. You go see who it is.

MAMIE

Ma, there's somebody at the door.

MA

(To delivery boy)

C. O. D.? I thought it was charge.

DELIVERY BOY

(Who is nothing if not a realist)

It says C. O. D. You can see for yourself. Look. Thirty-nine dollars and fifty cents. See? C. O. D.

MA

Pa, have you got thirty-nine dollars and fifty cents?

PA

Thirty-nine dollars? For what?

MA

For this package.

PA

What's in it?

MA

Never mind what's in it.

PA

Well, never mind if I have thirty-nine dollars, if that's the way you feel about it.

(Time lapse, during which time Pa is separated from $39.50 and Mamie has opened the package, disclosing a bathing suit, white shoes, nautical jacket, and white skirt.)

Well, what in God's name? *(To boy)* Hey, you, come back here! You've got the wrong place.

MA

Never mind. Let that stuff alone. That's mine.

PA

(Incredulous)

Yours? What's the meaning of this? Where do you think you are? Palm Beach?

MA

(Defiantly)

Well, they were such a bargain, and — I thought maybe we could take a little cruise next month and I'd save money on all this.

PA

(Aghast)

Cruise? *(Laughs bitterly)* My God! Here we are, one of the hundred neediest families, and she goes out and buys a bathing suit and talks about cruising. *(Turns on her)* And you were going to save money! Big New Year resolution. Going to stay inside the budget! *(Holds up bathing suit, very gay and cut to nothing)* Why, the damn' thing won't even keep you warm when the coal runs out.

MAMIE

(Gayly)

It looks like we're all in the same boat with our New Year resolutions.

BILL

A bright girl. Nothing escapes her.

MA

Well, anyway, Pa, it's money saved. I can wear it next summer, can't I?

PA

We'll all be wearing it next summer!

Another in this series of adventures of the Potters by Mr. McEvoy will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Liberty now offers

$100 to $500 Apiece for Short Short Stories

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addresed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

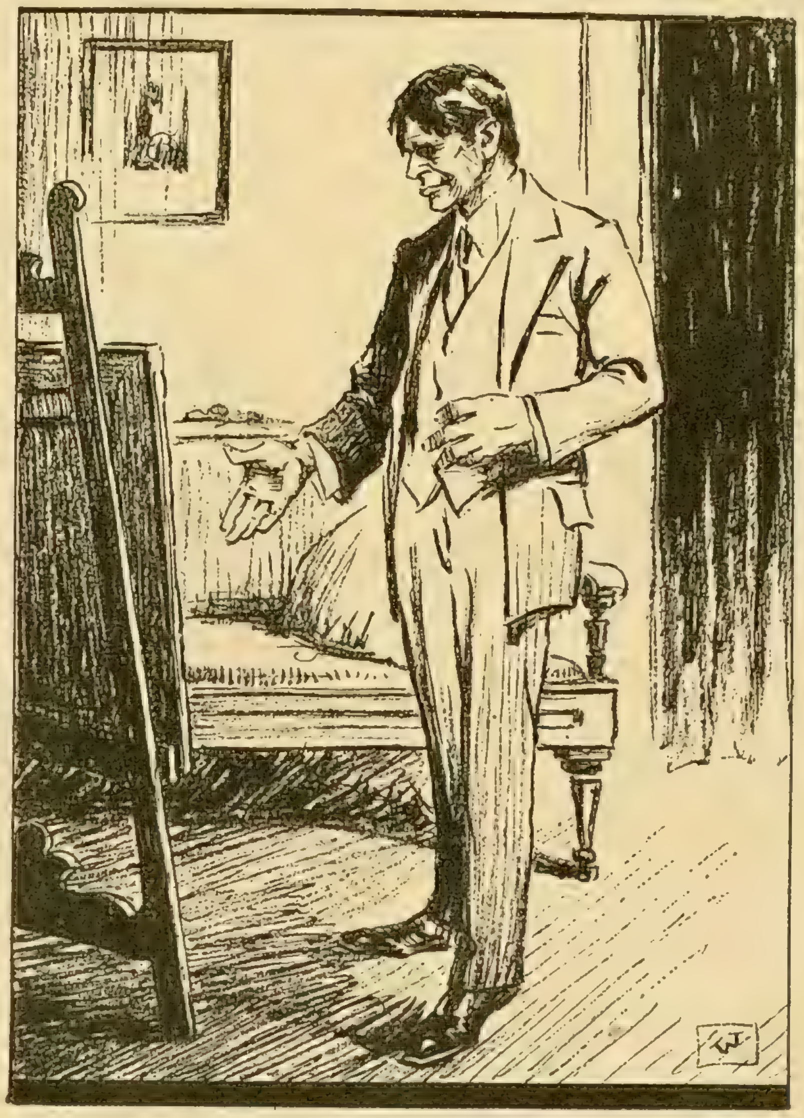
We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

As Wilterding had an unquestionable alibi and no one but the murderer knew the cause of death until after the autopsy, Wilterding, of course, was innocent and the murderer was the writer of the anonymous note.

INHERITANCE



A Short Short Story

By

EDGAR FRANKLIN

(Reading time:
4 minutes 40 seconds.)

BOTLER had insisted that Father McCleenan come along, not only for moral support, but because his presence would lay a broad stripe of respectability on the sensational expedition. When Father McCleenan reached the musty little front cellar room, Pierce, the lawyer, was already there, a dry, bead-eyed little man sneering at Botler's treasures: the archaic radio the Dunns had left behind, the armchair in which Mr. Walsh (third floor front) had died two years ago, the clumsy ship models that were the decorative note of Botler's bachelor home, and especially at the crayon portrait of Botler.

Fifty cents a week for thirty weeks that art work had stood Botler after the salesman had talked him into it; fifty cents a week to look at the picture of a grubby person—fifty then, rising sixty now—with a putty nose and a walrus mustache and an arc of thin hair slicked down above the left eye.

"Botler's getting into his Sunday suit; he had to put out the ashes and the garbage first," Pierce grinned and jerked a thumb toward the picture. "Scream, that, eh? Portrait of a gentleman! The nut who wrote the Edderly family history kept twanging on that string; 'all the Edderlys are, in the purest sense, gentlemen.' All gentlemen—and one janitor!"

"Well, if Botler likes it—" Father McCleenan shrugged.

"He's not Botler. He's William Purcell Edderly, glory be! And am I crying because I turned him up in a year when business is like this!" Pierce ceased sneering and found a friendly smile for Botler himself, just coming from the bedroom, Sunday suit and all, breathless, a bit bewildered. "Well? Ready to chuck your snooty cousins out of their swell home?"

Before climbing into Pierce's taxi, Botler paused for a last look at dingy old No. 68, the five-story walk-up he had been janitoring fourteen years now, ever since the brickyards shut down. He'd always been kinder comfortable down that cellar. What he'd do with a big house and three hundred thousand dollars he couldn't say—yet.

Until last week George Edderly had fancied the big house on the best part of Grove Street to be his own. Tight-lipped, pale, George was waiting in the living room with his pretty young wife and Melrose, his lawyer, when the queer trio trooped in. Pierce's neat, hard opening speech ended:

"Thus we establish absolutely that Botler is in fact William Edderly, kidnaped son of the late John Edderly and sole heir to the estate which you, Mr. George Edderly, inherited in 1920. Now for the various documents."

Botler got to looking around. Beat hell how his forty-year-old Cousin George could stand there, taking it on the chin and never yipping. A thoroughbred, y' know! Too bad the depression had finished his factory. His wife was the sweetest lady Botler'd ever seen. Them photographs all around must be the two little girls.

"That's the deathbed affidavit of the nurse, Mary Flynn, confessing her abduction of the infant William Edderly, supposedly murdered. She's gone, but the two witnesses, mercifully, are familiar with all the circumstances. It was one of 'em, in fact, who took the baby to the police in Zanesville after the Flynn woman had abandoned it. Let's read their depositions."

Botler was beginning to sweat. Lissen now! Suppose he got this house and all the money, what'd he do with it and what'd he buy, him that grew up in a county asylum and got adopted by a poor farm couple and chucked out on the world when they died? *And what the Sam Hill* would this nice little George Edderly family do? Why, they'd have to move to some such place as No. 68 and George would have to rustle a cheap job—if he could.

Botler glanced at his attorney. No hope there. He glanced at Father McCleenan, distressed but determined that Botler should have his rights. He stared at Kay Edderly. She looked around the room, like someone was sticking a knife in her and turning it!

"We are forced to concede the validity of Mr. William Edderly's claim," Melrose was saying bitterly.

"Well—hey, lissen!" Botler erupted amazingly. The drops were running down his temples now. "Jes a second! I—I—well, you'll stick me in jail, I guess, but—but I guess I'm scairt now. What I mean, all this I told Mr. Pierce was just the boloney. I ain't no Edderly. I got all that stuff from a feller used to work for me four years ago. He come from over Zanesville way and he died of the consumption in my cellar, but he told me a lot about himself, and as soon as Mr. Pierce started talking I seen right off he must 'a' been this, now, William Edderly, and so—"

George's eyes were blazing. Color surged back into Kay's cheeks. Melrose was shaking Botler's arm. "I guessed something like that was afoot! My man, if we turn you loose, will you sign a confession to that effect?"

Botler's putty nose wrinkled in the strangest smile. "You write it out and I'll sign it, mister," he said.

All the way home he took Pierce's berating in complete silence. Seemed Mrs. Burke had put her old baby carriage on the trash pile. You gotta break them things up before the wagon'll take them, so Botler went to change from his Sunday suit. Pierce stormed on toward apoplexy.

"Will you tell me what'n hell's the matter with that half-witted mutt?" he demanded. "If he hadn't signed that crazy paper, I could prove—"

Father McCleenan gazed at the crayon portrait.

"For a lawyer, Mr. Pierce, you're not so accurate," he mused. "All of 'em gentlemen—and one janitor, says you. Well, it's *all* of them, d'ye mind! It's *all* of them!"

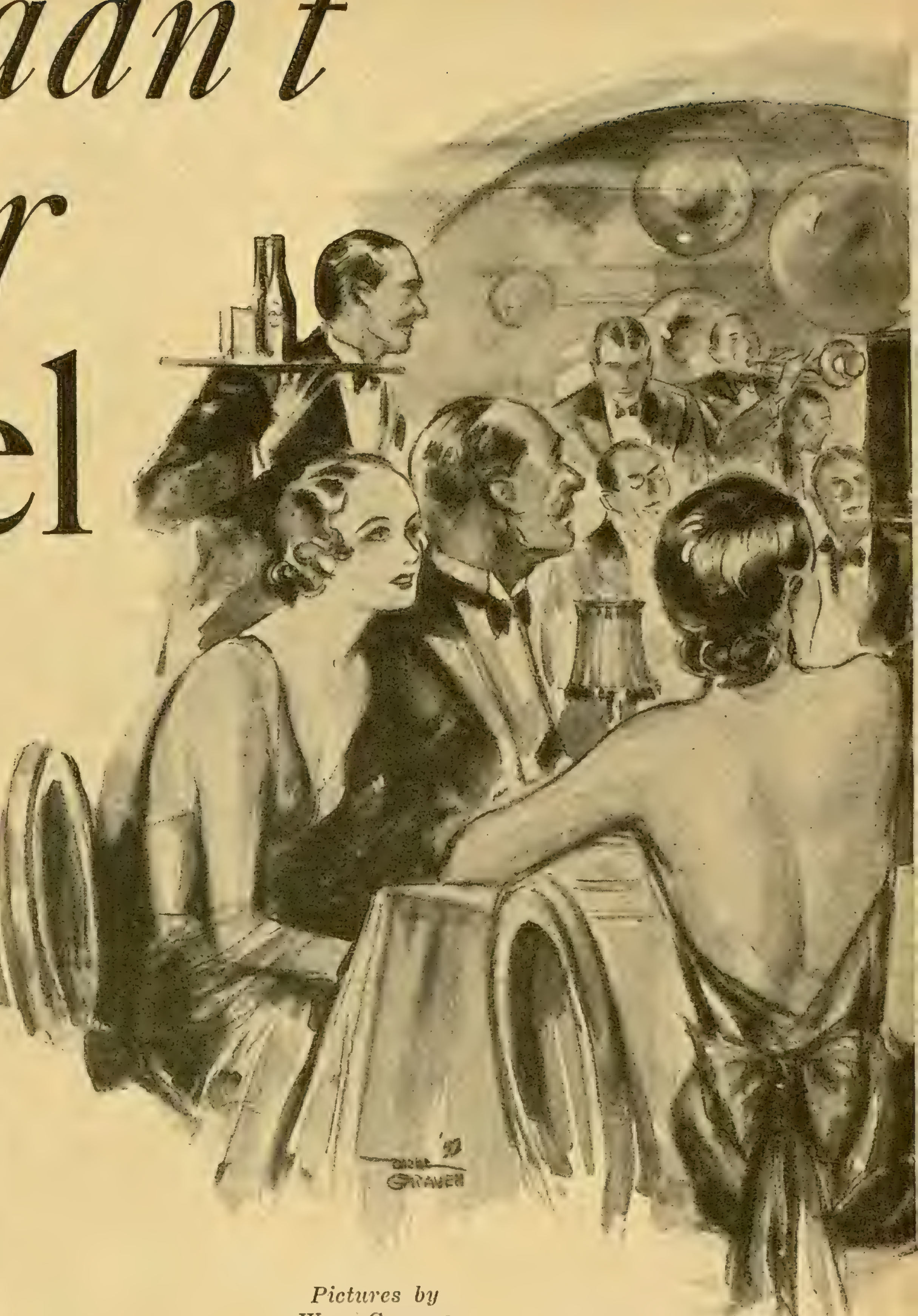
THE END

If It Hadn't Been for Laurel

The Story of a Divorcee Who Put up a Bluff and What Happened When It Was Called

By

ELISABETH
SANXAY
HOLDING



Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN

(Reading time: 22 minutes 5 seconds.)

THOSE exercises made her so tired that she wanted to cry, and the cold shower failed to produce a glow. She felt miserable.

There was a knock at the door; putting on her bathrobe, she went into the sitting room of the suite and opened the door for the waiter to wheel in a table. And when he had gone, she did cry. Such a wretched illusion of a breakfast: a glass of orange-and-lemon juice, a pot of black coffee, a slice of Dr. Denbroff's Weightaway bread—and all the mockery of a white tablecloth, spoons, even a knife and fork.

"If I could have a little tiny bit of butter," she thought, "or even one lump of sugar."

But when she had eaten what there was and had lit a cigarette, she grew resigned.

"Anyway, I've lost eleven pounds," she thought. "Laurel will be amazed."

Rising, she went to the window.

"It's a lovely day for her to come home. We're going to be so wonderfully happy. Like the beginning of a new life for me."

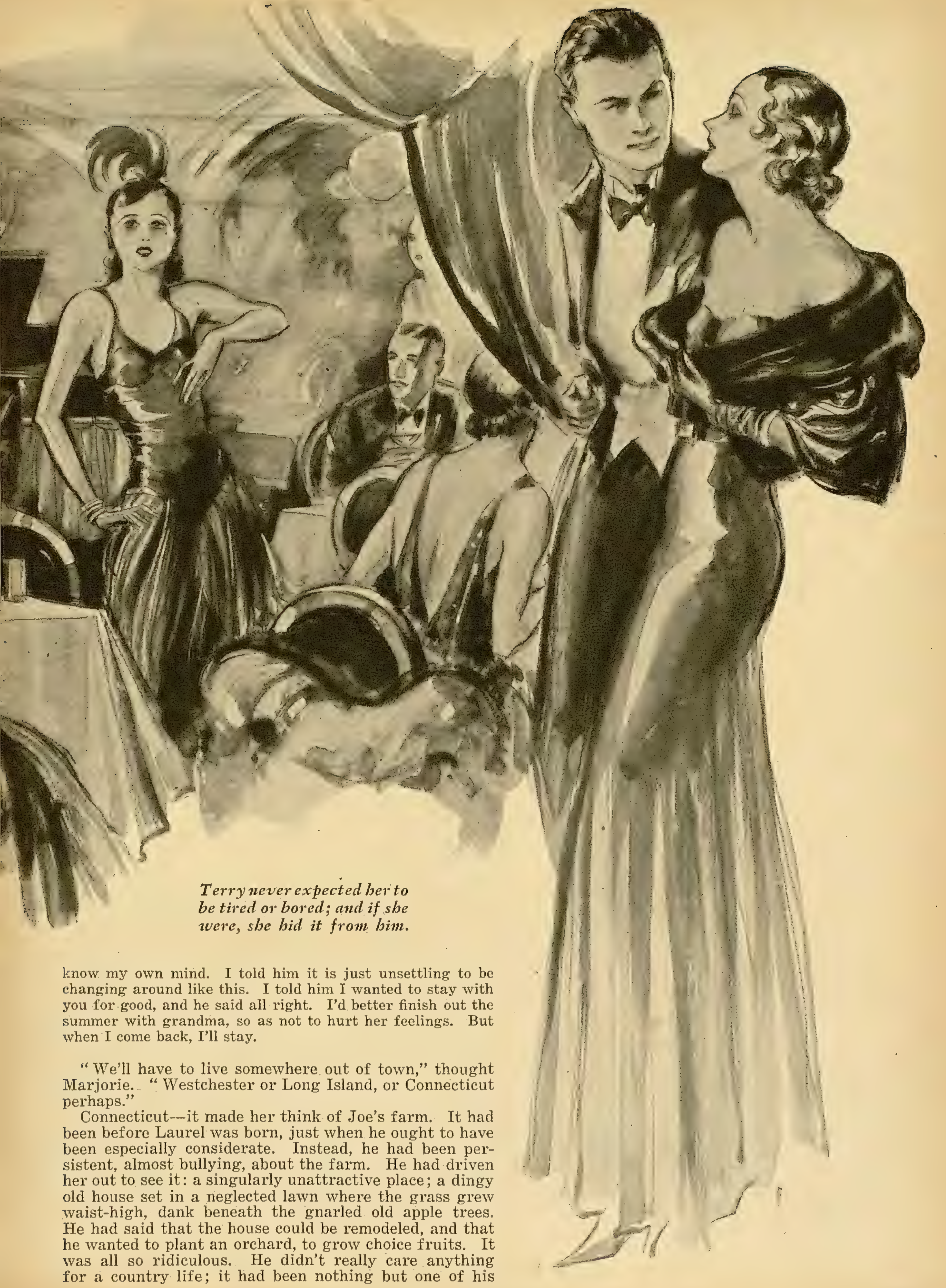
Her spirits were rising fast; a joyous excitement ran through her. She put on her "foundation garment" of pink satin and lace, the sheer stockings, the sandals that so became her narrow feet. In the full-length mirror of the bathroom she saw herself, slender, long-limbed, wonderfully young, not a line in her pretty face, not a touch of gray in her shining brown hair.

"It's worth it," she thought. "Also that diet and exercise—everything. Laurel needn't be ashamed of her mother."

The white satin blouse brought out the fairness of her skin; the dark skirt fitted smoothly over her slim hips. She used just a touch of lipstick, a very little mascara, and no rouge this morning; happy expectation had brought soft color to her cheeks.

It was six months since she had last seen Laurel—not since May. But it would be the last of these miserable separations. Laurel had managed that of her own accord.

MOTHER DEAR [she had written in her unformed hand, in those touchingly artless phrases]: I've had a long talk with father. I've pointed out to him that I'm nineteen now, and I

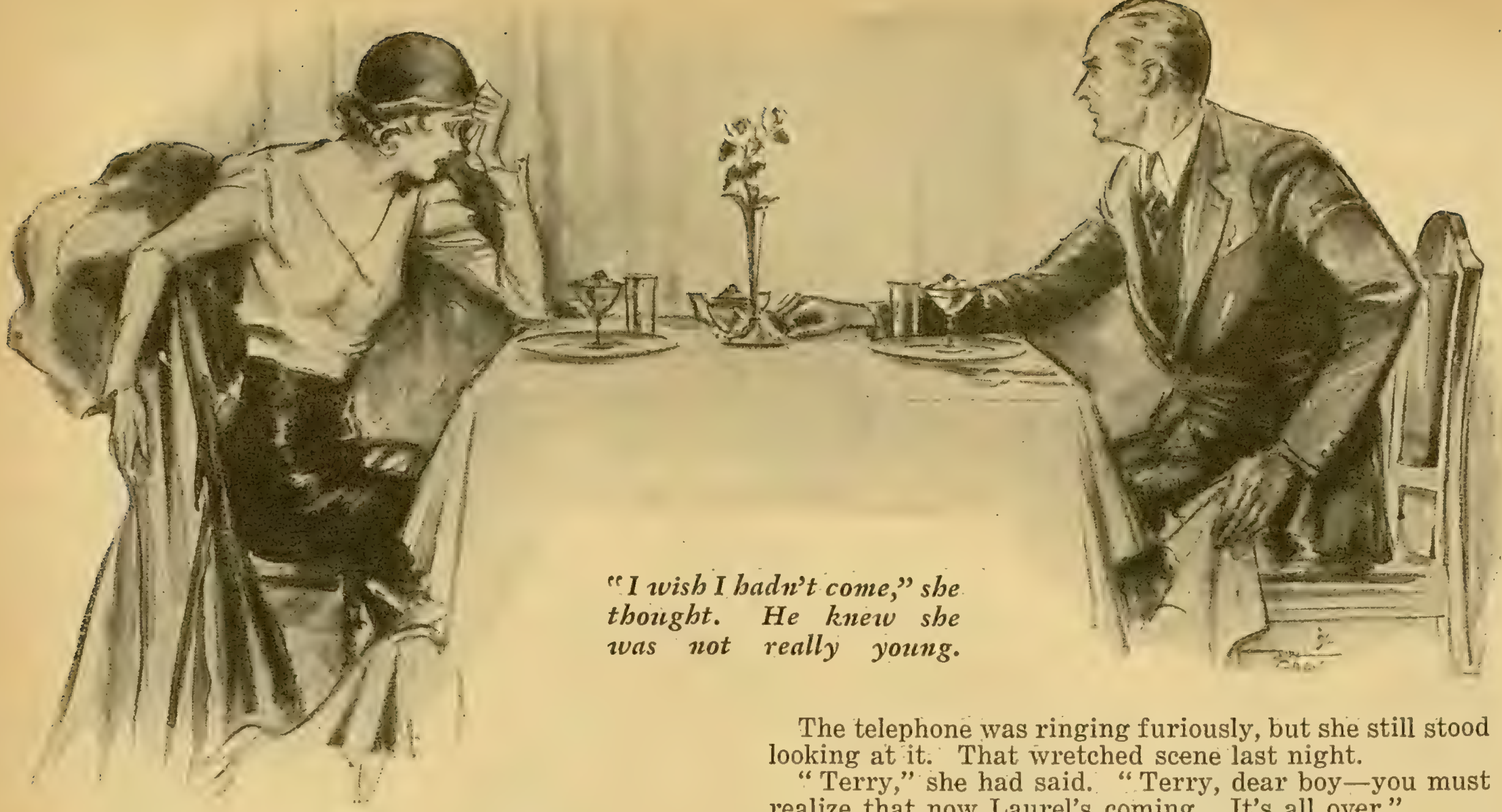


Terry never expected her to be tired or bored; and if she were, she hid it from him.

know my own mind. I told him it is just unsettling to be changing around like this. I told him I wanted to stay with you for good, and he said all right. I'd better finish out the summer with grandma, so as not to hurt her feelings. But when I come back, I'll stay.

"We'll have to live somewhere out of town," thought Marjorie. "Westchester or Long Island, or Connecticut perhaps."

Connecticut—it made her think of Joe's farm. It had been before Laurel was born, just when he ought to have been especially considerate. Instead, he had been persistent, almost bullying, about the farm. He had driven her out to see it: a singularly unattractive place; a dingy old house set in a neglected lawn where the grass grew waist-high, dank beneath the gnarled old apple trees. He had said that the house could be remodeled, and that he wanted to plant an orchard, to grow choice fruits. It was all so ridiculous. He didn't really care anything for a country life; it had been nothing but one of his



"I wish I hadn't come," she thought. He knew she was not really young.

violent enthusiasms, which would certainly not have lasted long.

"The proper life for Laurel," he had said. "A home for the child."

"You're not really thinking of Laurel at all," she had retorted. "It's simply what you want to do yourself."

They had quarreled bitterly over that farm. It was strange to remember how often she had lost her temper in those days, how vehement she had been.

"And I upset Joe just as much," she thought. "We were fundamentally unsuited to each other. I tried, and I think he did too, but it was no use."

They had endured until Laurel was fourteen and in school in Switzerland. Then they had parted, agreeing—better, showing more consideration toward each other over the details of their separation than ever they had in daily life. Laurel went to her mother, but of her own accord. Marjorie had preferred it. The child should spend the summer months with her father.

There had been nothing then to prevent his buying a farm. But of course he hadn't. He had really not known what to do with his daughter; and it had ended by Laurel going every summer to her grandmother's where her father came for week-ends.

"Next summer," thought Marjorie, "we'll go to France."

The future was almost incredibly sweet to contemplate. Laurel was done with school now, and didn't want to go to college, or study anything, or do anything in particular. They would find a new house, buy a car. It would be a wonderful sort of life, with Laurel's friends in and out all the time, a gay little stir in the air.

SHE glanced at her watch. The French class met this morning at Paula's. She didn't want to miss it again. She was taking her fur-trimmed coat from its hanger when the telephone rang.

A little tremor came upon her, whether of joy or pain she did not know. "Terry," she thought.

For months since that June day at the Yacht Club he had telephoned every morning. His call had been the real beginning of the day. And Terry himself had been the center of her life. For the days when he had time enough to meet her for lunch, she had broken any other engagement upon any sort of pretext, and at least two evenings a week were kept for him.

She had given up so much for him, more than he would ever know. She had been so patient with him, so gentle.

The telephone was ringing furiously, but she still stood looking at it. That wretched scene last night.

"Terry," she had said. "Terry, dear boy—you must realize that now Laurel's coming. It's all over."

He had said cruel things, horrible things.

"Those times haven't been so dear to me," he had said. "It's been hell to me. I love you, but you don't know what love is. If you cared even half as much as I do, you'd marry me."

"Terry," she had said unsteadily, "you're so young—some day you'll understand. Don't spoil everything—all the memory of our friendship—"

"I didn't want—friendship!" he had cried. "You knew it. You—it's like speaking to someone deaf to tell you I love you. You're hard."

She had let him say it. But she had held firm. Now that Laurel was coming home to her, all that was over.

"You mean, then, that you never want to set eyes on me again?" he had asked. Then she had turned to him with bitterness.

"No! It's you who insist upon that! I want to keep on seeing you. We could see each other—if you weren't so unreasonable—and unkind. If you'd be my friend, now, when I need a friend—"

THE telephone stopped ringing. Better so. But it began again, and with a faint frown she lifted the receiver.

"Marjorie?"

"Joe!" she said, startled.

"I hope I haven't got you up too early. The thing is—can you spare me a little time today? Lunch out with me perhaps?"

She did not answer for a moment.

"If you think there's any use—" she said at last.

"The Vanderbilt, shall we say? Twelve—one—any time that suits you."

"Twelve, then," she said.

It disturbed her profoundly, the sound of his voice, the prospect of meeting him so soon, after three years—

She decided not to go to the French class after all; she was upset now, nervous and half angry. This was to have been such a happy day, the day of Laurel's homecoming, and Joe had ruined it. If he had anything to say, how much better to leave it to their lawyers. She remembered those queer messages sent through lawyers during the divorce proceedings. Mrs. Crane would like to have the small rosewood cabinet in the drawing-room. Mr. Crane would like to retain the onyx desk set. They had so politely given way to each other in all these trifles when their lawyers were acting, and they had disagreed so bitterly about other trifles before there had been any lawyers.

She was determined to be on time for this meeting.

It was one of Joe's most irritating delusions that she was always late; that all women were. He ignored the times he kept her waiting, came late without any apology, just a brief explanation about a conference, a board meeting.

"I'll walk," she thought. "That will give me half my three miles."

Dr. Denbroff ordered three miles, to be walked in under an hour; and it was so difficult to calculate the time, being stopped so often for traffic. She walked on at the rate of a block a minute, and it made things so harassing to watch the time like that. Crosstown blocks were longer.

Five minutes to twelve when she saw the hotel. And somehow the sight of it combined with her feeling of haste made her remember Jack. Queer to think of him just now after so long. How many years? It had been during the second year of the war that she used to come here to meet Jack, hurry like this. A dear boy. Fair-haired and slender, so wonderfully attractive in his smart British uniform. No one had ever known what Jack had meant to her. Certainly Joe hadn't; he never noticed anything. He hadn't even seen how thin and pale she had become after Jack left. She thought of that last time with Jack. They had taken a taxi after lunch and he had made love to her desperately, dangerously.

"If it hadn't been for Laurel—" she thought.

If it hadn't been for Laurel she would have been reckless, magnificently reckless. But she had put Laurel, her baby, first. She had sent Jack away with the first and last kiss they were ever to exchange, and he had been killed almost as soon as he had got back to France.

Well, she had got over it. Life went on. And this morning she could feel a sorrowful satisfaction in her sacrifice. She entered the hotel with a downcast air.

Joe was already there; she saw him before he saw her. She had a moment's opportunity to study him. He was a little stouter, his hair grayer, there were more little lines at the corners of his eyes. Yet he was the man she knew better than she knew anyone else on earth. She had seen him ardent, tender, irritable, worried. She had seen him wilted with a cold, and coolly elated after a successful business coup. She knew what he ate and drank, what he thought and felt.

She was amazed by the tears that rose in her eyes as he came forward.

"Well," he said, and for the first time she saw him awkward and embarrassed. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he held out his hand. She took it and almost laughed at her own impulse to give him that utterly meaningless little wifely kiss that had been so fixed a habit. He had engaged the best possible table. The head waiter was obsequious. Typical of Joe, all this; he always knew how to obtain the most obsequious service.

"I am so happy my skin is now clear"

● And it is all so simple.

It only seemed yesterday she felt discouraged and so conscious of a pimply skin . . . now to have it clear . . . why, of course she is very happy.

A friend had urged her to do as she had done . . . reasoned that the "trouble" probably came from within the body—the blood.

She followed her advice to take S.S.S. Tonic . . . three times a day *just* before each meal. The right starting point was to assist in better assimilating food in the stomach . . . but more than that was necessary . . . the strengthening of the blood-cells, making it possible for them to carry more oxygen from the lungs right to the skin tissues . . . to carry away more body poisons.

What happened? First, she felt better. Pep replaced a tired-worn-out-let-down-feeling . . . she awoke every morning more cheerful and gradually her skin took on a clear, healthy tone. Then when she added powder and lipstick . . . what a difference! Do you wonder she is happy? No more open dates now.

You owe it to yourself and associates to try S.S.S. Tonic . . . a very old, acceptable, successful product. It will not interfere with any other medicine you may desire to take at the same time.

S.S.S. is obtainable in any drug store . . . it is liquid of course . . . never sold in tablet form.

We invite you to take a course of S.S.S. Tonic . . . its positive action, demonstrated by modern scientific methods, is your guarantee of satisfaction—its benefits will surprise you.

Some unethical stores will, for selfish reasons, always try to "switch" you to substitutes. Remember, *no other medicine made* has the same formula as S.S.S.—the time tried Tonic.

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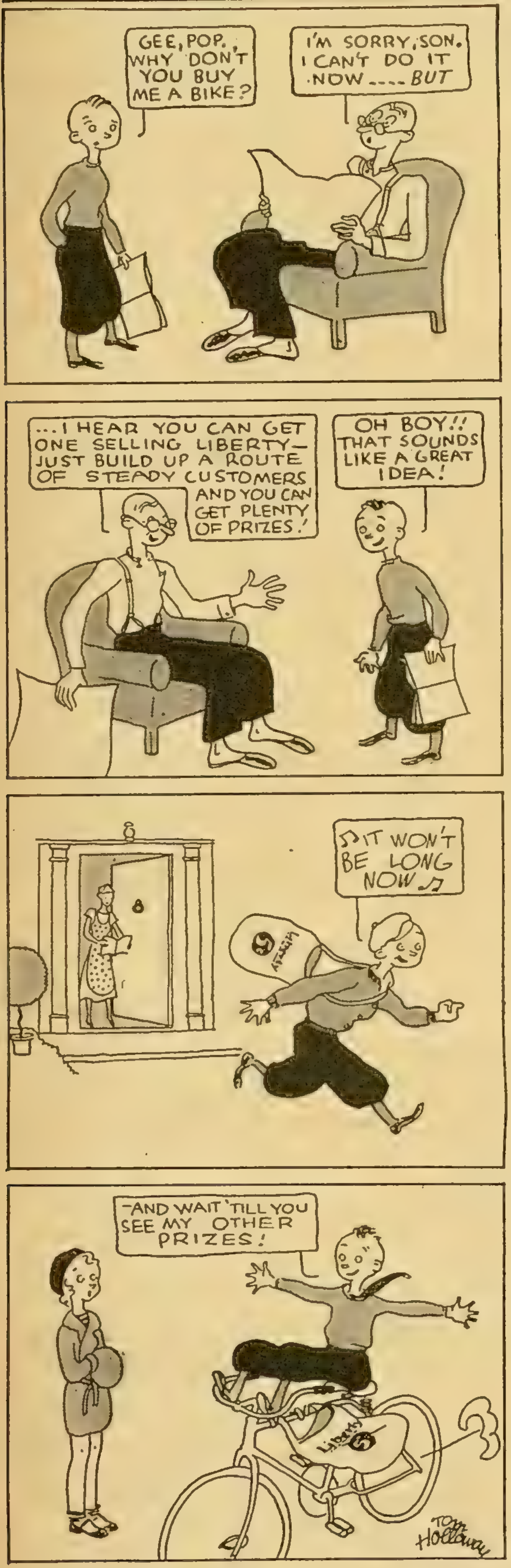
To make profits as well as sales, do your selling where sales are thickest and cost less to make. And in backing up your salesmen with advertising, remember—**Liberty concentrates a greater part of its circulation in the cities of 10,000 and over than any other magazine!**

"All things come to him who hustles while he waits"


GEE, POP, WHY DON'T YOU BUY ME A BIKE?
I'M SORRY, SON. I CAN'T DO IT NOW.... BUT
...I HEAR YOU CAN GET ONE SELLING LIBERTY— JUST BUILD UP A ROUTE OF STEADY CUSTOMERS
AND YOU CAN GET PLENTY OF PRIZES!
OH BOY!! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT IDEA!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW ♫
-AND WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE MY OTHER PRIZES!

Mail this coupon now! Lib.:1-28-33

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Macfadden Publications, Inc.,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and earn money and prizes.

NAME........................AGE......

ADDRESS....................................

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Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:

....

Money alone wouldn't do that. There really was something about him.

"Crab cocktail, Marjorie?"

"No, thanks. Bouillon, please, and vegetable salad."

She snapped open her cigarette case, trying not even to listen to what he would order. The woman at the next table was having lobster mayonnaise.

"I'll take the same," he said. "I've been putting on weight. Hardest thing in the world to get rid of it. I'm trying medicine ball. Pretty strenuous, too."

He didn't even notice that she was so much thinner. He didn't really notice her at all; simply took her for granted.

"Why did you want to see me, Joe?" she asked evenly.

"Well—" he said. "It's a bit difficult, in a way—"

"If it's anything to do with Laurel—"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, it is."

Her color deepened.

"You want to take Laurel away from me, of course," she said. "You've always wanted to."

"No," he said flatly. "I haven't before. If you'll look back over the whole thing, I think you'll admit that I've given you your way all along the line. I let that faked evidence be brought against me, and that's a dirty business—"

"Everyone understands that sort of thing. You know very well it hasn't hurt you, either in business or socially. And you wouldn't have done it if you hadn't been more than willing to let me go."

"It wasn't quite like that. It was simply that I wouldn't try to hold you when you wanted to go."

"Are you going to pose as a martyr now?" she demanded. "Our marriage wasn't any happier for you than for me."

"I was happy enough. As happy as most men."

"That's a base way to look at it!" she cried. "A marriage that isn't founded on love is a horrible thing."

"Well," he said, "it seems to me that after forty it's time to have a different idea of love. It's time to be a little less romantic and exacting and a little more tolerant."

HIS words hurt and angered her horribly. She would not trust herself to speak for a moment. She sat downcast, recalling what Dr. Denbroff had said only yesterday:

"Dear lady, forget your age. There is no such thing as age. When a woman is slender, graceful, charming, she is young. You are young. Say it to yourself a dozen times a day: 'I am a young and charming woman.'"

"And it's true," she thought. "Terry thinks so."

Terry knew, of course, that she had a daughter of nineteen, but it seemed to mean nothing to him. He never expected her to be tired or bored; and if ever she were, she hid it from him with perfect success.

It seemed to her now that Joe was trying to spoil all that, to drag her down, make her old.

"What's your idea about Laurel?" she asked. "Perhaps you don't know that she wrote to me from your mother's. She said she wanted to live with me, to stay with me permanently."

"Yes, I know it," he said with a sigh. "She always was your child. Always absolutely loyal to you."

"And to you. She's never said—"

"Laurel doesn't say much," he interposed. "But I'm not denying that she wants to come to you. She's got the idea that you need her."

"Perhaps—I do."

"That's the point," he said. "That's what I want to talk about. It's not easy, either. You're very hard to talk to."

"Why?" she asked coldly.

He smiled with a sort of friendly cynicism.

"Most women are," he said. "However, it's this. It's this young fellow—this Terry Evans."

IT was horrible to hear his name spoken by Joe.

"You've been listening to gossip, to scandal," she said. "And you've believed it, of course. You believe—that he's my lover!"

"It's good enough for me if you say he's not. However, I've been told that you've refused to marry him on Laurel's account."

"Well?"

"Is that true?" he asked.

He was looking at her steadily, a look that startled and angered her.

"What if it is?"

"I want to know."

"I can't admit that you have any right to ask me that question."

"I've only got one right: I'm still Laurel's father."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Just this," he said. "What I've heard, she's going to hear, too. Certain to. And she's like you, you know. She's got the same ideas about love. It will just about break her heart to learn that you've given up"—he paused—"given up the greatest thing in life for her sake. Fact is, I think she'll blame you. She'll think it's a wrong thing—to give up love. I've heard her talk about it. She and another girl she had out there. Love should come first. They were talking about some poetess who'd left her husband and children for her lover. They thought she'd done right. She—Laurel's going to be disappointed in you. And I'd hate to see that. She thinks now—"

He paused again. "She was very vehement one night—your name wasn't mentioned, naturally, but it was you she meant. 'I think it's splendid for a woman to refuse to go on with a loveless marriage!' You know the way she talks."

"And I suppose you don't think so? You think that on Laurel's account I should have seen it through?"

"No," he answered. "No. With your ideals, you were quite right to do as you did. Trouble is, you're not living up to your ideals."

"I have," she said briefly. "I've never had a love affair. I've never done anything I'm ashamed of. I made divorce as clean as it could be made. I wouldn't take any alimony."

"No," he said. "It wasn't alimony you wanted. It—" He stopped as the waiter removed the soup plates and set the salad before them.

"Then what did I want, according to your theory?" she asked. Again she encountered that steady glance of his.

"I think I know," he said. "But I may be wrong. You want to marry young Evans, don't you?"

"Since I met Terry Evans," she said, "I've been happy. He's been very wonderful to me."

"Then you want to marry him? You would if it weren't for Laurel?"

"Yes," she said.

"That's what I wanted to know," he said. "Now I don't mind telling you. Laurel wouldn't. Jeanne wants to take her abroad for two years, to study singing, and Laurel wants to go. But she won't leave you. She thinks you need her."

It was like a blow to hear that. She could not speak for a moment.

"If Laurel wants to study abroad, I'll take her," she said unsteadily. "She might have known that."

"The point is that Jeanne knows these musical people and you don't. You wouldn't like 'em if you did! Any more than I do. Jeanne can give her introductions, take her places—"

"If Laurel wants to go with her aunt, she might know I wouldn't stand in the way."

"Laurel won't leave you while she thinks you need her. But if you marry young Evans—"

"Do you imagine she'd like that? For her mother to marry that boy?"

"He wouldn't seem like a boy to Laurel. Twenty-seven or -eight, isn't he? That's not a boy—to eighteen. No; if you marry him, everything will be all right with her. If you announce the engagement now, she'll be willing to go with Jeanne next month."

"DO you think I'd have a formal engagement?"

"Why not?"

"It would be ridiculous!"

"Then you'd slip off and get married and put a notice in the paper."

"Why are you so very keen about this? Is it because you want to marry again yourself?"

"I do not," he said with emphasis. "Once is enough."

"That's polite and kind," she said bitterly.

"I don't know," he said. "I think it's both. I got used to being married to you. Sixteen years. I shouldn't like to go through the job of getting used to anyone else. And, what's more, all the things you didn't like about me are still there, and probably no other woman would like them either. I don't notice a woman's clothes. I don't say the right things. I still go to sleep at one of those serious plays. And since they've taken up contract—Lord! you'd want to murder me!"

"You haven't answered me. Why are you so anxious for me to marry Terry?"

"Well," he said, "I'm not. What I really want to do is to call your bluff."

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"Marjorie," he said, "I've wanted to do this for a long time—for years. But I never had the nerve. Now I have."

She laid down her fork with a hand that trembled.

"What do you mean?"

"You said you didn't want alimony. That was right. There was just one thing you wanted, and you always managed to get it. You wanted an alibi."

"You shan't—"

"I mean it in the popular sense," he went on. "The excuse. When I first knew you, I saw that when you wanted a trip South, it was your health. When you wanted a new fur coat, it was my position to be kept up."

"Stop!"

"I'M going on. When Laurel was born, she was the one great alibi. There was that young English fellow—that lieutenant. After you'd led him on and then sent him away, you used to sit with Laurel in your arms and cry."

"You—thought things like that—even then?"

"Oh, long before then!" he answered her. "And now I'd be willing to bet that while you're starving yourself—ruining your health to get thin—you're kidding yourself that it's for some noble purpose."

She pushed away her plate.

"And it's the same thing with this poor young devil of an Evans. You wouldn't marry the boy for anything on God's earth. He bores you. And you want to make a sad, beautiful sacrifice of it."

She half rose and then sat down again.

"You—" she began in a shaken voice. "Oh, see what you've done! I've got to get away!"

"Drink some water."

She sipped a little ice water, struggling with the sobs that constricted her throat, and he sat silent until she had recovered herself.

"I'm going now," she said. "You've said enough. Perhaps you're right. But it's not very pleasant. To think you've been hiding that contempt for me all these years—"

"It's not contempt," he said. "Remember the time I took you on to that convention in Buffalo? You didn't like it when I sat in a game of poker one night and lost a lot. But I've always enjoyed a game of poker, and I've always admired a good bluffer."

"No!" she said. "Don't try to

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 21

1—Those who joined the gold rush to California in 1849.

2—William Makepeace Thackeray.

3—Colombia, South America.

4—A native wild dog of Australia.

5—Colombia.

6—Samuel Butler in Hudibras.

7—In 1707.

8—The Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria.

9—Georges Bizet.

10—In Arbuthnot's satire, The History of John Bull.

11—While the front extends above the knee the back is cut away to permit the leg to bend comfortably.

12—Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.

13—Mrs. Richard Lert.

14—Tobacco.

15—The first is a model or pattern; the second is something subordinate or accessory.

16—Only of Asia.

17—From 68.7 to 69.4, depending on the distance from the equator.

18—Six hundred and forty.

19—From coca leaves.

20—Abyssinia.

THE ANSWER TO THE DENTAL CREAM QUESTION

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My baby is____months old.
I expect my baby on or about (date)________

*Name*________________
*Address*________________
*City*__________*State*______
Please print name and address plainly

palliate what you said. You meant it, every word. You believe—I'm a hypocrite!"

"Only a bluffer, my dear."

"Very well. You've called my bluff. I don't want to marry Terry. I *am* vain. You've succeeded in humiliating me as much as even you could have wished."

"What about a new deal?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Shall we try again? I've missed you. Perhaps I wasn't ideal—but it was good enough for me. If you'll come back to me—I'm not even sure if I'll do much better. I'll try; but I tried before and it didn't work. But if you think we could manage to be moderately happy—"

"That's horrible!" she cried. "I—you couldn't understand how horrible it is to me."

He was silent for a time and she too.

"Oh, I wish—I wish I hadn't come today," she thought.

If she knew him better than she knew anyone else in the world, so he knew her. He knew, had always known, that sore weakness of hers which she had never admitted, even to herself.

He called her a bluffer and she did not mind. He knew she was not really young. He knew how she thought, how she felt.

And there was a queer, bitter comfort in that.

"I can't bluff him," she thought. "He knows what a fraud I am. And still he's willing to try again. But why?"

"Look here, Marjorie," he said. "You look rotten. You're too thin, if you ask me."

"I've lost eleven pounds," she said somberly. "And I feel ninety years old."

"Then look here! Waiter! Bring two orders of lobster mayonnaise. And we'll have pastry with the coffee."

He waited until the man was gone, and, glancing up at him, she felt the stronger sympathy. He knew exactly what she wanted. "It'll do you good," he added. "Every time you went on a diet it affected your nerves."

"I suppose you mean my disposition," she said. "Like you when you cut down on your cigars."

In a moment his hand rested on hers.

"Well?" he said.

Since she had left him her life had been so different, so empty. She had wanted to fill it with Laurel, but Laurel had her own life. Terry really meant nothing to her; he knew no more about her than he did of Cleopatra. She never had been, never would be truly herself for one moment with Terry—with anyone but Joe.

And at five o'clock in the morning he would be as tired as she, and she could tell him she was tired.

"WELL?" he asked again.

"But why do you want me to come back to you?" she asked.

"Even before we were married," he said, "you told me I was a total loss in the Romeo line. And I certainly haven't improved. No practice. But if it's a show-down—I'm afraid I'm pretty fond of you."

Other men had made love to her, said wonderful things. She had felt proud of herself for her unyielding dignity. But that had been just another bluff. It had been because none of their words had ever touched her as these did. If any other man had loved her, he had loved someone who didn't really exist. But Joe knew her and loved her. And perhaps there was nothing else quite so beautiful in life.

Her heart went out to him in tenderness, in relief, in gratitude; it was as if she could at last rest from some wretched and hopeless struggle; as if, after being alone, she had found the one good companion. She brought out her vanity case and powdered her nose. She did look tired today, her eyes hollow. But Joe didn't care.

"Joe," she said with an unsteady smile—"thank you."

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

No Danger

MY brother, four, fresh from a bath, appeared barefooted on the porch. My mother urged him to put on shoes and stockings, warning him he would catch cold.

He looked at her seriously a minute; then said: "You don't need to be afraid I'll catch cold in my feet. They can't cough!"—Louis Striar, 14 Adams Street, Bangor, Maine.

Generous Mother

MY small brother was playing in the yard with two kittens.

Someone passing by asked him: "Arthur, are those your kittens?"

"Yes," came the reply. Then, after a minute's thought, he added in a burst of candor:

"They were our old cat's, but she gave them to me."—Alice Griffin, Great Falls, South Carolina.

Liberty Will Pay
$250 IN CASH PRIZES
FOR THE BEST DINKIES

Write Eight Words and Win $50 or One of the Sixty-three Other Worth-While Cash Awards

OUR Limerick enthusiasts will find this new Dinky writing contest right down their alley. And so will everyone else who likes to do a bit of rhyming once in a while. If you have captured prize money in Liberty Limerick contests this ought to provide easy money for you. It's the same sort of contest. If you are still an amateur Limericker, not having won any of the money awards, this is a brand-new opportunity to score heavily.

Here's how it works. A Dinky is a four-line verse, two words to the line, second and fourth lines rhyming, and tells a complete story or episode as does a Limerick. Here are some examples. No doubt you can think of better Dinkies than these without a moment's hesitation. Go to it! These are just illustrations, not prize entries. Here they are.

Cash prizes!
  John Dover
Wrote Dinky.
  " In clover."

Small boy.
  Fresh paint.
Took taste.
  Now saint.

Long hill.
  No brakes.
Screech! Spill!
  Cuts. Aches.

Get the idea? Then get a pencil and paper and record your masterpieces before you forget it. It may bring you the First Prize of $50 cash. It may bring you second, third, or fourth money. Or place you among the $5 or the $2 winners. Even a $2 prize is easy money. Eight words at that price is a quarter a word. Big money for any literary endeavor! And you'll find it a load of fun, too.

Be sure to write, or print, your name and full address *plainly* on your entry. Entries with incomplete or unreadable addresses will be rejected. Full instructions for submitting your Dinky entry are contained in the brief rules below.

DINKY CONTEST RULES

Each Dinky must consist of four lines of two words each. The second and fourth lines must rhyme.

Each Dinky must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most.

The Dinky which most entertainingly condenses the most complete story within its eight words and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as described above, will be adjudged the best.

For the best entry submitted each week, until further notice, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For the second best, $25; for the third best, $15; for the fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5; and for the next fifty, $2 each will be paid.

Address all entries to DINKY CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This week's contest closes Monday, January 30. Mail your entry in good season.

HERE IS THE CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each .	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money . .	$250

HOME-LIFE CONTEST DEC. 17 PRIZE WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

AUGUSTA STRUMPEN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

TEN $10 PRIZES

Ralph M. Bair, Glenside, Pa.; A. R. Dixon, Sackville, N. B.; Millard S. Gant, Albany, N. Y.; M. Hillyer, Toronto, Ont.; N. Kotik, Montreal, Que.; Dorothy McCabe, Oakmont, Pa.; E. Scott Pattison, New York, N. Y.; George Plews, Berkeley, Calif.; Mrs. George A. Root, Sacramento, Calif.; John H. Vondell, Amherst, Mass.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

W. T. Adderley, Spokane, Wash.; Anthony Bach, Mount Healthy, Ohio; David Beinett, Ridgewood, N. Y.; M. F. Burkhart, Long Beach, Calif.; Hilda H. Bartlett, Oakland, Calif.; Sara Bossin, Toronto, Ont.; John H. Brown, Atchison, Kan.; R. S. Cameron, Iroquois, S. Dak.; W. F. Cook, Sioux City, Iowa; Mrs. E. Dragony, Fairview Village, Ohio; Arthur Flaig, Cincinnati, Ohio; Jack Froebel, San Antonio, Tex.; Walter R. Frederick, Amherst, Ohio; W. O. Grady, Glendale, Calif.; Dr. R. A. Greene, Spokane, Wash.; Margaret Henley, Syracuse, N. Y.; J. Hardcastle, Utica, N. Y.; A. G. Holler, Danville, Calif.

Thomas J. Hopkins, Jr., West Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Inman, Coffeyville, Kan.; Mrs. Thomas Keating, Yonkers, N. Y.; H. W. V. Letkemann, Hayden, Colo.; F. L. Lewis, White Plains, N. Y.; C. E. Lindberg, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Paul P. Mitchell, Watertown, N. Y.; C. S. Mullin, San Antonio, Tex.; Mrs. August Oberlander, Waco, Tex.; Melvin W. Pepper, Milwaukee, Wis.; A. M. Perdue, Elba, Ala.; Anna Plesa, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. E. L. Rice, Richmond, Maine; Mrs. Edith Savchuk, Cleveland, Ohio; Edgar Tangya, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Adeline Thompson, Northville, S. Dak.; Mrs. Constance Tomlinson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. F. F. Vincent, San Diego, Calif.; Hattie Wallace, Montpelier, Vt.; Frederick G. Watson, Jr., New York, N. Y.; John Wolfgang, Salem, Ohio; Mrs. R. P. Williams, Watertown, N. Y.

ANOTHER DINKY CONTEST AND MORE SNAPSHOT PRIZE WINNERS NEXT WEEK

Hell Ho

Hoffman Heads for the Rainbow's End—An Avalanche of Butchery—Loot and Outrage in Galilee—Tattooed with Vileness—The Fall of the Druse Stronghold

(Reading time: 25 minutes 5 seconds.)

THE abrupt, ironic ending of his short-lived romance with the Druse princess Nashalla Mamsoud, which came when he was ordered with the Fifth Squadron to Rasheiya, where her people were about to attack, was set forth with vain regret by the former Legionnaire in last week's installment. He told also of the mysterious murder of four of his comrades in camp during the march, and of the knifing of the brutal Sergeant Lopez in Rasheiya by a girl. He then gave a gripping account of the storming of the city by Druse hordes, and the defense of the citadel. In the midst of this struggle it appeared, during a lull filled with wine-bibbing, that a Russian in the squadron had been the murderer of those four men; he was stood against a wall forthwith.

The citadel was relieved just as the Druses were setting fire to its gates, with bright prospects of taking it. The Fifth Squadron was ordered back to Damascus, where, under martial law, a reign of terror over the natives was in progress. It was there that a Legionnaire named Hoffman proposed to 1384 and McCann that they desert with him and "become rich men."

PART EIGHT—IN THE MEZZRA BOWL

HAW, don't be crazy," growled McCann. "The hooch has gone to your head."

"Shut up, Mac!" I said. "What's the idea, Hoffman? Is this a joke of yours?"

"I do not joke, Barrington. Listen. Tomorrow night I shall desert. I am joining the bandits, and I shall live in the Lebanon Mountains henceforth. I have met a Syrian girl—"

"Ah!" smiled McCann. "Nice cup o' tea?"

"No, no! Not so! She is what you would call a fine girl. Her father is a big chief among these Druse bandits. He has been traveling in Europe and has a gang of gun runners serving him. Already he has two hundred and fifty brand-new rifles. He is very rich. He wants a number of us fellows from the Legion to help drill his men. He is raising an army. He will drive out the French one day."

"Hot dog!" laughed McCann. "What an ambition that is! Who wants to drive out the French, anyway? They can have the damned country so far as I'm concerned. And how d'ya know this old joker is rich?"

"I do not lie. Look!"

Hoffman bent over the table and spread out for our benefit some five thousand francs.

"There is plenty more! And soon I shall be at the head of thousands of well drilled men. Now, my friends, what will you do? Come! Leave this filthy, rotten Legion that pays you only a few sous a day. There are five others coming with me. I will not tell you who they are. You will know soon enough."

"Hell, Barrington! I'm not saying this doesn't appeal to me."

I shook my head, telling McCann to go if he wished, though, heavens knows, it would not be my wish. Nevertheless I myself should desert when the time came. But not in this way. I had not been idle, for I had learned that Nashalla had left Homs. Where she was I could not discover, but I was only waiting for a sign.

"No, Hoffman. You can count me out. I don't trust these bandits of Druses. They are worse than the Sultan Atrash's army, always squabbling among themselves. There'll be trouble over the loot and the women and that sort of thing. I know the game."

He shrugged his shoulders and stared expectantly at McCann.

"Well, Barrington, you and me have had some tough breaks together. I guess I stand by what you say, boy. We'll pass it up this trip. Yeah?"

Hoffman was visibly disappointed. Apparently he had counted on us, knowing us to be the Skipper's own trained crack shots.

"Quit worrying, Hoffman. You know your little getaway is safe with us."

"I know, I know, friend McCann. It is not of that I am worrying. I had hoped you would come. Well," with another characteristic shrug, "it cannot be."

McCann laughed suddenly.

"Say, Hoffman! Have you thought how this might turn out? D'ya know, we may run on to you in the hills some day and slaughter the lot of you!"

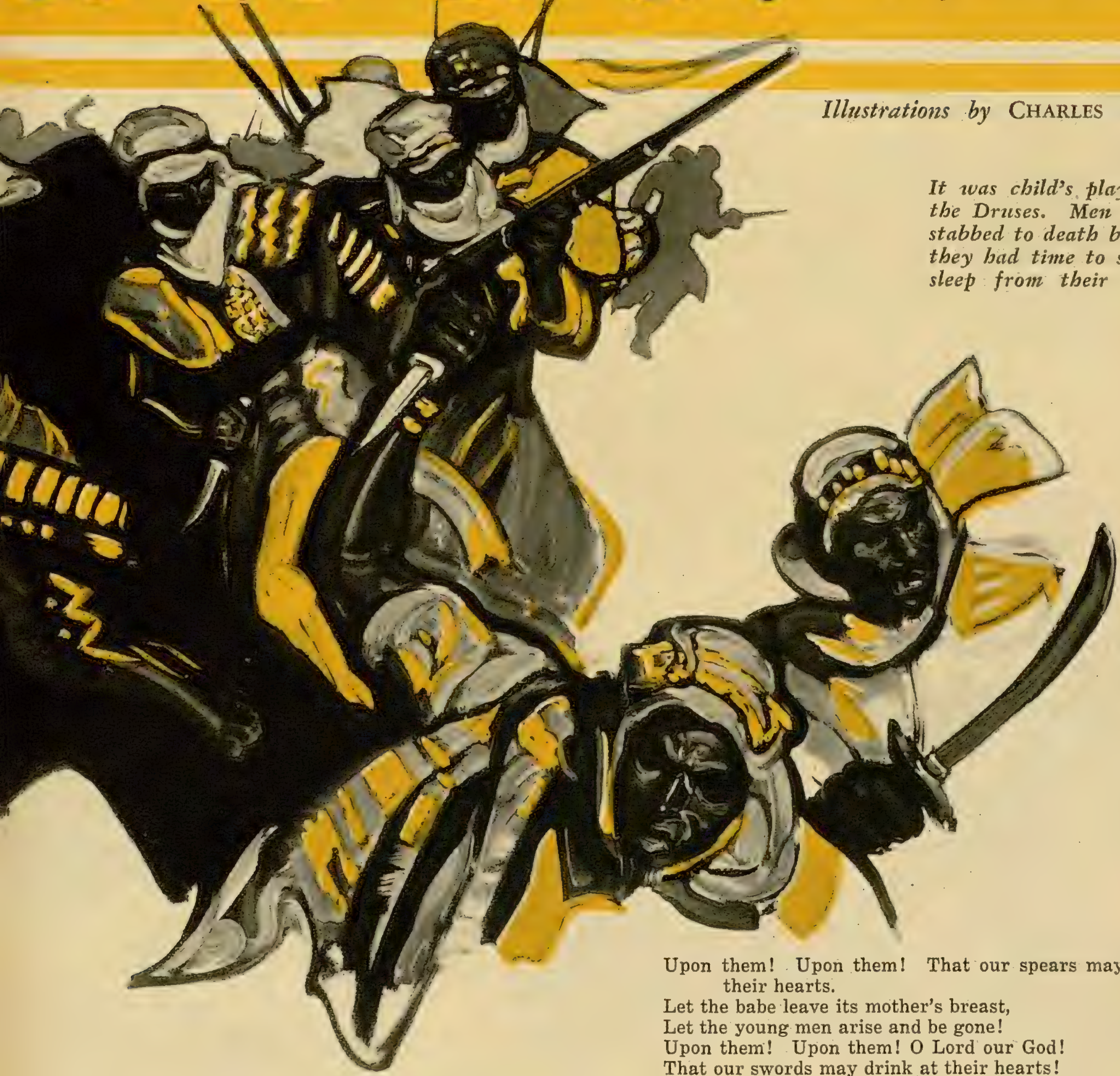
I must confess I had not looked at it in that light, but Hoffman only smiled in his fatalistic way.

"Today we are very good friends," he said. "Another day, maybe, we shall cut each other's throats. Who can say? It is what you call all in life! Once the Germans fought the English and the American. Now they

unds!

By
EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384
In Collaboration with
W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Illustrations by CHARLES DE FEO



It was child's play for the Druses. Men were stabbed to death before they had time to shake sleep from their eyes.

fight side by side in the Legion. What is the difference, my friends?"

"If you look at it that way, there ain't any difference. A man fights, gets his rations and his loot and his nice cup o' tea now and then. No difference at all!"

"Well, my friends, I am very disappointed that you do not come. I like you both. I would rather have you two behind me in a fight than anyone I know."

"Haw! Cut it out, boy, cut it out! Come on! Let's have some hooch!"

We drank—to our next meeting!

Three drunken Legionnaires returned to barracks that night, one of them to spend his last night with the Legion. As he said, it was all in life. Apparently he had gone very deeply into the task that lay before him, for next morning he handed to me a slip of paper on which he had written, and transcribed into English, the battle chant of the Druses:

Upon them! Upon them! O Lord our God!
That the foe may fall in swathes before our swords.
Upon them! Upon them! That our spears may drink at their hearts.
Let the babe leave its mother's breast,
Let the young men arise and be gone!
Upon them! Upon them! O Lord our God!
That our swords may drink at their hearts!

ALL considered, it seemed a particularly bloodthirsty sort of chant.

But, after all, was there much difference between that chant and the hymns and prayers of other nationalities during war?

The following day another bunch of Legionnaires had gone. Hoffman and his merry men had deserted. The usual patrol was dispatched in search of them, but returned with nothing to report.

"I almost wish I'd gone with the b——s," growled McCann. "Oh, boy, just fancy you and me leading a bunch of lousy Arabs in a charge against the Legion."

He reflected and spat angrily.

"Cripe! How in hell can we fancy any such thing! I'd like to see that mob facing the Skipper when he's well primed, eh? Barrington, you son of a gun, you were dead right. That wasn't our trip!"

After all, I can offer no more damning indictment against the French authorities than this: the appalling massacre in the Mezzra Bowl. It was as if some giant hand had picked up a whole army of men and guns, equipment, accouterments, tanks, transport and beasts, and dropped them all pell-mell into a seething caldron. I doubt if there has ever been anything quite like this astounding blunder in all military history.

Mezzra lies in a huge bowl almost entirely surrounded by mountains. It is commonly called the Mezzra Bowl, and lies some little distance below the town of Souider, the stronghold of the Druses. Naturally it is well watched by the Druses, since by its very nature it makes an admirable trap. Which is another reason why this bloody massacre ought never to have taken place. We of the Legion cavalry, the indomitable Fifth, headed a column marching on Souider. The column consisted of Legion infantry, four French batteries of seventy-fives, three battalions of Colonials, four squadrons of French cavalry, a tank corps, and transport. A goodly crowd to move about anywhere, let alone through the mountainous district of the Jebel Druses.

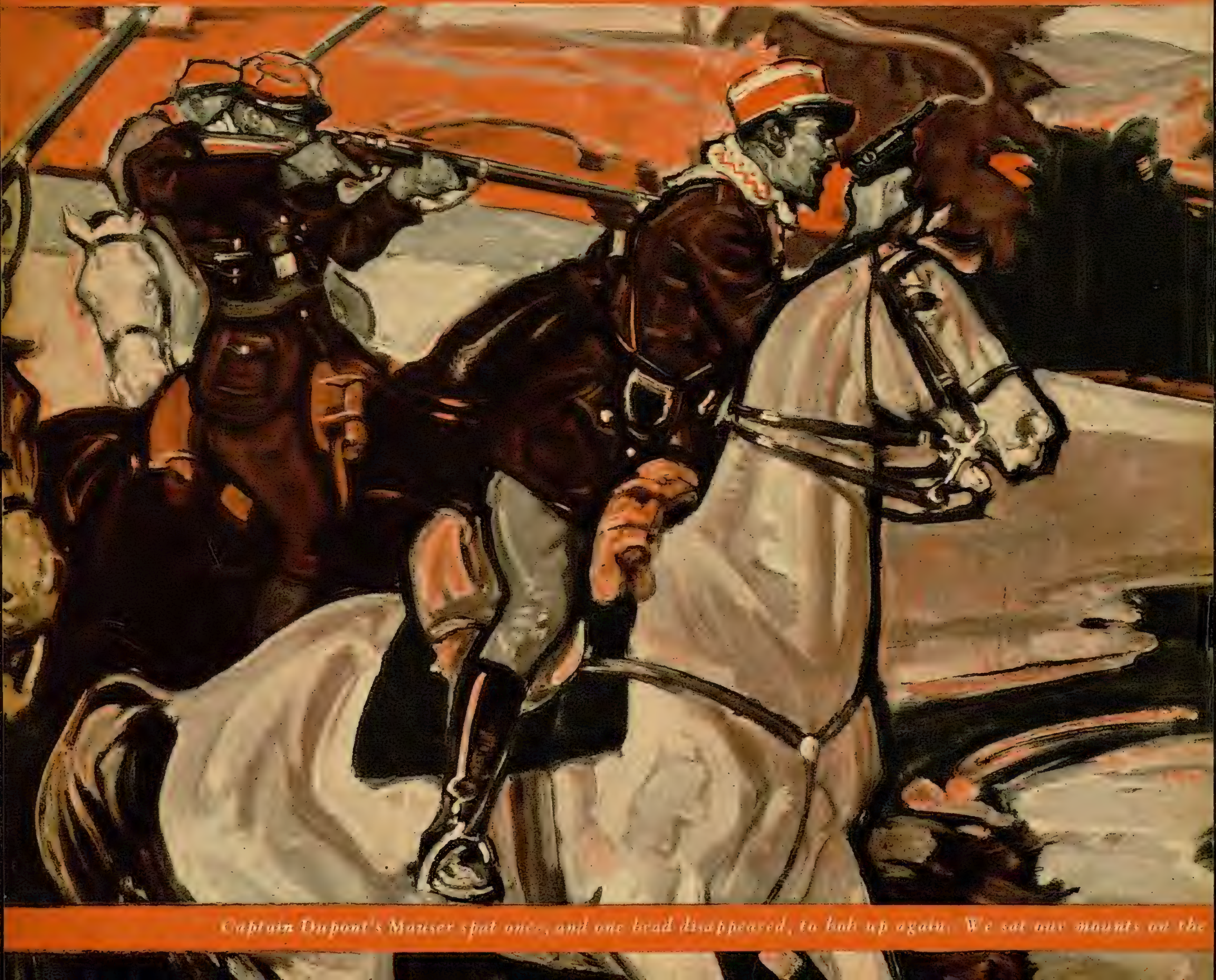
Our squadron, spread out, was the dredger and guard for the advancing column, and we marched a day ahead of the rest. As usual, we were apportioned the job of heading off any trouble that might happen along, and so leaving the way clear for the advancing column. In this particular case, however, our position was the means of saving us from being cut to bits when the avalanche came.

We reached the Mezzra Bowl and would have passed on, but were called back by the colonel. *He had decided that the column should camp in the Bowl for the night!* But for their protection the Fifth was to turn back and cover a village in the rear. That command was the most fortunate that had ever been given to the Fifth! In effect it ordered us out of the Bowl. We were to cover the rear flanks. Why, nobody knew.

The mission of the column was the relief of a small French force that was being besieged in Souider. Mezzra is some five miles or so below Souider. Yet instead of keeping our position in advance of the column we were turned back to cover a village in the rear while the column camped for a night in the Mezzra Bowl! It was, to say the least, an extraordinary situation.

THE camp was quiet when we left it behind, but we had hardly got in sight of the village in question when the terrifying avalanche descended. Literally out of the blue of the mountain mists came twenty thousand Druses. Imagine the confusion, the amazing pandemonium that ensued! Of what earthly use were tanks and big guns? Men were stabbed to death before they could swing the guns. The column was trapped as no column had ever been trapped before.

It was child's play for the Druses. They simply love hand-to-hand fighting, and in that respect they had the time of their lives! Several hundred men were slain before they had time to shake the sleep from their eyes. Horses stampeded, commanders were yelling orders in all directions, utterly useless and imbecile commands that



Captain Dupont's Mauser spat once, and one head disappeared, to bob up again. We sat our mounts on the no man could hear or could have obeyed had he heard. The Druses from the first moment took possession of the column and screamed their way in and about the encampment in a passion of wholesale butchery. In an incredibly short space of time there was no fight left in the column. Dead and wounded were lying about in heaps. The Druses were kicking up an infernal din in their destruction of the tanks they had captured, since they had no use for such engines of war.

It was the finest haul the Druses had ever made—equipment by the ton, thousands of rounds of ammunition, scores of machine guns, rifles, Mauser pistols, sabers, valuable transport, rations for a column, horses, and—men! No wonder they were jubilant! At last they would drive the French to the sea. They certainly drove the remnants of that column. We arrived on the scene to find the colonel and his staff on the run, with the Legion infantry endeavoring to cover the retreat.

We were promptly turned into the scrimmage. What a slaughterhouse it was! The Druses, drunk with victory, were driving the rear guard back and back. Hundreds of men and horses lay scattered about the Bowl; wounded and dying were being tortured until they screamed in agony. The Druses were simply wallowing in a feast of blood. We threw our weight into the rear guard and contrived to trample a number of the maniacs down before we, too, must turn and make a dash for it.

So we fought and retreated, just as we had done on the retreat to Fez, but this time the Druses did not keep it up so long. They were more concerned about their captures in the Bowl; but though the whole body of them did not come out in the open to hasten our retreat, they came in sufficient numbers to cut up our squadron pretty badly and practically to annihilate the Legion infantry.

"Hey! You sons o' ——s! We're coming back!" cried McCann, who could make as much noise as any Druse. "We're coming back tomorrow!"

The fiendish yelling did not cease until they had driven us several miles back from Mezzra, and at last retired to join the remainder of their vast army in the Bowl. Nearly three thousand men were sacrificed in that massacre. That was not all. Another column of French, Colonial, and Legion troops was cut up in an attempt to relieve Souider—though my squadron did not take part in this, and I cannot therefore give an account of what took place.

After Mezzra—Galilee, of all places, where we indulged in a so-called rest. (A rest for the Legion usually meant a perpetual round of all manner of disagreeable duties.) In this region the country everywhere was beautifully wooded and very fertile. Our encampment was on an eminence overlooking a scattered group of villages. There appeared to be an abundance of gardens, orchards, and fresh green life generally. If one had been a Territorial instead of a Legionnaire, it might have been an ideal spot in which to camp.

Its chief appeal was that it made a step nearer the Palestine border and offered excellent cover for deserters. Therefore we had a great many fellows making the attempt, and for those who did not there was always patrol duty. At that time about a score or so of my comrades approached me for information about Palestine. Being a Britisher, I was sure to know all about it. Palestine was the Mecca of the Legionnaire, and, apparently, I could assure him of a square deal once he had reached the coveted land. There were so many ill-starred attempts! It was pitiful to see the poor wretches dragged back, either by the Partisans or by our own patrols.

ON one occasion eleven men cleared off in a bunch. The discovery was made at about three in the morning, and an hour later the Skipper himself, with a patrol of thirty men, set off in pursuit. His blood was up. He was determined to find these men if he had to follow them all the way to the border. We combed the surrounding woods for hours without coming upon a sign of them. Then we began to take in the few villages that lay directly between our camp and the open country, and as we did so we realized how difficult a job we had set ourselves.

"Gosh, boy! This is the best place we've struck yet for a get-away. What say, Barrington?"

"I like it, Mac, I like it. It's ideal. There's nothing in Africa or Syria to touch it. Mac, it was made for deserting Legionnaires."

"Sure it was! Now, what about it? I've got enough loot to keep me the next ten years and so have you. What say?"

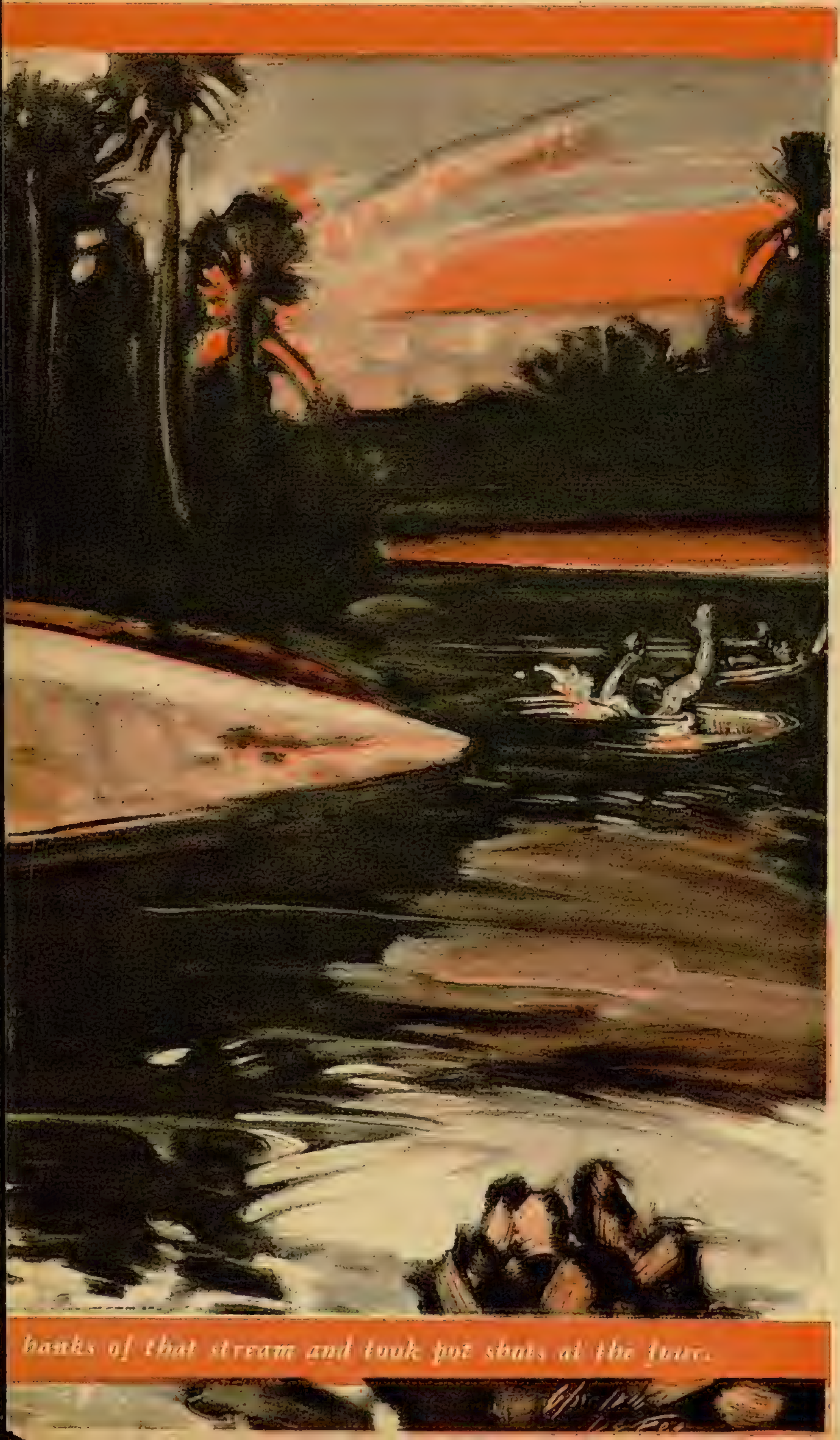
I shook my head and smiled.

"I'd love to—but—"

"But nothing, you big sap! You getting cold feet?"

We were approaching a village, and further argument was cut short by the order to dismount. We started to search the houses and courtyards. It was a job after our own hearts, there being plenty of opportunities for loot and other things. The inhabitants of the village were scared stiff at the sight of the Legion patrol, for they were mostly unintelligent Arabs of the nomadic order, and perfectly harmless.

Our procedure was to kick open a door and enter without ceremony. Usually we would find an old Arab with his bunch of women and children, perhaps in the middle of a meal or industriously working. If the householder protested, he was thrown into the street and told to remain there until we gave him permission to return. If he were perfectly civil and his women happened to be more or less attractive, he was still thrown into the street. Sometimes those helpless women made a noise. More often they would shrug their shoulders and take what fate sent them. Some of the older and more experienced ones would dismiss their children as soon as



banks of that stream and took pot shots at the four.

we appeared. In the main, it was the young girls who put up a fight. When we heard piteous childish cries coming from a house, we knew what was happening to some girl in her early teens. Those tremulous screams! God! I can hear them now! They were enough to soften the heart of any man except a lecherous Legionnaire.

McCann, bad as he was, would suddenly pale under the tan of his India-rubber face, like a man taken sick.

"Gosh, Barrington, why in hell don't they leave the kids alone?"

Loot was another matter. We could loot anywhere. McCann had a nose for loot. He could smell it yards away, and ferret it out however well it was hidden. He could also tell at a glance whether a thing was mere rubbish or would have market value.

At this time we must have had about seven thousand pounds' worth between us, and it was becoming a sore trial. We had to be up to all sorts of subterfuge in safeguarding it.

"Curiomania" had full sway on that particular day, for we spent the better part of the morning in the near-by villages. At noon we headed for the open country, still ostensibly searching for the eleven deserters. Hour after hour we continued, at a walk march and in extended order, to sweep the plains, drowsing in our saddles under the terrific heat of the sun, hoping in our hearts that we should not come upon the unfortunate crew. And, just as there seemed a possibility of our making an about-turn, there came into view on the distant horizon what looked like a native encampment.

The order was given to proceed at the gallop and we raced toward the camp. In less than an hour the sun would be gone and we should, likely enough, spend half the night in getting back to our own quarters. We came upon the native encampment in a cloud of dust, wondering greatly if this would prove to be the refuge of the absentees. It proved to be the halt of a Bedouin tribe, a cluster of a dozen rude dwellings of reeds and canvas thrown up in the shelter of some date palms. In the center burned a brazier, on which was set a huge iron vessel. It gave off a very appetizing smell. The Bedouins who had been seated around it jumped to their feet as we rode up.

THE Skipper rapped out an order and the patrol moved in a wide circle about the camp and halted. If the deserters had found this spot they could now abandon all hope of getting away, for they were hemmed in. We made inquiries of the group of natives. There must have been about fifty of them—men, women, and children. They had not seen nor heard anything of the deserters. They had been camped at the oasis for two days and they must certainly have seen the band of soldiers had they passed that way. As we could not think of taking the word of a native, several men dismounted and a thorough search was made of the crazy huts, but without result.

The natives were friendly, made us welcome to their humble abodes and offered us food. To our relief, for we had been on the move since four o'clock in the morning, the Skipper decided to camp for the night.

We were up again at daybreak, and rode steadily back toward camp, searching the countryside as we went along. Nothing happened to break the monotony of the day's march until late afternoon, when we were within sight of the villages that marked the fringe of our encampment and were proceeding *au trot* along the bank of a creek. The Skipper's glasses had picked out some objects in the water ahead of us. When we drew level with them we found four of the wretched deserters vigorously trying to make the opposite bank.

Captain Dupont's Mauser spat once, and one of the heads disappeared into the water. We thought he had registered a hit, but presently the head bobbed up again. The swimmer had anticipated the shot and had ducked under, only to come up again for air. The order was given to fire. We sat our mounts on the banks of that stream and took pot shots at the four bobbing heads.

I have had some queer targets in the course of a not uneventful life in and out of armies, but never any quite like those. They would emerge for a few seconds, shots would ring out, and down they would go, staying under as long as it was humanly possible even for good swimmers. Then one head came up streaming with blood as well as water, there were red ripples on the surface, arms and shoulders shot up and splashed under, never to rise again. The other three turned about and signaled that they would surrender. We lowered our guns and waited.

WHAT a sight they were—those three miserable Legionnaires! They wore only trousers and shirts, which of course were drenched. They trod the water wearily and slouched up to Captain Dupont like men utterly spent, as indeed they were. Such a miserable sight ought to have excited pity. It didn't. The Skipper bent forward in his saddle, took one long look at the trio, as if he could not believe the evidence of his own sight, and let out a terrific roar of laughter. This was so unexpected to us behind that we could only stare in amazement.

"*Mon Dieu,*" he cried, "but these fools have been dealt with already! Look! Are they not branded?"

And he roared again.

He gave the order for them to be tied up to our saddles by the neck, and as we approached them to carry out this fiendish command, we saw the cause of his laughter. Somewhere, somehow, the foreheads of those three poor devils had been obscenely tattooed. On each brow was stabbed indelibly the figure of a nude woman, postured in a fashion typical of a certain Eastern mentality. They had obviously tried to scratch out the tattooist's handiwork, but had only succeeded in lacerating the skin. The filthy black outline remained for all the world to see—and laugh at! God! Were they to go about for the rest of their lives with faces covered because of that unsightliness, that beastly obscenity?

When they had been secured to the saddles, the Skipper, between bursts of laughter, began to question them, inquiring how the tattooing had been done. They confessed that four of them had broken away from the other deserters and had sought refuge in the house of a native. It was their intention to remain under cover during the day. They had given some loot to the native for his hospitality. He had fed them and they had drunk of his coffee—which was drugged. They had awakened to find themselves miles away from the village, down that very creek, in fact, all their money and loot gone, also most of their clothing, equipment, water bottles, everything except what they stood up in—trousers and shirt. And then they had seen the sickening tattooing on the faces of each other.

And all the time Captain Dupont roared with merriment at the pitiful wretches, becoming unspeakably obscene in his references to the lewdly pictorial foreheads. When he grew tired of torturing his victims, the order was given to proceed toward the village at a gallop. The trio were to direct us to the house where this atrocity had been committed, not because the Skipper was anxious to avenge this wrong done to his men, but so that he might see what manner of personality was he who could devise such an atrocious performance.

So the drenched, worn, and utterly exhausted caricatures of men were dragged along by the neck at the gallop mile after mile, until they yelled their agony. Only once did we halt. It was when I protested that my prisoner was dead and that to drag the body along the ground in that fashion merely impeded my horse's movement. I drew the drenched and mud-caked body up into the saddle, turned it over so that I could not see the frightful picture, and away we went once more.

On arrival at the village we dropped into a walk march, the two prisoners directing us toward the house we sought. We must have presented a weird sight to the natives of that village: a patrol of thirty men, covered in dust and sweat, leading by the neck two wretched prisoners who looked as if they had been dragged through a bed of mud. The Skipper rode ahead with his whip twirling through the air, ready to flick any too-curious native who dared to stand and stare.

A muttering from our prisoners brought us to a halt before a house. We dismounted and strode up to the door. It was locked. We hammered for a few minutes without getting an answer. Finally we broke down the door and stepped into the courtyard. There was not a soul about. We raked the place from top to bottom. It was empty. The tattoo artist had flown. We gathered the few sticks of furniture together and set fire to the house. It was blazing merrily as we turned our backs upon it and returned to camp.

The problem of those two prisoners, as to what they should do about their faces, was solved two days later. They were shot for desertion.

And yet there were men in that patrol, seeing all that they had seen with regard to attempts at desertion, who themselves deserted later—and finally succeeded in escaping!

WE joined in the third and final attempt to relieve Souider, the capital of the Jebel Druses, in which a small French force had been living in a state of siege for weeks. Sultan el-Atrash's mighty hordes, now crazy with delight over their colossal victory at Mezzra, had laid siege to the villages and hamlets for many miles around, and the whole of southern Syria was in a veritable uproar.

This, of course, was the Jebel Druses' own country, backed by the range of mountains from which the tribes gained their name. It was obvious that they would fight for what they had gained of the plains and open country, and doubtless they dreamed of a new and bigger kingdom that was to grow out of the fertile plains.

We of the Fifth, however, were heading a vastly different column this time. The French were taking no more long chances in this bloodthirsty problem of Souider. General Andrea's column was reënforced to full strength, and twenty bombing planes escorted us out from Gazalie.

Four days' march lay ahead of us, and through country seething with fighters drunk with success. This time we took a different route, avoiding Mezzra as we would the plague, proceeding with that Bowl of Death on our left flank and Bosra on our right. The Legion cavalry, marching a day ahead of the column in extended order, was escorted by three of the planes. The fun began as soon as we reached the open country. The enemy were spread around everywhere like

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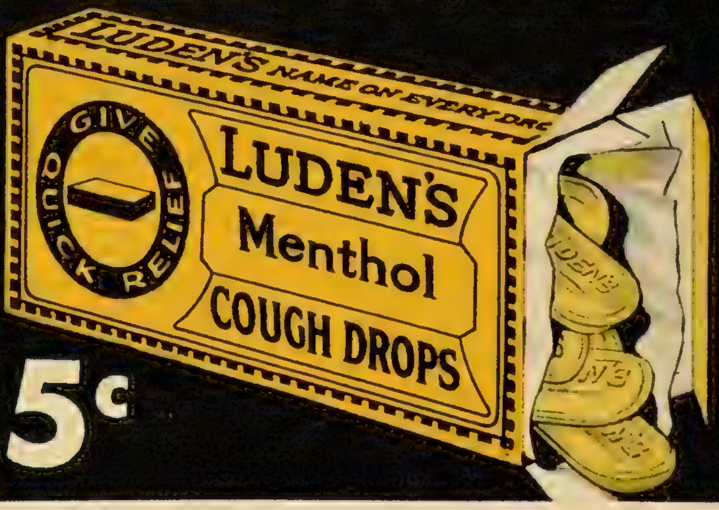
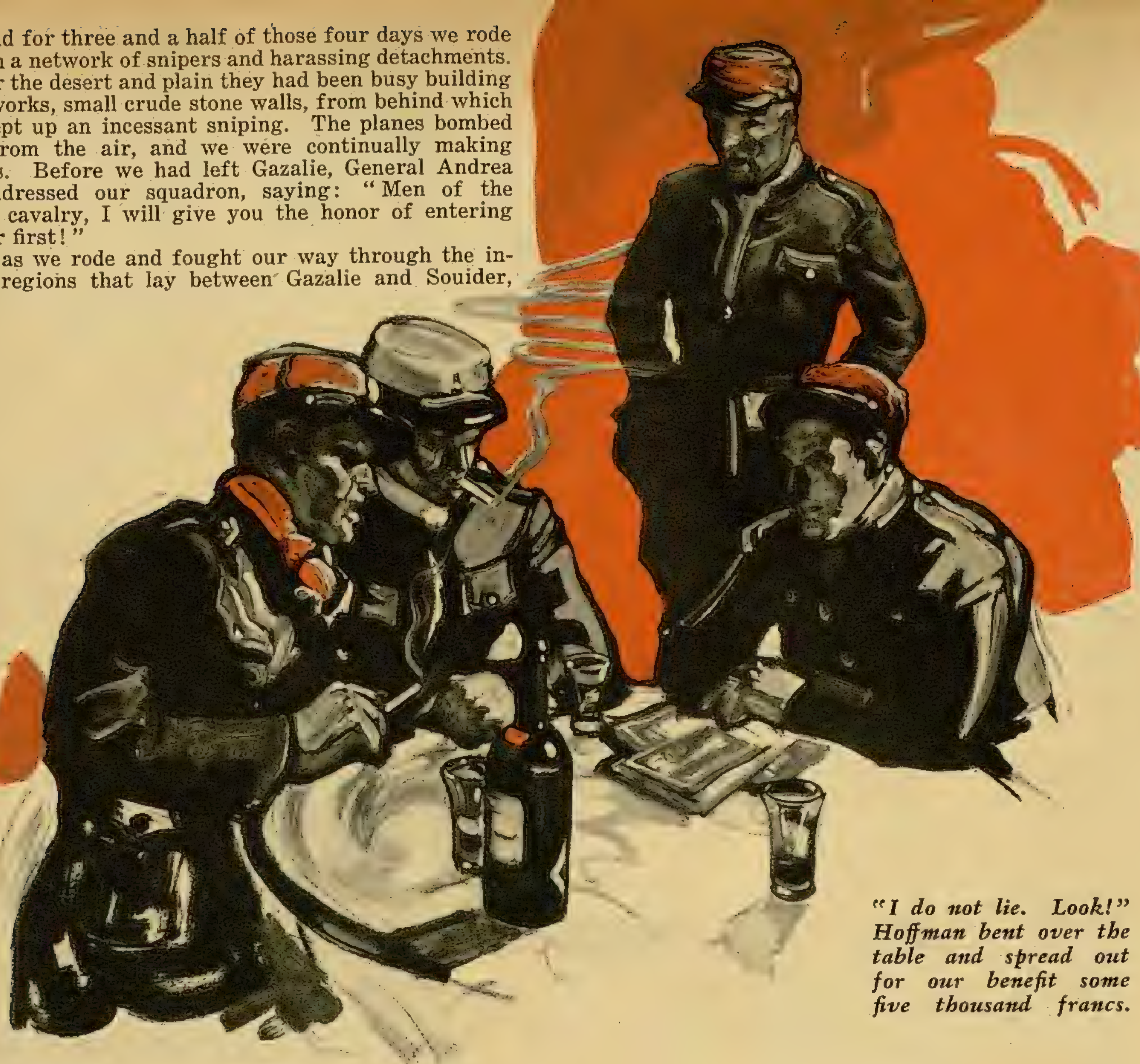


flies, and for three and a half of those four days we rode through a network of snipers and harassing detachments. All over the desert and plain they had been busy building breastworks, small crude stone walls, from behind which they kept up an incessant sniping. The planes bombed them from the air, and we were continually making charges. Before we had left Gazalie, General Andrea had addressed our squadron, saying: "Men of the Legion cavalry, I will give you the honor of entering Souider first!"

And as we rode and fought our way through the infested regions that lay between Gazalie and Souider, those momentous words of the brave general stuck in our gills. We might enter Souider first, but, in all conscience, we had to get there first. Druses are about the finest snipers in the world. They not only brought down men and horses, they wrecked one of the planes. They had hundreds of those stone walls dotted about the countryside. It was their own country. They knew it well. They had fortified ravines and mounds. Bombing planes might bomb them. They would disappear underground, and we would have to ferret them out before we could proceed.



"I do not lie. Look!" Hoffman bent over the table and spread out for our benefit some five thousand francs.

Altogether a lively time.

SOUIDER, an ancient walled city comprising the headquarters of Sultan el-Atrash himself, an ancient burial ground, and the temple where once was practiced the worship of the Golden Calf, holds a most strategic position, being built on the crest of a hill overlooking vast tracts of desert, and being protected from behind by the Lebanon Mountains, or that part of the range known as Jebel Druses.

The column joined us at the foot of this approach to the famous city, and the French seventy-fives opened fire on it, bombarding the place for six solid hours. Between them and the bombing planes the greater part of the city walls and many of the buildings, including the citadel, were brought down in ruins. When the Fifth Squadron entered the city—first, as promised by General Andrea—to sweep up the remains, there was little left to fight. The vast majority of the inhabitants and the great Druse fighting forces had fled to the mountain fastnesses behind the city.

We had taken Souider, but the trouble was by no means over. We had not conquered the great army of Druses. We had merely driven them, with their women and families and goods and chattels, into the mountains that overhung the city, into the caves and fastnesses which they knew so well. Our airplanes soared over the region and bombed the mountain sides incessantly.

When we had given the "All clear" to the column waiting without, General Andrea gave the order to advance, and the vast column marched into the city with all the pomp and ceremony of a victorious army—banners flying and bands playing, tumultuous cheering: "*Vive la France! Vive la France!*"

General Andrea then brought out his box of medals and duly decorated us.

Down on the plains below us lay our dead comrades, Spahis Moroccan and Colonials as well as men of the Legion.

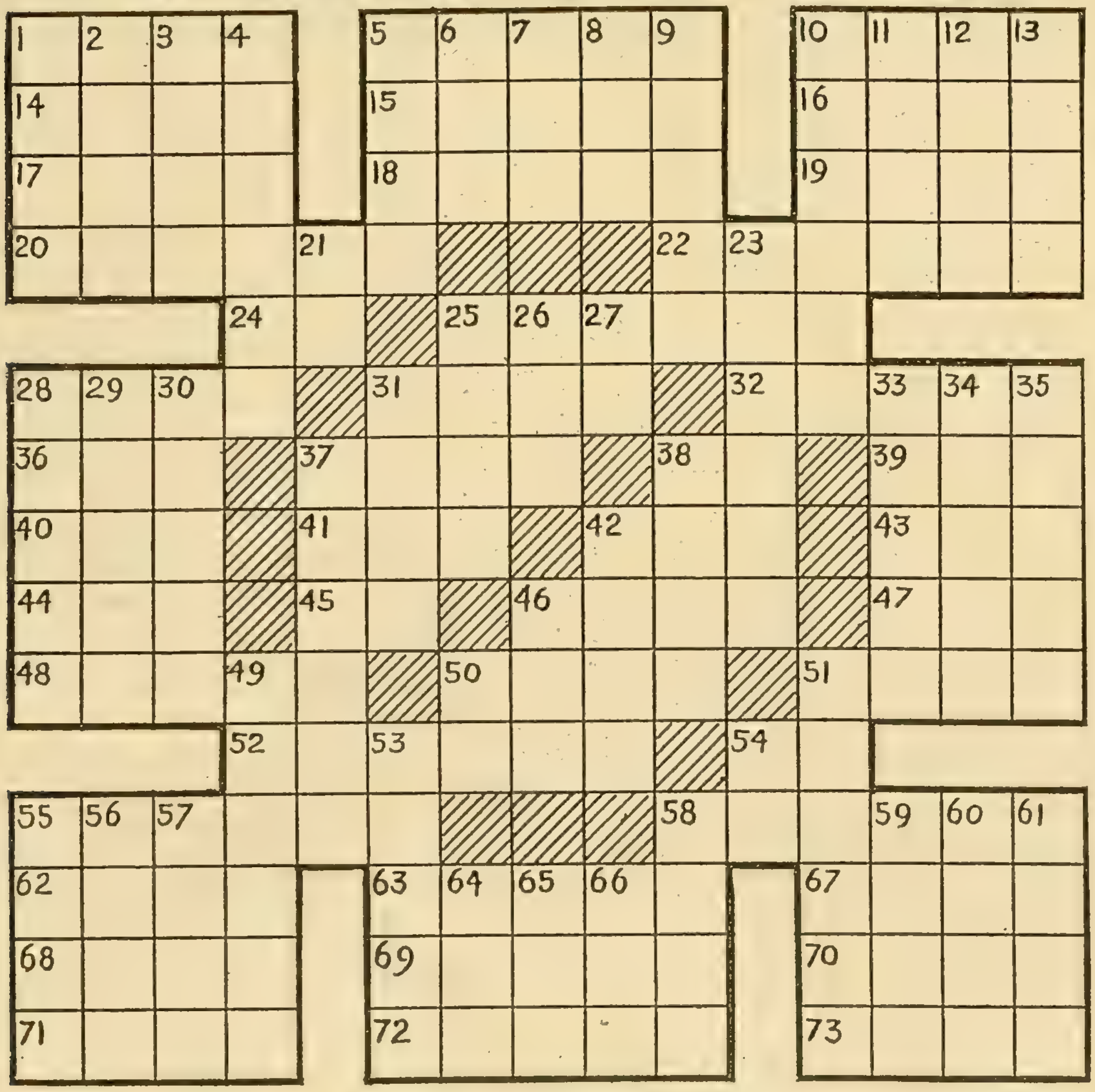
We were made free of the city, or what was left of it, and the men of the Fifth proceeded to get roaring drunk.

"Oh, boy!" roared McCann. "This isn't a war! It's a picnic! Think of all the troops, thousands of 'em around—and an ambulance! An ambulance, you big sap! An ambulance!"

How Legionnaire 1384 and McCann came at last to resolve to desert, how two German Legionnaires stumbled upon their planning and had to be taken along, and how they buried their loot under the Temple of the Golden Calf and stole forth at dead of night from Souider—this and much more will be told in next week's installment of Hell Hounds!

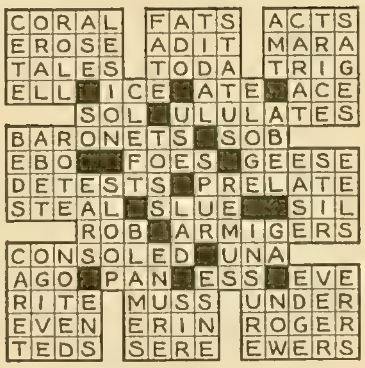
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 An island in the Philippine group
5 A fusible, opaque substance with a peculiar luster
10 An average or mean (plural)
14 Controls by inspiring dread
15 To strike out
16 Wings
17 A bristlelike mandible
18 Yellowish red
19 Pigeon
20 An ornamented toga (Roman antiquity)
22 Large vessel to hold soup
24 Note of the scale
25 Rigorous
28 A kind of cheese
31 A link
32 A tree (plural)
36 A Gaelic sea god
37 Crippled
38 One indefinitely of a number
39 Poem
40 Greek letter
41 Malt liquor
42 Bird of the cuckoo family
43 Cardinal number
44 Division of a drama
45 Pronoun
46 A political group
47 Printer's measures
48 Pronoun
50 The part of a hammer opposite the face
51 Otherwise
52 Inborn



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CORAL FATS ACTS
EROSE ADIT MARA
TALES TODA TRIG
ELL■ICE■ATE■ACE
   SOL■ULULATES
BARONETS■SOB
EBO■■FOES■GEESE
DETESTS■PRELATE
STEAL■SLUE■■SIL
   ROB■ARMIGERS
CONSOLED■UNA
AGO■PAN■ESS■EVE
RITE MUSS UNDER
EVEN ERIN ROGER
TEDS SERE EWERS
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Answer to last week's puzzle

54 The (Spanish)
55 Continent
58 Make
62 Suggest in an indirect manner
63 Of greater latitude
67 The stomach of an animal
68 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
69 Irregular
70 A prong
71 Bear on the person
72 Refresh
73 Droops

VERTICAL

1 Hurl
2 A pitcher
3 Greek letter
4 That can be used
5 A steep-sided plateau
6 Highest note in Guido's scale
7 A soft, white crystalline metal
8 To join or unite
9 An island of the Philippine group
10 A priest or monk (plural)
11 Genus of African liliaceous plants
12 Rant
13 Observed
21 Deity in Assyro-Babylonian mythology
23 Pertaining to the heavens
25 Indefinite quantity
26 Piece out
27 One of Odin's brothers (Norse myth.)
28 The cry of a goat
29 To strain, as in vomiting
30 Angry
31 A large Eastern university
33 Hostelry
34 Paradise (plural)
35 Perception through the intellect
37 Mourn greatly
38 In a little while
42 On the sheltered side
46 Wager
49 Female relative
50 Father
51 Chooses
53 Fresher
54 Suffix used to form nouns of agency
55 Masticate
56 Rent
57 A loop (anatomy)
58 Ship's company
59 A song
60 Sharp specific flavor
61 Sheep
64 Anger
65 Put on
66 Compass point

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Ease the Pain and SLEEP!

"We're mighty lucky to have this bottle of Sloan's in the house tonight."
"You said it! That pain won't keep me awake now. It feels better already!"

LAME BACK
—lumbago

The one sure relief for backache is Sloan's Liniment. Because Sloan's rushes fresh blood to the sore spot *instantly*—and this fresh blood stops pain, relaxes muscles, warms and soothes you. Your sleep is not spoiled. No wonder so many millions of people call Sloan's a godsend! . . . And remember — it costs only 35¢!

SLOAN'S
World Famous Liniment used by 133 Nations

"MOIST THROAT" FOUND SECRET OF COUGH RELIEF

Your throat and bronchial tubes are lined with millions of pores like tiny bottles continually supplying moisture to the delicate tissues . . . *until you "catch cold."*

Then these "bottles" get plugged up, phlegm accumulates, affording dangerous germs a breeding place. Your throat feels hot and dry. Tickling, irritation and coughing set in.

Your cough will be cured only when the flow of the natural fluid is increased, loosening the phlegm so that it can be expelled. Many cough "remedies" contain numbing drugs which merely deaden the nerves . . . but don't get at the root of the trouble.

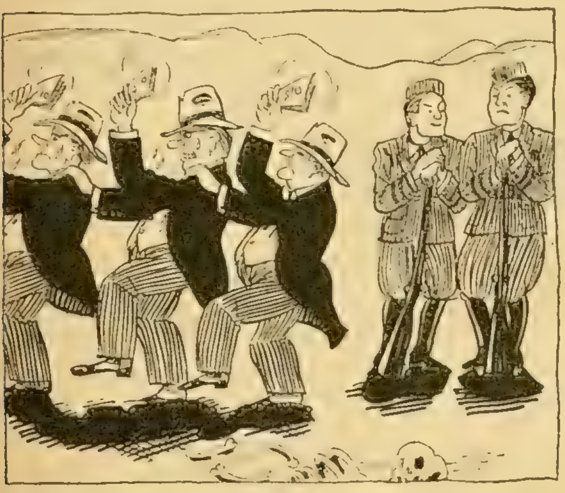
PERTUSSIN, a scientific remedy, which doctors have prescribed for many years, is the extract of a famous herb which opens the tiny glands, stimulates the flow of the throat's *natural* moisture and brings quick relief. It helps nature heal that cough from the inside out.

When you feel that warning drynes take a few spoons of PERTUSSIN. It's absolutely safe. Sold at all drug stores, 60¢.

5 times the return from any other magazine, is the experience of one advertiser in Liberty. Let Liberty advertising increase your sales, too!

Would You Let 'Em Drink That Mineral Water?

DELMAR, N. Y.—There were two interesting and instructive articles in the December 17 issue, Hell Hounds! and Congress Cashes In, showing the extreme cruelty of human nature and the moral turpitude and stealing of the taxpayers' money. With nepotism on every side, and refusal of Congress to begin reduction of expense with themselves, the writer suggests that our senators and congressmen be taken to the Great American Desert and there, under the tutelage of the American Legionnaire, act their part.



Under the stimulating strains of the Prisoner's Song, they should be marched in lock step, with hand on shoulder, the other waving ten-dollar tips, circulating around cases of so-called mineral water until the entire bunch go *cafard.—Chester J. Moore.*

DALLAS, TEX.—Talk not to me of rackets—the Senate seems to have about the best and easiest way known to extract money from the citizens. At least Al Capone didn't spend the tax money. If the voters only had more articles like the one in the December 17 issue, Congress Cashes In, they might wake up and try to put a few men in there that will take care of their money and not tip chambermaids ten dollars.

After all, the taxpayer is to the senator what the foreman is to the laborer. It is Liberty's duty as an American institution to reveal all such capers as those which appear in this article.

Liberty is worth a nickel of my money any time.—*Bill Fry.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mr. Stevenson's article on Congressional expense accounts is an indictment of the American system of government and opens our eyes to dreadful practices which I did not believe could exist.

If our legislators in secret divert funds to their own use, how can we trust them to appropriate the billions of dollars the government spends every year?—*J. Eliot Wright, Jr.*

The Hell Hounds Series

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Am I mad or am I mad? I am still wondering why you didn't put my first Vox Pop in your column. So I am sending this note to remind you.

That isn't all I wish to say. You are certainly running a humdinger in Hell Hounds!

And your serial, Three Men at Once, was the best you have had in a long time.—*Ray S.*

WIGGINS, MISS.—After reading the third installment of Hell Hounds! and Germany's official reply to Halyburton in the December 24 issue, I have come to the conclusion that Liberty made a mistake in conducting the whoppers contest. Why not let Halyburton and Ex-Legionnaire 1384 fight it out for the first prize?

Between them they take the cake or what have you? Or maybe you are publishing the first-prize winner in Hell Hounds! or maybe we are supposed to swallow that stuff as true.—*J. W. McGregor, Jr.*

GRANBY, QUE.—Don't kid yourself with the idea that we French readers fall for your serial Hell Hounds! and believe it to be true.

Just consider the futile attempt of the author when he goes in for a few French words.

A dying French soldier don't holler "*L'eau! L'eau!*" He would rather say: "*De l'eau! De l'eau!*" And the French exclamation is not: "*Nom du chien,*" but "*Nom d'un chien!*" Get me?

And this necessity of correction applies to all groupings of French words in your story, though every word taken by itself, alone, is rather correctly spelled. It is their construction that is bad, not the orthography.—*Edouard Hains.*

Way for a Sailor

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I noticed in the Vox Pop of December 24 that one who called himself a hairy-chested gob mentioned that Bright Sayings of Children and To the Ladies! were the articles that proved most interesting to the navy men.

Not wanting the general public to form a wrong impression of its navy, I want to correct said statement.

Speaking for a large percentage of Uncle Sam's men of war, I want to let the world know that, like all normal men, the gobs like the real, live, flesh-and-blood stories such as Hell Hounds! and Dark of the Moon.

Just one more word—The "hairy-chested gob" mentioned above struts proudly about bearing the nickname of "Elsie."—*Just Another Gob.*

We Always Knew Glens Falls Was a Swell Town

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—I have read your magazine for two years or more and I think it is one of the best publications on the market. The trouble is it isn't large enough to suit me. When I read some of the letters sent by readers telling how much they dislike Liberty, I feel like lining them up against a wall and shooting them.

Ralph Wood

If I had only a nickel to my name (and that very often happens these days) I would buy a Liberty. That's how much I like your magazine. —*Ralph Wood.*

The Cut Was Reversed

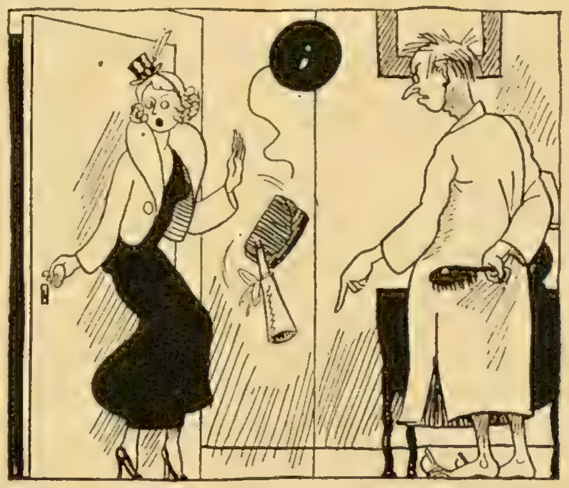
ABERDEEN, S. D.—Wish you would answer this question in your Vox Pop: In connection with the story, The Call of Christmas, published in the December 24 issue of your magazine, who made the error, the writer or the artist?

The story says the bear was caught in a trap by his right foreleg, but the picture shows it to be his left foreleg. I would like to know the *bear* facts.—*A. W. Sandell.*

The Burt Girls Seem to Have Started Something

MONTREAL, CAN.—The spanking that Betty Burt got from her mother was nothing. I am seventeen and just because I came home late from a dance the other night my father gave me a spanking with the back of the hairbrush. My mother is French and does not believe in that kind of punishment, but my father does.

He turned me across his knees, and, oh, how the hairbrush did smart! I could not sit down comfortably even the next day.



If parents only knew how much a spanking hurts the pride of a grown-up girl and how awfully embarrassing it is they would not punish in this way. —*Simone Ortiz.*

POP

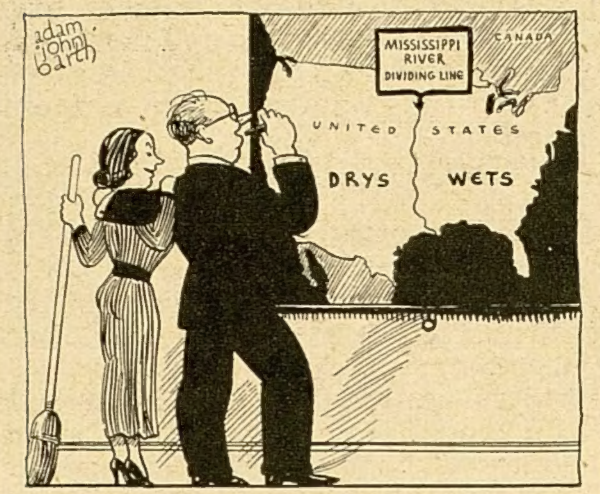
adam john barth
VOX POP EDITOR

The Question Is Which Zone Would Be Wet?

BAIRD, TEX.—Looks as if this prohibition question is eternal. Likely it had a beginning, but it has no ending. Thus it is at least half eternal.

I have an idea that will settle this question:

Divide the United States into two zones and place the wets in one and the drys in the other—then everyone would be happy.



I suggest using the Mississippi River as the dividing line, so as to give one zone Florida, and the other California.

In case a wet should change to a dry, he (or she) could fold his (or her) tent and steal gently to the other side.

Another advantage in using the Mississippi River: as a fence 'twould be hard to straddle.—*C. W. Fowler.*

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Mr. F. H. Littrell, in your issue of December 24, told a story of conditions in Florida. He accurately describes the situation in Arizona. His suggested prices for legalized whisky and beer—$1.50 per quart and 20 cents per bottle—are perhaps too high to accomplish the desired results.

Before we tried this now pretty generally discredited prohibition experiment we bought them cheaper than these prices. The government then exacted a heavy revenue tax, the states and counties took property taxes on the plants and stocks, the distiller or brewer got his profits—then there was the wholesaler, the jobber, and the broker to get a slice. Finally the retailer, who made a fair profit legally until the brewers and distillers put many of them into illegal business.

In the name of common sense, after two such failures are we not intelligent enough to try something new and different? Why can't the states take over the manufacture, sale, and distribution and get all of those rake-offs in one? Then they could split with the federal government, cut our property and income taxes in half or more, balance all the distressed budgets, sell us good wholesome whisky for $3 a gallon and healthy beer for 10 cents a bottle and bring us back to a happy and self-respecting America, free from snoopers, bathroom chemists, lawbreakers, and hypocrites.

I'll bet the French War Debt we don't do it though.—*R. L. Jones.*

They Must Be Wets

CHICAGO, ILL.—Ha! Ha! Another racket in the making. Mr. Harry K. Hambright suggests arsenic and strychnine for our gigglewater, in Vox Pop of December 24.

Who is going to drink such stuff? We know the bootlegger won't. So we poor suckers would be the fall guys.

After drinking this powerful concoction, who is going to bury us? The sole survivors being the bootleggers, it will be necessary for them to turn undertakers, and thus take our last piece of change.

I'm under the impression these "sole survivors" are the people Mr. Hambright has reference to when he says decent, self-respecting people may enjoy life.—*Raymond H. Leverenz.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In reply to Harry K. Hambright's letter, I can only say that I hope he gets the first drink of strychnine-poisoned liquor.—*Mrs. B. M. Johnson.*

Attention, Mr. Moffat!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—My close neighbor, J. L. Moffat of St. Paul, committed a dire mistake in Vox Pop of December 3 with his suggestion to abolish the middleman. The plan of direct exchange between producer and consumer stands as an impossibility.

Eugene Byrnes

Perhaps he imagines that if we want an article such as coffee, we'll all hop down to South America and each purchase our bit; if we need a ton of coal we should drive to Pennsylvania and get it. Transportation connects the producer with the middleman and the latter contacts the public. The middleman is placed for our convenience and privilege of selection. He should also remember that business is buying and selling and both can be abbreviated to one word—trade.—*Eugene Byrnes.*

General Bullard's Article

OSCEOLA, ARK.—Mark up another bull's-eye on your score card for General Bullard. The result of his article, How to Keep Peace on Earth, in your issue of December 24, should be the puncturing of pacificism's bubble for all time to come.—*Geo. Shippen.*

Miss Earhart's Sport Yarn Sure Made a Hit

DELHI, N. Y.—While I don't Vox Pop often, and while there are many things about Liberty I can't say I like or agree with, there was one article in the December 3 issue with which I'm wholly in accord.

L. J. Benedict

I refer to Amelia Earhart's article on sports. I'm a great fan of flying Amelia's anyway, and I'm more so than ever now. It was the best article of its kind I ever read. Incidentally, I buy Liberty every week for its stories, puzzles, etc. In short, its entertaining possibilities—and just skip its "wet" ideas.—*L. J. Benedict.*

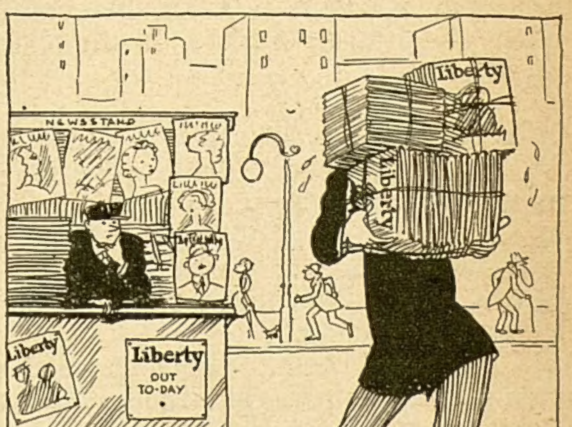
Those Cross Word Puzzles

YAKIMA, WASH.—I'm here to protest that your cross word puzzles are just right, D. A. Jernigan's remarks in Vox Pop notwithstanding. He says he is a newspaper proofreader and they are too hard for him. But I'm a garden variety housewife whose husband thinks she's dumb; and I find the puzzles just enough to spend a happy hour or less on and fill in all but one blank. Your puzzles are what started me buying your magazine some years ago and now I like the rest of it so well I can't stop the habit.—*Mrs. D. N. Munro.*

How Many Will You Buy?

DAVENPORT, IOWA—The Vox Pop column is the best part of your magazine. It is your silent salesman!

Every time some bird has a chance to voice his opinion and gets his picture put in the column, he buys out the entire news stand. GOOD PUBLICITY! Is that what makes your distribution so high? I bet that's where my Liberty went this week.



Why not give a discount on a carload to the fellow who has his picture published? It will be a shock to us if this is ever published, I betcha!—*Walnut 4242.*

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

Feodor Chaliapin

(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)

SOMEWHERE among the Pullman cars there is a singing porter—and he is full of tea.

Chaliapin rode in his car a while ago. The porter asked Chaliapin to hear him sing. Like most Russians, Chaliapin drinks tea at all hours. He listened to the song (it wasn't very good), then made some kindly but noncommittal remark—and ordered a fresh pot of tea. The porter ventured to ask a respectful question:

"Excuse me, suh, how many pots of that there tea does you consummate every day?"

"Oh, about fifty," said Chaliapin.

"Mah heavens!" the porter groaned in dismay. But he braced himself manfully. "I'll do it if it kills me," he declared. "If that there tea can make me sing like it makes you, I'll drink it till I bust."

Feodor Chaliapin has been a great singer for more than thirty years. His is now the senior male voice in the operatic world. He began life as a shoemaker in a Russian village. Tells me he could still make shoes if he had to. He and Maxim Gorky, the celebrated Russian writer, once applied for the same job in a chorus. Gorky got the job. Chaliapin and Gorky were bosom pals for years—until Chaliapin disagreed with communism and left Soviet Russia.

"I like to make money," he says, "and spend it on any luxury I please. When I buy a new necktie I want to feel that it belongs to me, not to the government. And if I feel like eating cranberries I want to eat them without the government's permission. That's why I cannot live in Soviet Russia."

My talk with Chaliapin occurred during his recent tour of this country. He told me how he had solved our American drinking problem.

"In my pocket," he said, "I have a bottle—and a spoon. If anyone catches me with the bottle, I show them the spoon. Medicine!"

THE town was strewn with her rejected suitors. They were good men, men worth marrying—but she had money of her own, plenty of it, and she preferred her independence. She traveled, entertained, visited her many rich friends. Had a gay, busy time.

Then the crash. She lost most of her money. Enough remained, however, to keep her passably in the swim. But here comes the part that none of her wealthy crowd can understand:

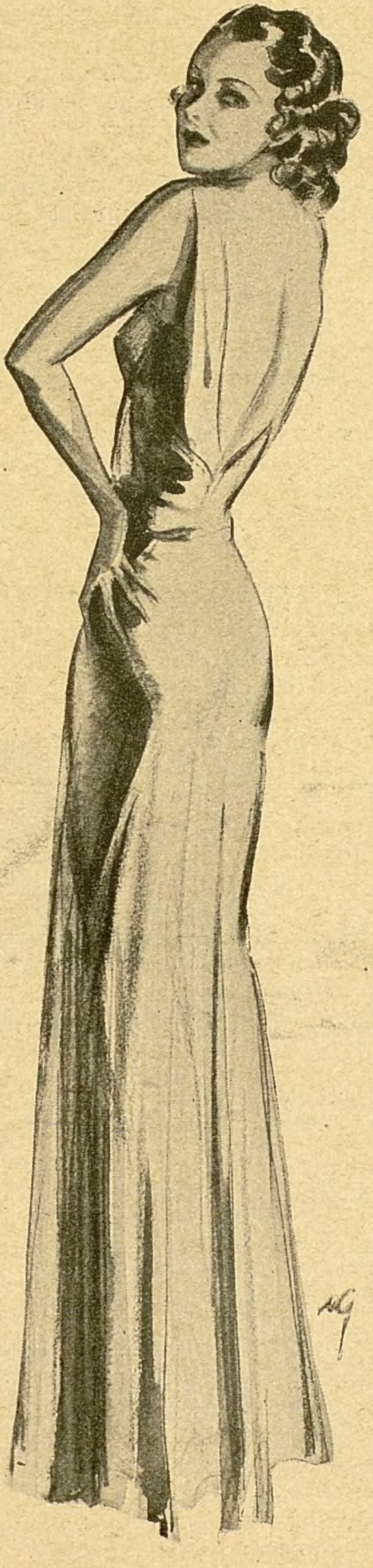
At thirty-five she has just married one of her old suitors, now a widower with two children—and no money at all. Depression wiped him completely out. Yet the woman of whom I am writing has gladly undertaken to start life over again with him—to share the hardships as his helpmate and as the stepmother of his children.

"She's crazy," her friends declare. "She had enough left to get along by herself as she always had done. And we would have stuck to her. Why in the world has she burdened herself with a penniless family man?"

She knows why.

"When I was rich," she says, "I did not notice my life's real emptiness. Spending money kept me busy. But after the crash reduced my fortune to a modest living income, I soon found that I needed someone close to me—someone with whom to face the realities of life. The man I have married needs me as much as I need him. My rich friends do not need me. Perhaps that is why I have wanted to take on these responsibilities."

I like her reasoning, don't you?



THEY were saying good night. Said it two or three times, lingered, stammered. They knew they were being clumsy about it, and later one of them asked me these questions:

"When should dinner guests go home? How late should they stay to show their host and hostess that they have had a good time? If we go home too early it seems rude. But staying on and on becomes so awkward. What is the solution?"

This is one of the hardest of etiquette problems. The best rule I know is the one used by very formal society. At a dinner party, don't stay after eleven thirty. Let your host and hostess get to bed by midnight. They need their sleep, and so do you. Tell them so when you get up to go home: You have had a lovely party, but it is time to go to bed. No one can possibly take offense.

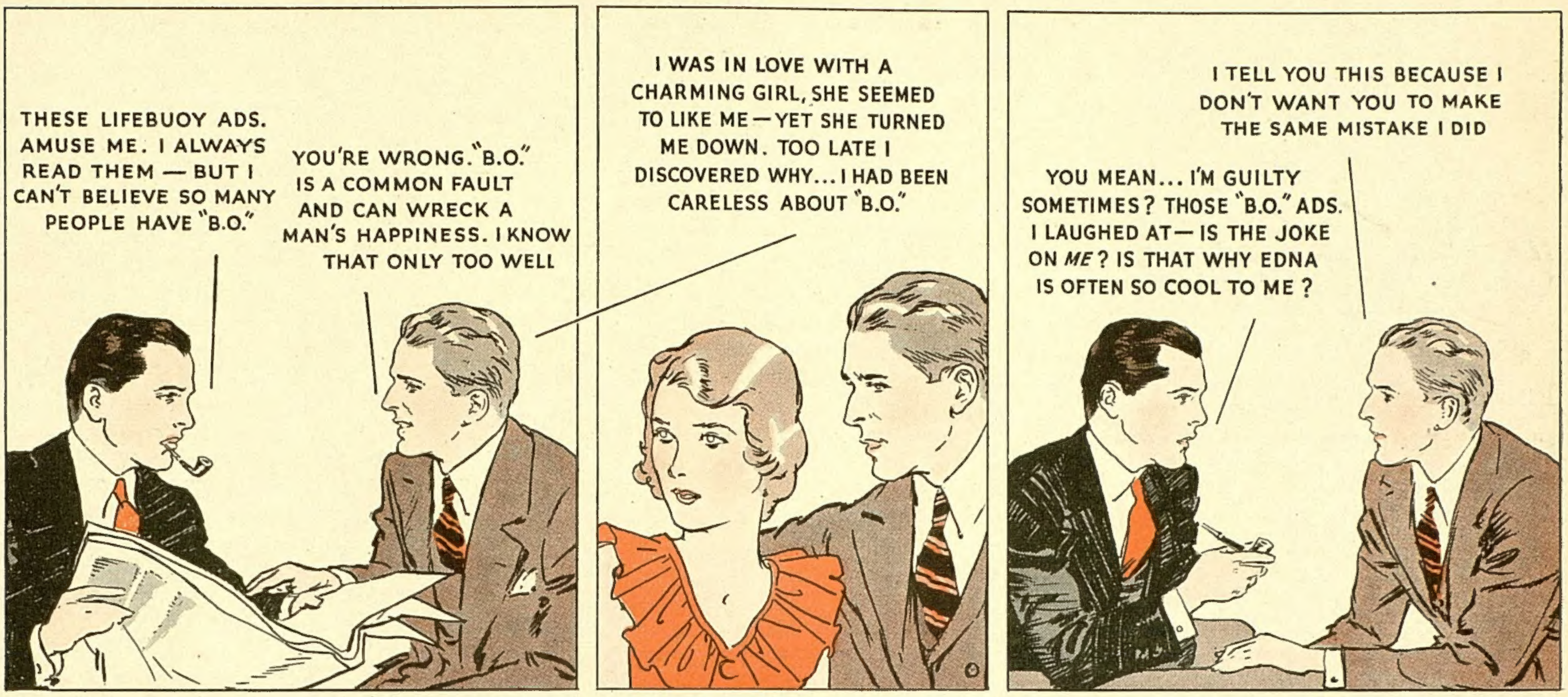
The chances are that everyone will bless you for taking the good-night bull by the horns so reasonably.

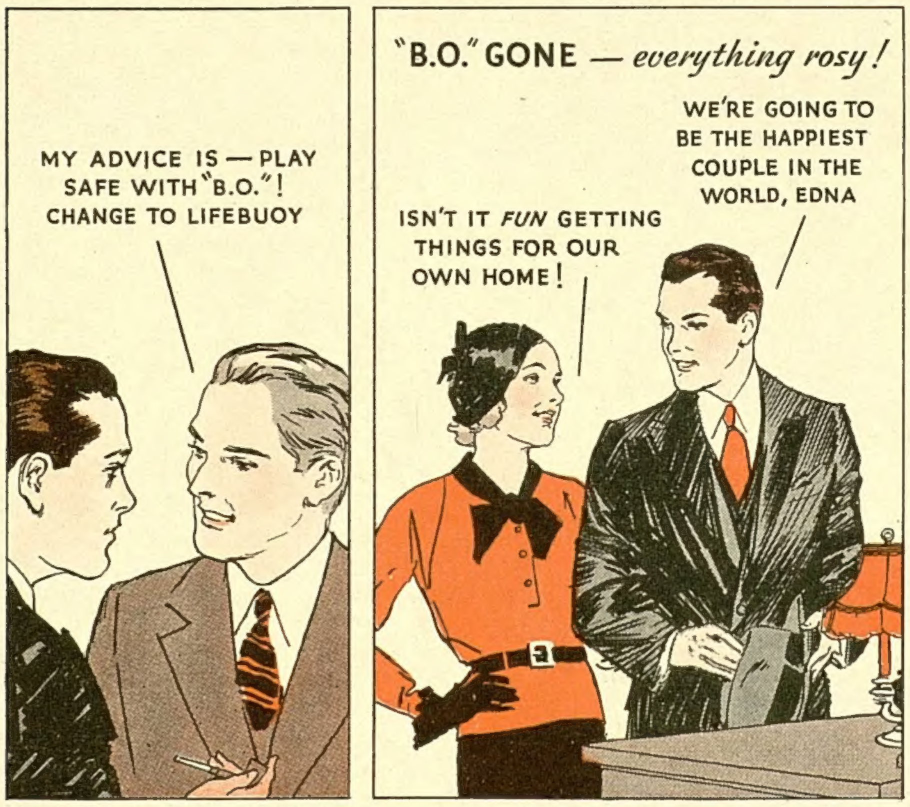
LITTLE boats of lettuce feature this Seven Seas salad. Use good-sized leaves of romaine lettuce for the boats. Slit the ends of the leaves about an inch down the center, and fold the two sides together, fastening with moist gelatin. For the salad, dice 1 cup cold cooked turnip, mix with same amount diced cooked shrimp, 1 tablespoon blanched almonds finely shredded, ½ tablespoon chopped pimiento. Use mayonnaise thinned with French dressing to which a *very* little mustard has been added. Fill your boats, and finish with lettuce-leaf sails on toothpick masts. Set on a sea of finely shredded lettuce.

LITTLE crystal balls are coming back into fashion as a fringe for silk lamp shades. They add an attractive touch. You can fix them yourself with silk cord and some patience. With a white shade, try balls of ruby glass. They are really nothing but outsize beads.

IF nature novels please you, read Pool and Rapid, by R. L. Haig-Brown. Unusual story of a river. (Macmillan.)

...BUT THE JOKE WAS ON *HIM!*... by Timmins


THESE LIFEBUOY ADS. AMUSE ME. I ALWAYS READ THEM — BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE "B.O."
YOU'RE WRONG. "B.O." IS A COMMON FAULT AND CAN WRECK A MAN'S HAPPINESS. I KNOW THAT ONLY TOO WELL
I WAS IN LOVE WITH A CHARMING GIRL, SHE SEEMED TO LIKE ME — YET SHE TURNED ME DOWN. TOO LATE I DISCOVERED WHY... I HAD BEEN CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."
I TELL YOU THIS BECAUSE I DON'T WANT YOU TO MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE I DID
YOU MEAN... I'M GUILTY SOMETIMES? THOSE "B.O." ADS. I LAUGHED AT — IS THE JOKE ON *ME*? IS THAT WHY EDNA IS OFTEN SO COOL TO ME?


MY ADVICE IS — PLAY SAFE WITH "B.O."! CHANGE TO LIFEBUOY
"B.O." GONE — *everything rosy!*
WE'RE GOING TO BE THE HAPPIEST COUPLE IN THE WORLD, EDNA
ISN'T IT *FUN* GETTING THINGS FOR OUR OWN HOME!

Get the facts STRAIGHT about "B.O."

(body odor)

EVERY normal person perspires. Pores give off a *quart* of odor-causing waste daily. Stuffy, overheated rooms increase the danger of offending. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing hygienic scent tells you, "Here is no ordinary toilet soap!" Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores — effectively stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Helps protect health by removing germs from hands.

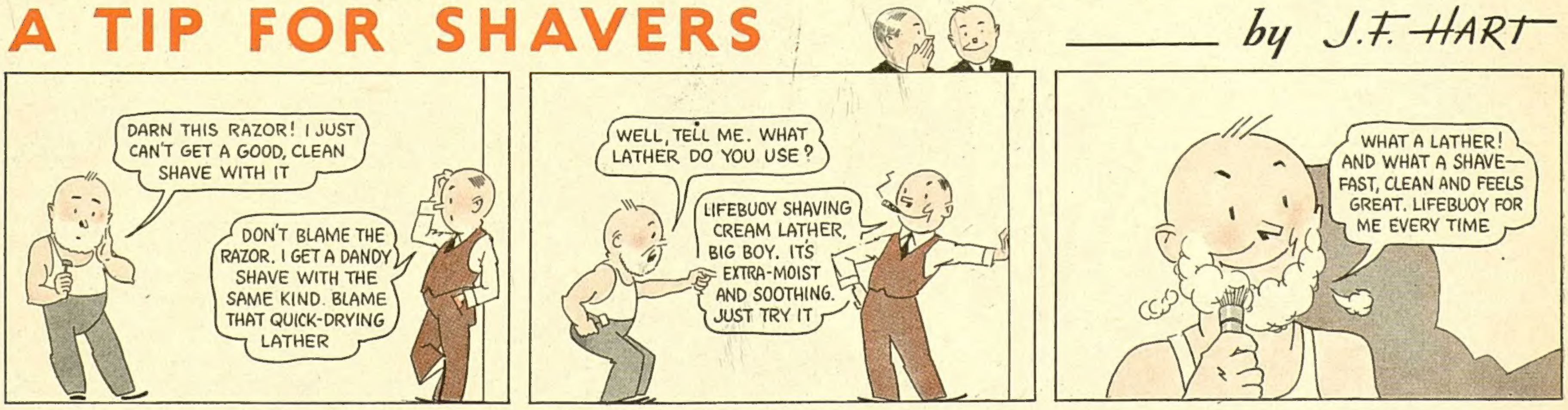
Great for the skin

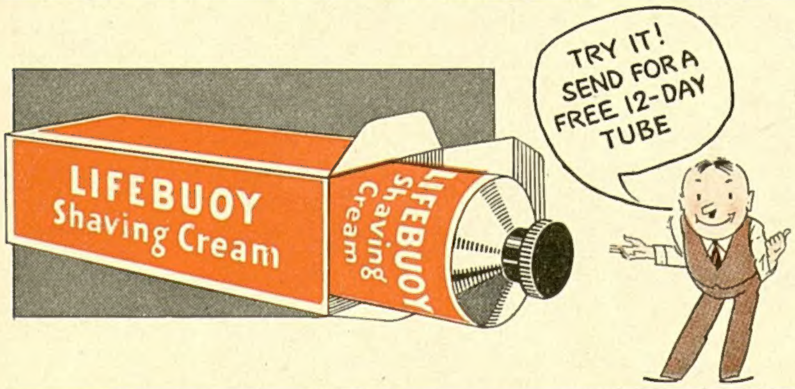
Massage Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather well into the pores; then rinse. Do this nightly. Watch your skin clear and freshen—glow with new health! Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

A TIP FOR SHAVERS —— by J. F. HART


DARN THIS RAZOR! I JUST CAN'T GET A GOOD, CLEAN SHAVE WITH IT
DON'T BLAME THE RAZOR. I GET A DANDY SHAVE WITH THE SAME KIND. BLAME THAT QUICK-DRYING LATHER
WELL, TELL ME. WHAT LATHER DO YOU USE?
LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM LATHER, BIG BOY. IT'S EXTRA-MOIST AND SOOTHING. JUST TRY IT
WHAT A LATHER! AND WHAT A SHAVE— FAST, CLEAN AND FEELS GREAT. LIFEBUOY FOR ME EVERY TIME


TRY IT! SEND FOR A FREE 12-DAY TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

This new lather holds 52% more moisture!

Soaks beard extra soft — soothes skin — gives smoother, easier shaves

MEN, you can't expect anything but rough, spotty shaves with light, quick-drying lather. But, by laboratory tests, Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather holds 52% more moisture. It *soaks* wiry whiskers *extra* soft—the razor whisks them off in a jiffy—you get the smoothest, cleanest shave ever. Lifebuoy soothes, protects the skin. Economical, too, a little makes so much lather. Get it at your druggist's. Or write for a free trial tube to Lever Bros. Co., Dept. A1 Cambridge, Mass. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

"After all, there's nothing like a CAMEL"–

For once a smoker has experienced the taste of *real quality tobacco,* he can't be happy with a substitute. Try Camels. Get to know the solace of choice Turkish and mellow, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, *never parched* or *toasted.* Then your voice will be heard in the chorus: I'd walk a mile for a CAMEL!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Smoke a FRESH cigarette
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL 20'S
Camel Humidor Pack
CAMELS
Made FRESH—Kept FRESH

Don't remove the Camel Humidor Pack—it is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Buy Camels by the carton for home or office. The Humidor Pack keeps Camels fresh